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THE TEMPERING OF IDEALISM
Writers in the Spanish Civil War

Thesis submitted in fulfilment of
requirements for degree of Master of Letters.

April 1995

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With thanks to Professor Andrew Hook for his patient support
and encouragement.

The Tempering of Idealism - Writers in the Spanish Civil War

The object of this thesis is to examine and illustrate the unique relationship between literature and the Spanish Civil War, showing how this historical event marked a hugely significant point of development in the collective psyche of Western intelligentsia and became the crux of "commitment" in literature. As well as a general survey of the historical background to the war itself - the complexity of which has often been rather misleadingly subordinated in favour of examining the corpus of work produced by "international" writers from much the same perspective which they themselves had - the thesis goes on to examine and compare the involvement of three writers: André Malraux, George Orwell and Ernest Hemingway. These men were all roughly of the same age, in their mid-thirties when the war broke out; they were all established writers and unlike many other writers who went to Spain in their early twenties, this trio brought considerable experience of other struggles in other parts of the world with them. This experience translated itself into the finest and most balanced writing on the Spanish conflict. The detailed structure of the thesis is as follows:

Chapter 1. - provides an account of the historical background to the Spanish Civil War, essential to an understanding of the conflict.

Chapter 2. - sets out the international political context, the role of the writer in the Thirties, the politicisation of literature, and the role of writers in the Spanish Civil War.

Chapter 3. - is a profile of André Malraux, his early life and the development of his political and artistic consciousness leading up to his involvement in Spain, in particular his experiences in Indochina and his relationship with the Communist party. It examines Malraux's role in forming the *España* squadron, and includes a detailed analysis of the novel L'Espoir based on his experiences of the first months of the Spanish Civil War and published while it was still going on. The chapter concludes with an assessment of the extent to which Spain was a political and artistic turning point for Malraux.

Chapter 4. - is a profile of George Orwell, his early life and his artistic and political development leading to his decision to go to Spain. Because of his enlistment in the *POUM* militia as opposed to the Communist dominated International Brigades, his experience of Barcelona and the Aragon front as opposed to Madrid and in particular his involvement in the internecine struggle between counterrevolutionary Communist/Socialist forces and revolutionary Anarchist/POUM forces in Barcelona in May 1937, Orwell's Spanish experience is seen as atypical of the majority of writers involved in Spain. In a detailed examination of Homage to Catalonia, the form and authenticity of the book are assessed. His experiences in Spain, in particular his direct exposure to communist-inspired political terror and the power of propaganda, are seen as a cathartic turning point for Orwell, from Homage to Catalonia to later works exposing the dangers of totalitarianism like Animal Farm and Nineteen Eighty-Four.

Chapter 5. - a profile of Ernest Hemingway, this chapter examines Hemingway's early life in the United States, in the First World War and

his experiences as a reporter and writer in Europe between the wars. It goes on to look at Spain's role in his artistic development, the influence of politics on Hemingway and his unsuccessful attempts to divorce his art from politics.

His decision to go to Spain in 1937 is examined as is his experience in Spain as a war-correspondent. The Fifth Column is discussed as a prelude to a detailed examination of For Whom the Bell Tolls highlighting the novel's formal complexity and Hemingway's ambition to produce a work of major stature.

Chapter 6. - this concluding chapter compares the texts and experiences of Malraux, Orwell and Hemingway with each other and with those of others who wrote on Spain. There is an examination of the extraordinary level of intertextuality evidenced in works derived from the Spanish Civil War which provided a unique set of experiences for a generation of writers from all over the world and posed some crucial questions about the role of the writer in history and the relationship between politics and literature.

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CHAPTER 1 The Historical Background

The Spanish Civil War is one of the crucial events of modern history and one of the most intensively studied as well. In it, we find the interplay of forces and ideas that have dominated European history since the Industrial Revolution.

Noam Chomsky - Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship

The publication of over 15,000 books on the many facets and controversies of the Spanish Civil War amply bears out Noam Chomsky's observation. As Preston points out, this "literary epitaph" puts the Spanish conflict on a par with World War II.¹ Similarly, Raymond Carr comments :

It is a measure of European emotional involvement that Guernica gave rise to more column inches than Hiroshima.²

Indeed, the passions aroused amongst the international community and the military scale and scope of the Spanish Civil War seem inversely proportionate to that of its more devastating and all encompassing sequel.³ Several factors contribute to this. Firstly, as a "Civil War" it was generally perceived as a war of ideas and competing political philosophies rather than simply a territorial squabble between nations.⁴ As Stephen Spender notes:

Since the area of struggle in Spain was confined and the methods of warfare comparatively restrained, the voices of human individuals were not overwhelmed as in 1939, by vast military machines and propaganda.⁵

Yet, to understand the impact of the Spanish Civil War on writers and intellectuals throughout the world, we must first understand the nature of the times they were living through and something of the events which brought it about.

The significance of the timing of the revolt of the Spanish

generals can hardly be overstated. Had this occurred in a previous decade, it might have passed off as successfully and relatively peacefully as the coup d'état or *pronunciamiento* of General Primo de Rivera in 1923. However, the rebellion of 1936 was the final act of five years of spiralling political violence between increasingly extreme factions on the right and the left which had beset the Second Republic throughout its existence. Whereas in the Nineteenth Century, the First Republic had fallen "without a shot fired to defend it"⁶, in their attempt to overthrow the Second Republic in 1936 the Spanish generals faced far fiercer opposition than they had anticipated - both from hastily formed workers' and peasants' militias and, perhaps more significantly, from a substantial percentage of the armed forces which remained loyal to the Government.⁷

Five years earlier, Alfonso XIII had abdicated ostensibly to prevent "a fratricidal civil war".⁸ Shlomo Ben-Ami has argued convincingly that the displacement of the monarchy by the Second Republic was:

the culminating point in a progress of social evolution that had been gaining momentum since the Great War.⁹

Furthermore, the Republic had sufficient support at its inception to ensure that "*everything was possible, including peace*" (Ben-Ami's italics). However, *La niña bonita*, (the pretty girl), as the new Republic was nicknamed, had made her debut in the face of daunting political, social and economic problems¹⁰. As Raymond Carr comments :

If it is not impossible to transform a static traditional society by democratic processes it is, at the very least, a difficult task.¹¹

While Ben-Ami points out that:

it would be wrong to accept the alarmist view that the Republic's destiny was conditioned by the fact that it was born straight into the unfriendly arms of a catastrophic world economic crisis.¹²

Ben-Ami also quotes a report from the *Banco de España* to the effect that the Spanish depression was a "notably less profound phenomenon

than the world depression."¹³ However, this was partly due to the relatively undeveloped nature of Spain's economy which was still largely dependent on a grossly inefficient and inequitable agrarian system, under which large sections of the population - in particular the *braceros*, the landless labourers of the South - knew nothing but abject poverty. In contrast to the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera which had enjoyed the boom years of the Twenties, and "would long be remembered as an era of relative prosperity and full employment."¹⁴ the Republic had to face the effects of the slump in which, "agricultural prices fell, a great deal of land went out of cultivation and unemployment reached a figure never known before."¹⁵ The economic legacy of the Dictatorship - a national debt which had been doubled in four years - coupled with the widespread withdrawal of capital from Spain by the upper classes, meant that there was no money to launch large scale public works to alleviate unemployment, as Primo had, or to push much-needed agrarian reform through.

This failure to resolve the question of agrarian reform has been consistently identified by historians as one of the critical issues on which the Republic foundered. The avowed intention of enacting agrarian reform further enraged the already hostile *latifundistas* - the great landowners of the South who were the most important economic class in Spain. In truth, the *latifundistas* were opposed to any degree of reform, however slight, which would diminish the semi-feudal control they had over their lands and the people who worked them. Their response was to leave their lands uncultivated. This increased the misery of the *braceros* and, coupled with their extreme disillusionment at the failure of the Republic to deliver the promised reforms and improve their serf-like existence, drove them to increasingly militant action. Preston has shown how the politics of rural class war in the South infiltrated national politics. As membership of the main Socialist trade union,

the *UGT* (affiliated to the parliamentary Socialist party, the *PSOE*), soared amongst the agricultural workers, the rightist groups which amalgamated as the *CEDA*, in turn found wealthy and powerful supporters amongst the latifundistas. The politics of starvation and self-interest collided as the embittered rural factions in both the socialist camp and the *CEDA* would brook no compromise and led to extreme policies and gestures and increasingly hostile confrontation between Left and Right.¹⁶

Of course, if the vast effort which has gone into analyzing the causes of this war has taught us one thing, it is that there were many areas of religious, regional and class conflict which became intertwined and embroiled in what has become known as the Spanish Civil War. As Preston puts it :

the Spanish Civil War was not one but many wars.¹⁷

Yet, while the underlying causes of the war were complex socio-political problems endemic to Spain, combined with the Republic's attempt to deal with these problems and the reaction of both the right and the left to this, the international political context of the Thirties was a significant factor in fomenting political upheaval within Spain and a decisive one in dictating the scale, progress and the ultimate outcome of the war.

As Preston asserts:

the Spanish conflict was only the latest and fiercest battle in a European civil war which had been raging intermittently for the previous twenty years. The Russian Revolution of October 1917 had provided a dream and an aspiration for the left throughout Europe. Ever since, the right in Europe had been trying both internationally and domestically to build barriers against real and supposed revolutionary threats.¹⁸

This process included the suppression of revolution in Germany and Hungary after the First World War, the establishment of the dictatorships of Salazar in Portugal, and Primo de Rivera in Spain (1923-1930), the General Strike in Britain, and most significantly the rise of the fascist dictators and

the crushing of the left in Italy, Austria and Germany.

Preston continues :

Throughout the Republican period, the Spanish right and left had both been intensely aware of their part in that wider European process.¹⁹

Indeed, even the Republic's electoral system had been devised to encourage larger political groupings and coalitions in a bid to avert the type of political fragmentation which beset the Weimar Republic, which, " was persistently cited as an example by the right and as a warning by the left."²⁰ However, the government formed after the elections of June 1931 by the Socialists and the Left Republicans and reshuffled under the premiership of Manuel Azaña in December 1931, did not, as we have seen, have the economic resources to effect the major programmes of social reform which were necessary. In any case the Anarchists of the *CNT*, (the national trades union composed of anarchist and anarcho-syndicalist groups which had wide support in many rural areas and had emerged with renewed militancy under the guidance of the secret *FAI* after being suppressed by the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, which had made a deal with the Socialist union, the *UGT*), did not see any difference between this government and those under the monarchy, and embarked on a provocative policy of organizing strikes and disruption in the countryside. At the same time, the Republican Government stirred up a hornets' nest with its new constitution; in particular clause 26 which effectively disestablished the Church and brought in sweeping anti-clerical measures, many of which were petty and vindictive.

The Republic and the Church had already revealed their mutual antipathy. At the beginning of May 1931, a pastoral letter from Cardinal Segura, the primate of Spain, was made public which praised the monarchy and called on Spain's catholics to stand against those "who are attempting to destroy religion"²¹. A few days later on the 10th May, an incident outside a new monarchist club led to the burning of the offices of the monarchist daily

newspaper ABC, and over a hundred churches in Madrid and the rest of Spain. The government hesitated to call out the Civil Guard. Azaña, then Minister of war, commented that all the convents in Madrid were not worth one Republican life.²²

The anti-clerical clauses of the new constitution provided just the focus around which the forces of the right which had been badly shaken by the demise of the monarchy could reorganise and regroup. The failure of the *pronunciamiento* of General Sanjurjo in 1932,²³ triggered by the Republic's grant of autonomy for Catalonia, indicated the extent to which such a regrouping was required. It was not long in coming.

In February 1933, a new party the *Confederación Española de Derechas Autónomas (CEDA)* was formed, which was an alliance of over forty rightist groups spearheaded by *Acción Popular*²⁴ which had been set up as a "liberal" catholic party in 1931, but had always been opposed to the anti-clerical laws and therefore ultimately to the Republic. Its leader José Maria Gil Robles refused to swear loyalty to the Republic, and described his policy as one of "accidentalism":

the nature of Spain's political structure was "accidental" not to say irrelevant, but it was "essential" that the law should not conflict with the Church.²⁵

Gil Robles was to become the main protagonist for the right. He was greatly impressed by his visit to the Nuremberg Rally in 1933, and the *CEDA* adopted Nazi propaganda techniques wholeheartedly. Gil Robles and many on the Catholic right admired the way Italy and Germany had crushed the left, and in particular looked towards the Catholic, corporative state of Dollfuss in Austria as a model for a new Spain. At the founding congress of the *CEDA*, Gil Robles called on Catholics to defend social order and safeguard the principles of Christian civilization. He continued :

We are faced with a social revolution. In the political panorama of Europe I can see only the formation of Marxist and anti-Marxist groups.

This is what is happening in Germany and in Spain also. This is the great battle which we must fight this year. ²⁶

The *CEDA* grew rapidly in strength. At huge dramatically staged rallies, Gil Robles was greeted with chants of ¡Jefe! ¡Jefe! ¡Jefe! - meaning Chief or Leader - the equivalent of Duce or Führer²⁷. The *JAP*, the *CEDA* youth, were a powerful and impatient force steering Gil Robles towards counter-revolution.²⁸ Before the elections of November 1933, Gil Robles was calling for "a totalitarian polity" . He declared :

We must found a new state, purge the fatherland of judaizing Freemasons.... We must proceed to a new state and this imposes duties and sacrifices. What does it matter if we have to shed blood!...Democracy is not an end but a means to the conquest of the new state. When the time comes either parliament submits or we will eliminate it. ²⁹

Meanwhile, the socialists under Largo Caballero, who as Minister of Labour was finding his proposed legislation thwarted at every turn, were becoming disillusioned with their part in the Republican Government; and they decided to stand alone in the November elections. This helped the *CEDA* and the other rightist parties win and they supported a new government of the centre-right fronted by the Radicals which set about undoing all the work of the Constituent Cortes. This in turn exacerbated the socialists' disillusionment with the Republic as a whole, as did their keen awareness of the fate of the left in Germany and Austria. By February 1934, Largo Caballero - who for most of his sixty-five years had advocated moderate reform in the manner of his predecessor, the founding father of Spanish socialism and the *UGT*, Pablo Iglesias³⁰ - had come round to saying :

the only hope of the masses is now in social revolution. It alone can save Spain from fascism. ³¹

On the 1st October 1934, the President of the Republic Alcalá Zamora (who was himself a Catholic Republican), under pressure from Gil Robles allowed three members of the *CEDA* to join the government. While they were the largest party in the Cortes, the ambivalence of Gil Robles and the

CEDA to the Republic ensured that even the most conservative republicans reacted to this move with extreme hostility. On the 5th October, the revolution Largo Caballero had spoken of broke out in Madrid, Barcelona and the mining district of the Asturias in northern Spain. The rising in Madrid was swiftly put down. So too was that in Barcelona. Here the rising had been fomented by the separatist right wing of the Catalan *Esquerra*, the *Estat Catalá* whose youth movement *JEREC* had control of the *escamots* ("squads")³² a party militia, and whose expression of Catalan nationalism was akin to fascism. Its leaders Dr. Dencás and Badía, the chief of police, had made the running in arranging the revolt of the *Generalitat*, as the autonomous Catalan Government was called.

There were some 3400 *escamots* and 3200 Assault Guards at the Generalitat's disposal as opposed to the Spanish Garrison of 5000, of whom their commander, General Batet was only able to muster 500 to fight. However, these were enough as Dencás kept his *escamots* in barracks, and the army quickly took the *Generalitat* and the Catalan Premier, Luis Companys - who had reluctantly acceded to Dencás's demands for a rising against Madrid - was made prisoner, while Dencás escaped across the frontier. Brennan concludes that the only rational explanation of Dencás's conduct is that he was an *agent provocateur* in the pay of the Spanish Monarchists. Certainly, Dencás's actions seem to confirm Gil Robles's claim that he had deliberately provoked the rising.³³

However, the situation in Asturias was quite different; the Asturian miners had a long and relatively successful tradition of militancy and high level of political consciousness. *Avance*, the daily newspaper sponsored by the *SMA*, the socialist miners' union, had presented the November 1933 elections as a fundamental choice between fascism and socialism:

Acción Popular offers a fascist regime...and fascism means war. Europe

is on the verge of war because of German provocation and within Spain fascism will mean civil war.³⁴

In the Asturias, the anarchists and the communists had joined with the socialists in the Workers' alliance and 50,000 miners took over almost the whole province and held out for two weeks in October 1934. It took a full scale military campaign with heavy artillery, aerial bombardment and the deployment of the Foreign Legion (the *Tercio*) and the Moorish *Regulares* under General Franco to suppress the Asturian *diñamiteros*. The repression which these forces undertook after the final surrender was brutal in the extreme. There could be no turning back from such violent confrontation. As Brennan justly comments on the Asturian revolt:

One may regard it as the first battle of the Civil War.³⁵

Yet, even with the leaders of the left imprisoned - including, most unjustly, Azaña - the *CEDA* could not gain the overall control of the government it sought. After provoking a cabinet crisis over proposals to commute the death sentence for the leaders of the October rising, Gil Robles was eventually brought into a new centre-right government which was soon rocked by the *straperlo* scandal. This broke out when several Radical ministers including Prime Minister Lerroux's adopted son were shown to have taken bribes from a Dutchman who had been allowed, against the law, to set up gambling casinos in several cities with a new type of roulette wheel - a *straperlo* or *estraperlo*.³⁶ This, and a subsequent financial scandal wholly discredited the somewhat misnamed Radical party of Lerroux by showing it for what it was: an old-fashioned conservative party of politicians whose principal concern was enjoying and abusing the privileges of office. Despite the consequent political fall-out, the president Alcala Zamora distrusted Gil Robles to such a degree that he would not permit him to form a government, but put forward a caretaker government of the centre to oversee new elections. The left had learned bitter lessons during the *bienio negro* as the two years of

repression under the *CEDA* and the Radicals became known. The leftist parties formed a *Popular Front* of Republicans, Socialists and Communists. The Communists had previously shunned any such alliance but were now compelled to carry out Stalin's policy of creating "people's fronts" against fascism. The Popular Front also gained the votes of the Anarchists, who this time decided that the prospect of another government of the right was a greater evil than participating in bourgeois democracy. The Popular Front defeated the *CEDA* at the polls despite the violent election speeches of Gil Robles, and a carefully orchestrated propaganda campaign with enormous posters of Gil Robles captioned with slogans like: "The leaders are never wrong." Unfortunately, this electoral defeat also marked the passing of the bulk of right wing support from the "accidental" *CEDA* to the many "catastrophist" groups waiting in the wings who had long been frustrated by what they saw as Gil Robles's weakness.

The catastrophists included avowed fascist groups like the *Falange Española*, formed in 1933 by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, the son of the late dictator; this merged with other fascist and pro-Nazi groups like the *Juntas de Ofensiva Nacional-Sindicalista*, or the *J.O.N.S.* and its full title became the *Falange Española de la J.O.N.S.* Other groups which saw - or desired - no future for the Republic included monarchist parties such as *Renovación Española* and the *U.M.E.* - a group of Monarchist officers within the army - and the ultra-conservative *Traditional Communion of Carlists* with its formidable *requetés*, its red-bereted militiamen, principally from Navarre, who were the direct descendants of those who had played such a significant role in the Carlist wars of the nineteenth century. The new leader of the right as a whole was Calvo Sotelo, the former finance minister of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship whose talents as Brennan remarked "were better suited to organizing rebellion than finance."³⁷ All of these catastrophist groups had

links with Mussolini's regime in Italy. In 1934, Mussolini himself met a deputation consisting of Goicoechea, the monarchist leader, two Carlists and General Barrera, who had coordinated the abortive rising of General Sanjurjo in 1932. Despite the slightly divergent aims of the Alfonsine monarchists and the Carlists who had their own "pretender", Mussolini offered them one and a half million pesetas, 20,000 rifles, 200 machine guns and 20,000 grenades, with more to come when the rising commenced. This allowed the Carlists to train their *requeté* militia. Later in 1934, 200 *requetés* were trained in Italy under the guise of "Peruvian officers".³⁸

All over Spain, politically motivated private armies had been formed. If the Carlists were perhaps the most formidable - there is no doubt that the *pistoleros* of the *Falange*, and the *JAPistas* who moved over to the *Falange en masse* after the perceived failure of their *Jefe*, Gil Robles, played a very important part in raising the political temperature. So too did the JSU, the Socialist Youth who fought them on the streets of Madrid. Largo Caballero himself was now preaching open revolution, as Thomas puts it, "he surrendered to the flattery of his friends in the youth movement"³⁹. The Socialist Youth spoke of Largo Caballero as the "Spanish Lenin"; in turn he sanctioned their merger with the Communist Youth in June 1936 - an action he would live to regret.

While this proliferation of party militias and para-military youth movements - as we have seen even the Catalans had a crypto-fascist green-shirted militia, the *escamots* - certainly played a significant role in paving the way for the outbreak of war, it also symbolised the conflict between generations. Youth of all political complexions had lost patience with the failure of the Republic. While the extreme complexity and difficulty of the situation within Spain were obviously ultimately responsible for the war, there can be no doubt that the political polarization of the rest of Europe, in

particular the rise of militant fascism and the reaction to it, provided a political climate in which violent confrontation was perceived as the norm, bolstering an already strong tendency within Spanish politics and undermining any attempts at conciliation.

The electoral victory of the Popular Front in February 1936, brought greatly increased pressure from all sides on the Republic. There were agrarian revolts across the country with large tracts of land expropriated, particularly in Extremadura. This in turn fuelled the move of the upper and middle classes towards the extreme right; while the inflammatory rhetoric of Largo Caballero was seen by his more astute rival for the Socialist leadership, Indalecio Prieto, as playing into the hands of the fascists. Political murders became a daily occurrence throughout Spain. In April, at celebrations for the fifth anniversary of the Republic, a Civil Guard was shot dead by Assault Guards claiming that he had aimed his gun at President Azaña. The subsequent funeral of the civil guard was marked by an open gun battle between Falangists and Assault Guards. An Assault Guard was assassinated by the Falange in May. By July, the killing had come to a head in Madrid.

Lt. José Castillo, the socialist officer in the Assault Guard who had been in charge at the funeral of the Civil Guard in April, was gunned down as he left his home to go on duty. Few doubted the *Falange* was to blame. Castillo had received several macabre death threats, and only four days before, several hundred falangists had been arrested throughout Spain on charges of sedition. Understandably enraged at Castillo's death, his comrades in the Assault Guards instantly demanded further action against the Falange. Among a group of officers authorised to round up a lists of prominent Falangists still at large in Madrid, was Fernando Condés - a captain in the Civil Guard and a close friend of Castillo. Condés set out with a car full of Assault Guards in plain clothes. Frustrated by going to a false address, they

decided to arrest Gil Robles. On discovering that he was in Biarritz, they made for Calvo Sotelo's house. Reassured that Condés was an officer of the Civil Guard, Calvo Sotelo departed with them into the night. A few minutes later he had been shot in the back of the neck by one of the young *Asaltos*, Luis Cuenca.

Calvo Sotelo's murder proved to be the final legitimisation of the "catastrophist" logic he had so eloquently and enthusiastically expounded in the Cortes. Few on the left would mourn the man who, less than a month before, had openly declared himself a fascist, attacked the Republic and made none-too-veiled threats of a military rising against it. Like Gil Robles, Calvo Sotelo had long used the *Cortes* as a platform from which to denounce democracy. However, for a broad spectrum of the middle classes, even for previously moderate and pacifist, rightist and centrist Republicans, the murder of the leader of the parliamentary opposition by members of the state police brought their fears of the Left into sharp focus, and firmly entrenched their attitude against the Republic itself. The fact that Calvo Sotelo's murderer was a member of the *Asaltos* at once symbolised and intensified the Republic's predicament.

The *Asaltos* or *Assault Guard* had been formed shortly after the inception of the Second Republic, directly after the May riots and church burnings of 1931 which were a response to monarchist activities. These events had focused the attention of Azaña's government on the Republic's need for a bulwark against both right and left. The Assault Guard was conceived as a paramilitary police force, "composed of convinced Republicans and Socialists", which would owe its primary allegiance to the Republic itself. On the one hand, the Republic needed a reliable and effective police force to deal with continuing Anarchist attacks - on the other, it did not want to resort to the Civil Guard and be associated with its reputation for ruthless brutality. The

Guardia Civil had also been formed as a paramilitary police force, but in the nineteenth century specifically to deal with brigands and bandits on behalf of landowners. Like auxiliary troops in the Roman Empire, members of the Civil Guard were always posted well away from their home town. They were discouraged from having any but the most minimal contact possible with the local population, but behaved and were regarded as an army of occupation. The Guardia were in fact part of the army, and were commanded by army officers. However, they were both better trained and had such a brutal reputation that in the years leading up to the Civil War the government had been known to declare "a state of siege" in the face of large civil disturbances and bring regular troops out on to the streets as a less provocative measure than calling out the Civil Guard. In the countryside, the conflict between the *braceros* and the *Guardia* had a long and bitter history, well documented in the works of Blasco Ibanez and García Lorca. Another Spanish writer, Ramon Sender, summed up attitudes to the Guardia:

When one joins the civil guard, one declares civil war.⁴⁰

The Republic could not regard the Civil Guard which had for so long been associated so closely with the authoritarian values of the Church and the landowners, as either a wholly desirable or a particularly reliable ally. Nor, as it discovered as early as 1932 with the attempted coup of General Sanjurjo, could the Republic depend on the support of the army. True, the army had stood by and watched the demise of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship and ultimately the monarchy, and sections of the armed forces had been enthusiastic supporters of the Republic. However, the army had undergone a change in spirit, if not in structure, after the Restoration of the 1870s. From being a relatively democratic organisation in which rankers could become generals and which remained reasonably popular, the army had become more of a closed corps affecting a kind of Prussian arrogance. With most officers

coming from military families and attending military academies from an early age - not unlike seminarians - a distinct caste had evolved. So much so, that Primo de Rivera had often aptly referred to the army as "**the caste**".

Moreover, since the Napoleonic wars, the Army had considered itself the guardian of true Spanish values and had assumed a decisive role in Spanish politics. Throughout the Carlist wars and the countless *pronunciamientos* of the 19th Century, the Army - or one faction or another of the army - had effectively controlled Spain. It had often found itself at odds with the other principal force in Spain, the Church. Yet, as Borkenau asserts, the Army's "**liberalism**" largely equated to anti-clericalism and its one characteristic feature was that it was "**directed against the large majority of the population**".⁴¹ As the influence of the Church diminished and attempts at civilian government proved inadequate, so the army grew in strength. As Alpert puts it:

Because of the failure of the Spanish bourgeoisie to establish strong institutions, the army had an influence out of all proportion to its number.⁴²

Paradoxically, the strength of the army's role in domestic political matters was almost inversely related to its military effectiveness. This in turn had no relation to the resources and budget given to the army which was as outdated as the rest of the Spanish state. The proportion of officers to men was very high, partly a result of the subsumption of Carlist officers in the mid-19th Century which swelled the upper ranks thereafter. Most of the army's considerable budget went on officers' pay; very little on equipment or food or clothing for rankers doing their military service. The disastrous Cuban war which became the Spanish-American war of 1898, saw Spain badly beaten and facing up to the loss of its remaining Empire - Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and Cuba itself. The horrific casualties, with 200,000 Spaniards dying in Cuba from disease and wounds, produced a wave of revulsion against

military service.⁴³ Brennan comments that the terrible tales of hardship, military incompetence and corruption, turned Spain pacifist. The Army had become extremely unpopular throughout the country and especially in Catalonia - that most bourgeois, industrialized and "*European*" region of Spain - always at odds with the centralist, Castilian aims of the army, which Borkenau cites as the only remnant of its superficial liberalism.⁴⁴

Catalonia's distrust of the army erupted in 1909, as Spain unwisely tried to recapture some imperial glory, and perhaps more significantly satisfy commercial interests, by further conquest in Morocco, where Spain had had a foothold in the ports of Ceuta and Melilla for hundreds of years. Even this was beyond the competence of Spain's army, and heavy defeats were met with a call up of the reserves. The choice of Barcelona as a catchment area from which 850 reluctant reservists would embark provoked the fierce riots and church burnings which came to be known as the "**Tragic Week**". In the repression that followed, the Anarchist educationalist Francisco Ferrer, who had not even been in Barcelona at the time, was hung.⁴⁵ The international outcry over this injustice only succeeded in giving birth to the army's notion of "**Anti-Spain**" - in this guise, a rather unlikely combination of International Freemasonry, Anarchism, Catalan Nationalism and Judaism, which the army held to be intent on the break up of the Spanish State, and of Spain itself. The army greatly resented the attitude of the country and blamed the politicians for its defeats. That the army remained the real power behind the constitutional monarchy was shown in 1906, when it forced the government to pass the *Ley des Jurisdicciones*, which made all offences against the army subject to court-martial, and effectively enabled the army to silence its critics. The political remobilisation of the army increased in 1917, with the appearance of the *Juntas de Defensa*, associations of army officers which as Alpert comments :

made and unmade Ministers of War and achieved an Army Act by which their special interests were served.⁴⁶

The Russian Revolution and the subsequent civil disturbances within Spain, referred to as the *Trienio Bolchevique* put the army in the front line at home. However, in 1921, the bloody defeat of a major Spanish column at Annual in Morocco, and the subsequent massacres at Melilla, produced a general outcry against the Army and the Monarchy. As Thomas points out, the state of unpreparedness and corruption was difficult to imagine, impossible to ignore. Wholesale peculation was endemic in Spanish Morocco - money for roads, barracks and equipment invariably found its way into the pockets of the generals and colonels. There was very little modern equipment. Brennan states that the Spanish Army did not possess a single tank until 1936:

although the long slopes of the Riff seem made for tanks and a dozen of them could have saved many thousands of lives.⁴⁷

The degree of dissolute chaos in Morocco was such that some Spanish generals even sold arms and supplies to the Riffian tribes.

The outcry over the disaster of Annual showed no signs of abating, particularly as Alphonso XIII was widely held to be as responsible as those officers whose incompetence and desertion had caused the slaughter of their men. The infamous "telegram", believed to have been sent by King Alphonso to encourage his friend, General Fernand Silvestre in the rash advance which led to the massacre at Annual, and the subsequent defeats with the loss of at least 15,000 Spanish soldiers and citizens, implied his ultimate responsibility, as it was the King who had taken it upon himself to interfere in the chain of command. By 1923, Shlomo Ben-Ami⁴⁸ asserts that the Cortes was beginning to show distinct signs of an approach to true democracy, particularly with the heated debates on the Moroccan *Responsibilidades* - where to pin the blame for the military disasters. However, the constitutional monarchy itself was under threat from both right and left, and the ruling

classes and the army were so alarmed that General Miguel Primo de Rivera, the Captain-General of Catalonia, made his *pronunciamiento* with a strong - ultimately incompatible - power base of Catalan industrialists, Africanist Generals and the acquiescence of the King.

One of the central promises of Primo de Rivera's *pronunciamiento* was that of bringing a "quick, dignified and sensible" solution to the Moroccan problem. There was a real need to staunch the wound of Annual - the *Africanistas* expected firm action. There was also a need to stop Morocco bleeding the Spanish economy dry. Cambó and the Catalan *Lliga Regionalista* (the party of the great industrialists and Catalan upper bourgeoisie) saw Morocco as a worthless burden, and an impediment to prosperity. While Primo de Rivera had served in Morocco, he was no *Africanista* - in a small campaign in 1893, he was reputed to have shot a Spanish general who had sold arms to the Riff. In the years before his *pronunciamiento*, he had largely espoused an "abandonist" policy towards Morocco. However, he concealed this from his Africanist cohorts, just as he concealed his centralist tendencies from the Catalans. After many policy reversals - including the major withdrawal to the "Primo de Rivera line"; an almost violent encounter with the *Tercio* (the Foreign Legion) and a bitter confrontation with its youthful commander, Col. Francisco Franco; and protracted peace negotiations with the charismatic Riff leader Abd-el-Krim - on the 5th September 1925, Primo de Rivera finally sanctioned the landing at Alcehumas Bay which the *Africanistas* had long demanded. He did this mainly because the time was ripe for military co-operation with France, who assisted the Spanish landings and launched a simultaneous attack on Abd-el-Krim's Riffian Republic. The operation was commanded by General Sanjurjo, his chief of staff was General Goded and the landing party was led by Colonel Franco, (all of whom were to play a significant role in the demise of the Second Republic). By October 1925, Primo

was being hailed as the man who had obtained "peace with honour" - even though the war was not truly won until the re-occupation of Xauen in August 1926.

In 1924, Primo de Rivera had found that the opposition of his elite troops presented a threat to his rule - a factor which certainly contributed to his reversal of his "abandonist" policies and forced him to declare that the withdrawal was a tactical rather than a strategic manoeuvre. Similarly, the politicians of the Second Republic found the *Africanistas* - whose victory had thrust them to the highest offices in the army - a difficult and potentially hostile element that they could not afford to ignore. As Thomas puts it :

The epic of Morocco plays an important part in the story of the collapse of the Second Republic, for the Generals Sanjurjo, Goded, Franco, Millan Astray, Quiapo de Llano and Mola, to name the best known of the Knights of Africa, as well as some junior officers such as Colonels Varela and Yagüe, looked on Spain itself as a Moroccan problem of a new kind: infested by rebellious tribes masquerading as political parties and demanding an iron, if fatherly hand.⁴⁹

As we have seen, the Spanish army was not a modern, efficient fighting machine. However, it had long been established that with its top-heavy officer corps, it was ideally structured for subduing the nation. Most of the army, including senior *Africanistas*, had either given the Republic active support or refused to support the King: as had Sanjurjo, then commander of the Civil Guard and perhaps the most influential general in Spain. However, the army still contained many monarchists and its very nature ensured that many officers were still closely aligned with the ruling classes and inevitably leaned to the right, as they were in favour of the preservation of order and hierarchy.

After the events of May 1931 the need to control this caste swiftly became apparent to republicans like Manuel Azaña, Minister of War in the *Constituent Cortes*. He instigated a series of reforms designed to make the army a more efficient force and to reduce its power and ensure its loyalty to

the Republic. Firstly he abolished the *Ley des jurisdiccions*, and went further, bringing the services under the ordinary courts. In a bid to reduce the number of officers, and purge the army of anti-Republican elements, he gave all officers a choice of swearing an oath of loyalty to the Republic or retiring on full pay - with hindsight this seems as Thomas says an "over-zealously fair"⁵⁰ measure which may only have succeeded in giving anti-Republicans the leisure to conspire. As Preston comments, most of Azaña's reforms were sincerely intended to make the army a more modern and efficient, if smaller, force. Indeed Preston goes on to argue that the military readiness of the Spanish Army in 1936 owed as much to Azaña as to his rightist successor, Gil Robles⁵¹. Misquoted to the effect that he intended to "triturate" or grind down the army, Azaña found many of his reforms extremely unpopular with "the caste". These included the abolition of the oath to the flag and the annulment of all promotions made in the field. This last act effectively elevated the home-based garrison troops, the *Peninsulares*, at the expense of the *Africanistas*, who Azaña probably considered correctly to pose the greatest military threat having been favourites of the King, and who, as we have seen, had also adopted a relatively Olympian political perspective.

As has been said, centralism was one of the principal tenets of the army as a whole, with the bulk of the officer class tending to come from Castile or Andalusia. Moreover, the army felt it had expended too much blood to lose Catalonia or see the break up of Spain. The granting of the Catalan Statute by Azaña's government in 1932, which had been forced on it by the declaration of independence made by the Catalan leaders Francisco Maciá and Luis Companys at the outset of the Second Republic⁵², aroused the army's suspicion and provoked the *Sanjurjada*, the military revolt attempted under General Sanjurjo. The ease with which Sanjurjo's *pronunciamiento* was forestalled, greatly strengthened the Republic and showed that a *coup de main*

by "a man on horseback" would no longer be sufficient to take control of Spain.

The Republican/Socialist coalition used their popularity after the *Sanjurjada* to push forward further agricultural reforms, expropriating the lands of the *grandees*. However, this was not nearly sufficient as the bulk of the land was owned by the upper middle classes and in any case, the new reforms were not rigorously implemented. The socialist leader Largo Caballero was not far off the mark when he described the Second Republic's attempts at agricultural reform as "an aspirin for an appendicitis"⁵³. However, such limited reform as was carried out by the Republican Government was more than sufficient - along with the anti-clerical acts - to alienate and antagonise the middle classes across the bulk of rural Spain and to begin to bring together the alliance of the church, the army, the rural middle classes, the monarchists and the militant right which would form such an effective pole of opposition to the Republic itself.

Meanwhile, anarchist disturbances in the countryside gave voice to the wholesale misery which persisted in much of rural Spain. After the disturbances in Casas Viejas in which 24 anarchists were killed by the Assault Guard rather than the Civil Guard, Azaña's government found itself as unpopular on the left as on the right. The socialists withdrew their support and, as we have seen, the right, fronted by Gil Robles's *CEDA*, won the 1933 elections. The close association between the army, and the right was cemented in the Asturias. There was probably some truth in the statement by Diego Hidalgo, the Radical minister of war, that he called in the *Army of Africa* because he was afraid that the Asturian *diñamiteros* would massacre the reluctant conscripts of the Spanish army⁵⁴. The *Army of Africa* consisted of the *Tercio de Extranjeros*, or Foreign Legion (unlike its more famous French counterpart there were few foreigners and the *Tercio* was overwhelmingly

composed of Spaniards), and the *Regulares*, Moroccan troops officered by Spaniards⁵⁵. Both units had a reputation for ruthless efficiency, and they were the only battle-trained professional force available - indeed, apart from the police forces, they were perhaps the only efficient military force in Spain. However, the use of Moroccan troops in Asturias, the only part of Spain to hold out against the Moors in the Middle Ages, and the cradle of the *Reconquista*, was highly provocative. Far more so when news emerged of the wholesale slaughter the *Tercio* and the *Regulares* carried out in the brutal repression which followed the Asturian surrender.

Even so, to much of Spain, the joint chiefs of staff, Generals Goded and Franco were "the saviours of the nation". Of course, to the left they were anathema, along with the commander in the field, Colonel Yagüe who was dubbed the "Hyena of Asturias"⁵⁶. Franco's role is particularly significant. He had been chosen because of his considerable military reputation: following his first posting to Morocco in 1912, he became the Spanish Army's youngest captain, major, colonel and general in quick succession. He knew Asturias well, having served in the garrison at Oviedo between 1916 and 1920 following a severe stomach wound. In 1917 He had played a significant part in repressing the general strike there. Franco also had the confidence of the *Tercio* - having been second in command to Millán Astray at its inception in 1920 and having commanded it himself from 1923 to 1927. In Morocco, Franco had earned a reputation for bravery and good luck under fire. The *Regulares* held him in awe because of his many escapes from death, which they set down to his *baraka* or invincibility. Franco also had a reputation as a cruel disciplinarian - perhaps hardly surprising in the commander of the toughest unit in the army. Yet, there was something about the quiet nature of his "icy ruthlessness" which marked him out as more than just another martinet and gave some indication of the extent of the all too

logical iniquities which would be carried out in his name. While Franco had personally upbraided Primo de Rivera in Morocco, he had come to like and even admire him. Franco also favoured Maura's notion of "revolution from above" and was known to be: "a friend of authoritarian rule".

As one of the principal beneficiaries of field promotions gained through merit, Franco was demoted from near the top of the list of brigadier-generals to the bottom by Azaña's army reforms. He took this in good part. However, he was incensed by many of Azaña's other reforms; in particular, the closure of the general military academy at Saragossa where he had been the first commandant. When the monarchist newspaper ABC reported that the new Republic was going to make Franco the high commissioner of Morocco, he wrote that he would refuse such a posting since;

it would reveal a prejudice in favour of the regime recently installed and a lukewarm loyalty to those who only yesterday epitomised the nation.⁵⁷

The quality which would make Franco master of Spain was what Preston describes as his *retranca* - the hesitant peasant cunning traditionally associated with Franco's native province, Galicia⁵⁸:

Whatever its roots in Franco, *retranca* may be defined as an evasion of commitment and a taste for the imprecise. It is said that if you meet a *gallego* on a staircase, it is impossible to deduce if he is going up or down.⁵⁹ Franco perhaps embodied that characteristic more than most *gallegos*.

Franco had not been part of Sanjurjo's rising in 1932. In 1935 he was made Chief of Staff when Gil Robles became minister for war and set about reversing Azaña's policy by replacing republican officers in exalted commands with rightists like Franco, Goded and Fanjul. Even in this favourable position, Franco could not be convinced to lead a *coup d'état* when later that year Gil Robles' "crab-like" move towards parliamentary control was stopped by the President of the Republic, Alcalá-Zamora, who appointed a centrist colleague of his, Portela Valladares as caretaker prime-minister after

the final collapse of the Radical government.

Another crisis followed shortly after this with the electoral victory of the Popular Front on 16th February 1936. Portela was visited in quick succession by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, who offered the services of the Falange and asked for weapons; Gil Robles who - having refused calls from the *CEDA* and the *JAP* to launch a coup - asked Portela to declare "a state of war"; a few hours later, this request for martial law was repeated by General Franco. In effect, such a declaration of martial law would have been a legitimised coup. Without this veneer of legitimacy, Franco was again unwilling to press any further. He knew that the officer corps was divided. While there were some long term rightist and monarchist plotters, and some extremists among junior officers who had set up the *UME* (*Union Militar Española*) - a monarchist-militarist secret society - there were many officers who were not hostile to the Republic. Many senior posts, particularly in Madrid, were filled by Republican officers, and there was even a secret society of junior Republican officers, the *UMRA* (*Union Militar Republicana Antifascista*) set up to combat the influence of the *UME*. Perhaps most importantly, Franco feared - probably correctly - that without Government support the Civil Guard would stand against any rising, the *Asaltos* would almost definitely do so, and the Republic had two other paramilitary police forces - the Security Corps and the Carabineers (Frontier Guards) at its disposal, as well as the Catalan *Mozos de Escuadra*.

When Azaña again became Prime Minister in 1936, he posted those generals he considered presented the greatest threat to the Republic, well away from Madrid. Thus Franco was posted to the Canary Islands, Goded to the Balearics, and Mola - lately in charge of Morocco - to Pamplona in Navarre. Before departing, these generals and several others met and agreed that they would support a rising - probably under the exiled Sanjurjo - if

Largo Caballero came to power; if the *Guardia Civil* was disbanded; or if anarchy were to overwhelm the country.

It seems clear from Franco's assessment and the general failure to act, that there really was insufficient support for a rising at this stage - or at least insufficient belief that a rising could succeed. Franco was not alone in looking at the lessons of the unsuccessful *pronunciamientos* of 1926, 1929, 1930 and 1932. However, the great peasant revolts in Extremadura and the South in March 1936, and the general ascendancy and overt militancy of the left spurred on the conspiracy. Indeed a rising had been planned for mid-April, centred on Madrid and Barcelona. When this failed to materialise, the conspiracy changed course and General Mola - whom Azaña had rather unwisely posted to the heartland of Carlism - was designated as "the Director" of the rising which was projected to take place at garrisons all over Spain. Mola proved to be a diligent and adept organiser, though he had a difficult task in sounding out and getting commitments from the officer corps and engineering an alliance between the diverse anti-Republican groups. These included: the Carlists; the Alfonsine Monarchists; the *UME*. As yet, José Antonio was opposed to the use of the *Falange* as cannon fodder for "any confused reactionary movement"⁶⁰. However, the left soon provided the stimulus (though, as we have seen, not without a good deal of provocation from the far right) for the right to unite against the Republic.

May Day 1936 saw ostentatious and intimidating parades of the *JSU*, the "bolshevised" socialist youth militia, and country-wide strikes by the *CNT*. The spiral of sectarian assassinations led the moderate socialist leader, Indalecio Prieto to point out that:

**what no country can endure is the constant blood-letting
and public disorder without an immediate revolutionary end.**⁶¹

Prieto warned the left that the current excesses were merely opening the door to fascism, and also perceptively pinpointed Franco as a man

with sufficient talent and youth to lead a military rising.

The results of elections in two disputed provinces, Granada and Cuenca were now decided predominantly in favour of the Popular Front - with accusations of Leftist intimidation. From his cell, José Antonio - whose candidature had been disqualified on dubious grounds - wrote an open letter to the army, calling on it to end the attacks on:

the sacred identity of Spain...In the last resort, as Spengler put it, *"it has always been a platoon of soldiers who have saved civilization"*.⁶²

Hugh Thomas comments:

Gone were the days when José Antonio would say that serving soldiers were useless, that they were all chicken-hearted, and that the most cowardly was Franco.⁶³

In a bid to strengthen the government, Azaña and Prieto engineered the impeachment of Alcala-Zamora as President. The only suitable candidate was Azaña who was duly inaugurated. However, his attempt to allow Prieto to take his place as prime minister was blocked by Largo Caballero and the left wing of the *PSOE* leadership. Thus, Azaña was effectively kicked upstairs and the unimaginative Republican, Casares Quiroga - who was ill with tuberculosis - became premier. Despite repeated warnings and indications of a possible military rising - from sources as diverse as Prieto, the Director General of Security, and even an ambiguous letter of warning from Franco at the end of June - Casares Quiroga remained blinkered until the end. He dismissed Prieto's *"menopausal outbursts"*, disdained to reply to Franco, and angrily defended Mola's loyalty to the Republic just days before the rising.

As late as the beginning of July, Mola had yet to finalise the plot, and he had to send out messages to stall those expecting swifter action. At the end of June, José Antonio had reluctantly ordered the local *jefes* of the *Falange* to place one-third - but no more - of their men at the disposal of the military rising. The *Carlists* were still proving difficult, and most importantly, the army was not yet a hundred per cent behind the rising. *"Magic names"*

like Franco and Goded were still not absolutely committed. Sanjurjo had threatened that they would save Spain " with or without Franquito⁶⁴". However, Prieto was not the only one who recognised the importance of Franco to the rising. Franco's influence within the officer corps was immense, his decision whether to join the rising or not would be followed by many others and the Army of Africa, which was to play such a crucial role in the war, was principally loyal to Franco.⁶⁵

The break down of law and order created the mood for rebellion amongst "the caste" and the murder of Calvo Sotelo on the 13th July 1936, thrust Mola's plot into top gear. José Antonio sent a message from his cell, threatening that if Mola did not act within 72 hours, he would begin the rebellion himself with the *Falange* in Alicante. Mola had already sent out the encoded order for the rising which would begin in Morocco at 5 a.m. on the morning of the 18th July - to be followed by risings on the mainland on the 19th. Meanwhile, Casares Quiroga continued to ignore Prieto who led a socialist delegation to secure arms for the workers to defend the Republic.

For fear of discovery, the rising began in Melilla a day early, on the 17th July. By the 18th, Morocco was secured for the rebels and Franco declared martial law on the Canaries. On the 18th, many garrisons throughout Andalusia and Southern Spain rose. Casares tried all the constitutional means at his disposal, sending warships and bombers to Morocco as most of the navy and airforce had remained loyal to the government. He was not prepared to hand out weapons to the workers as that would mean sanctioning revolution. On the night of the 18th July, Casares resigned and a new government headed by Martinez Barrio, the "arch-priest" of compromise, attempted to negotiate with the rebels. General Miaja telephoned Mola who announced his intention to rise against the Republic. Martinez Barrio also managed to get through to talk to Mola and offered him a post in government. Mola said they could not

reach an agreement:

You have your followers and I have mine. If we were to seal a bargain, we should be betraying our ideals and our men. We should both deserve to be lynched...What you propose is now impossible. Pamplona is full of Carlists. From my balcony, I can only see red berets. Everyone is ready for the battle. If I tell these men now that I have made an arrangement with you, the first head to roll would be mine. The same would happen to you in Madrid. Neither of us can control our masses.⁶⁶

By dawn, Azaña and Martínez Barrio were holding new talks with Prieto and Largo Caballero. A new government which would accept "Fascism's declaration of war on the Spanish people", was announced. Yet, as Thomas points out, the only changes were the appointment of Professor José Giral as Prime Minister; General Pozas, (commander of the Civil Guard), as Minister of the Interior; and General Castello, as Minister for War⁶⁷. What had changed was that the socialists, communists and anarchists had united behind the government to fight the common enemy, and Giral had authorised the arming of the workers. Just as the second wave of risings broke out across mainland Spain, the workers and the forces loyal to the Republic rose to meet them.

As Franco had feared, and Mola had expected, the resistance to the rebellion was considerable - the various party and union militias rallied to the cause of the Republic. In Barcelona, the generals had told their troops that they were being mobilised to combat a communist insurrection, yet the Civil Guard and the other police forces remained loyal and along with the Anarchists, they defeated the rising and captured General Godea who had flown in from the Balearics to command it. Ironically, the military rising itself fomented the social revolution which it had used as a spurious *casus belli* - as indeed it had in much of the country as a whole. However, in Barcelona it was an Anarchist rather than a Socialist or Communist revolution. In Madrid, the rising was swiftly quelled with the storming of the Montana barracks, the massacre of many of the troops within, and the capture of the rebel commander, Fanjul.

By August 1936, Spain was divided into two zones: the Republic had Madrid, much of the South and East, Asturias and most of the Basque country on the Atlantic coast; the self-styled Nationalists held much of the North and West, with an enclave in the South around Seville, Cadiz and Algeciras. To some degree this reflected some of the regional factors which had caused unrest. However, it also depended on unpredictable variables such as the willingness of the local Civil Guard to rebel or to resist, and the political inclinations of officers in particular garrisons. In the first days the situation was hopelessly confusing. As the opening of André Malraux's novel L'Espoir shows, telecommunications played a major role in establishing who was in control of what. In some cases, telecommunications directly influenced the course of the struggle, as in the early broadcast of Franco's manifesto, and Quiépo de Llano's takeover of Seville - which was greatly boosted by his command of local radio. Confusion and deception also allowed Colonel Aranda to take Oviedo for the rebels - having encouraged its formidable miners to entrain to assist the cause elsewhere, Aranda then rose against the Republic.

On both sides, repression of those suspected of sympathy with what was now most decidedly "the enemy", was enacted on a horrific scale. The Republican government was powerless to prevent the various factional militias from carrying out a murderous witchhunt of supposed "fascists". Of course, given the fact that there had been a wholesale betrayal of the Republic and, as we have seen, many had only expressed their loyalty to the Republic through geographical accident, it would be surprising if such repression had not happened. Mola's boast that there were not just the four Nationalist columns advancing on Madrid but a *Fifth Column* of secret nationalist supporters active within the capital, certainly did nothing to help; as Thomas puts it:

This unwise phrase was a justification for endless murders within the city.⁶⁸

While there were nationalist spy rings and active members of the *Falange* in Madrid and elsewhere in Republican territory⁶⁹, there can be no doubt that the bulk of those killed in the Republican zone were guilty of nothing more than leaning towards the right or retaining their religious convictions. In the Nationalist zone, the realisation that the rebellion would have to be carried out with relatively small numbers had led Mola to espouse in advance a policy of overt terrorism to minimise any resistance:

It is necessary to create an atmosphere of terror. We have to create the impression of mastery ... Anyone who is overtly or secretly a supporter of the Popular Front must be shot.⁷⁰

Franco was to develop this into a frighteningly systematic policy of execution of all those who constituted the least threat; he determined to rid Spain once and for all of the elements of "*Anti-Spain*". On the one side, the Republic could pay no more than lip service to the law as it was completely unable to maintain order. On the other, the Nationalist forces ruthlessly imposed order without the slightest regard for law.

With the failure of the rising in over one half of Spain - including the major cities of Barcelona, Madrid, Valencia, Malaga and Bilbao - and the surprising scale and scope of Republican resistance, the role of the *Army of Africa*, with over 24,000 of Spain's toughest troops, assumed an even greater importance than had been anticipated. Yet, before it could play any further role, these thousands of troops had to be transported across the Strait of Gibraltar. With the navy and the airforce largely loyal to the Republic, this was no easy matter.

As has been seen, various Spanish anti-Republican conspirators had made contact with Mussolini's Italy. The *Falange* had received considerable funds and the Carlist and Alphonsine monarchists had been encouraged in many ways. The British charter plane which had brought Franco to Morocco made its way to Rome with Luis Bolin to make a formal request, signed by

Franco and countersigned, just before his death, by Sanjurjo, for Italian transport aircraft, bombers and fighters. At first Mussolini refused but, after high level monarchist delegations and hearing the news that France was set to support the Republic, he changed his mind and agreed to the sale of twelve Savoia-81 bombers.

Franco also appealed to Hitler through two German emissaries, Adolf Lagenheim and Johannes Bernhardt, members of the Nazi *Auslandorganization* based in Spanish Morocco. While the *Auslandorganization* had long-established links with the Spanish Right, which gave rise to allegations of a "Nazi conspiracy", it has been clearly shown that Hitler's decision to aid Franco was made relatively spontaneously, after hearing Franco's urgent request from Lagenheim and Bernhardt. Possibly banking on obtaining transport planes from Italy - and perhaps not fully aware of their significance - Franco's request was for rifles, fighter aircraft and anti-aircraft guns. Noting the lack of transport planes, Hitler remarked : "That's no way to start a war." However, he agreed, against Goering's advice, to launch *Operation Magic Fire* and sent thirty Junkers JU 52 transport planes, some Heinkel fighters and volunteer pilots from the Luftwaffe. This enabled the air-ferry of troops to take place.

Within ten days, 15,000 troops had crossed the Straits, and subsequently troopships were able to cross with Italian air-cover. This use of German and Italian planes in transporting Franco's *Army of Africa* to the mainland was of critical significance in both military and political terms. Without this manoeuvre, it is highly probable that the war would never have become such a wholesale conflict. As Smyth asserts, the airlift:

rescued the geographically dispersed military insurgents from isolation and piecemeal defeat.

Hitler was later to say with some justification that:

Franco should have erected a monument to the glory of the

Junkers 52. It is this aircraft that the Spanish revolution has to thank for its victory.⁷²

It now seems most probable that Hitler's response was an instinctive one, based on "geo-ideological" concerns. He saw a victory for the Republican government as the first step to Spain joining a powerful Franco-Russian bloc which, along with Czechoslovakia, threatened to encircle Germany with anti-fascist and pro-Communist powers. Smyth further asserts that Hitler's long term notion of "defence" included opposition towards anything likely to prevent Germany successfully declaring war on Russia and/or France. He recognized that a strong Popular Front government in Spain would provide useful assistance to France, while a hostile pro-fascist regime would weaken France's international and strategic position considerably, and thereby minimise any assistance it could offer the Soviet Union.

As we have seen, the military rising had taken place in the context of the myriad of sectarian hatreds, economic and political inequalities and incompatibilities, and regional, class and ideological conflicts from which Spain was trying to emerge as a modern European country. If, as Hugh Thomas comments, in a broad sense the Spanish Civil War was the consequence of the working of general European ideas on Spain, once the forces within Spain had reached an initial stalemate - yet, a stalemate which even Hitler saw as eventually resulting in victory for the Republic - the scale and course of the ensuing war was largely determined by the considerations of international politics and the foreign policies of other nations.

This first military airlift in history, and the involvement of the fascist powers, also crystallised the reasons for the involvement of the world's intellectuals. There was the perceived injustice of the support Franco received from the fascist powers, while France was forced to close its border with Spain and Britain encouraged the Non-Intervention pact. The failure of the democracies to aid the Spanish Republic was one of the most significant

factors in impelling individuals to get involved in Spain. However, as Orwell made clear, few if any realised the real situation in Spain; the international dimension the war had acquired concealed its fundamental Spanish causes. As early as 1937, Franz Borkenau could see that:

The decision of victory will largely depend on political developments behind the lines and on the international situation.⁷⁰

1. Paul Preston, The Spanish Civil War 1936-39, (London, 1986), p.1.
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CHAPTER TWO - The International Context

I began my studies under the common delusion that the Spanish revolution was simply an incident in the fight between Left and Right, Socialism and Fascism in the European sense of the word; I have been convinced by observation on the spot that this is not so, and have since tried to discover, under the external appearances which present the common form of political struggle throughout Europe, these actual driving forces which really differ widely from the conventional European patterns.

Franz Borkenau - THE SPANISH COCKPIT¹

The use of German and Italian planes to transport the Army of Africa to mainland Spain crystallised the many reasons for the widespread sympathy and support for the Spanish Republic from individuals and intellectuals throughout the world. It immediately categorised the Spanish generals' revolt as part of the ascendancy of militant fascism which had been in evidence since the First World War; the extreme edge of the general reaction to the Russian Revolution. Fascism was already established in Italy and Germany and much in evidence in Central Europe, but it had also begun to rear its head in the Western democracies. The Thirties had already seen enough evidence of the belligerent behaviour of the emergent fascist powers -including the attempted Nazi putsch in Austria and the murder of Dollfuss (who had himself ruthlessly crushed the left), the Italian invasion of Ethiopia and Hitler's re-occupation and re-militarization of the Rhineland. The international situation

was extremely volatile. The previous decade's grand notions of "collective security", embodied in the Treaty of Versailles, the League of Nations, the Geneva Protocol and the Locarno Treaty, seemed anachronistic in the face of the economic onslaught of the Depression, resurgent nationalism throughout the world, and the *realpolitik* of the Dictators. Only the foolhardy did not think of every flashpoint in an increasingly volatile international political situation as another potential Sarajevo. In July 1936, the outbreak of civil war in Spain, the fascist dictators' support for the rising and the expected backing of France and the western democracies for the Spanish Republic seemed to present just such a crisis.

It has become a commonplace to talk of the Spanish war as a "dress rehearsal" for World War II, but many had felt this at its outset. Before setting out for Spain as a war correspondent, Ernest Hemingway described the conflict in precisely these terms: "a dress rehearsal for the inevitable European War."² With hindsight, many commentators have concurred with such a view. Hugh Thomas's considered opinion of the overall historical impact of the Spanish Civil War was that:

It constituted between mid-1936 and early 1939, a chronic international crisis, occasionally erupting - as occurred over the shelling of the Spanish port of Almeria by the German navy in 1937 - into a possible direct cause of World War, a direct cause which some have argued would have been more appropriate as a *casus belli* than Poland.³

The fact that this war commenced with the first major military airlift in history was also significant in arousing the fear of the new forms of "Total War" in which, as Hemingway put it, "there would be no such thing as a non-combatant"⁴ and which recent advances in military technology were making possible. As André Malraux wrote in L'Espoir of the role of the Condor Legion, despatched by Hitler to aid Franco's campaign:

the army manoeuvres of the world had tragically opened here.

(L'Espoir, p.104.⁵)

It would be difficult to overemphasise the terror of the unknown which the prospect of the aerial bombardment of open cities instilled at this time. The effects of such bombardment had only been glimpsed in the First World War and more recently when Italy had bombed Ethiopian lines (including an attack on an American Red Cross hospital).

Hitler and Mussolini swiftly provided arms and men to the Nationalist cause. The commitment made swiftly in July 1936 would be strengthened and maintained throughout the course of the war as Italy and Germany cemented the "Axis" and Hitler prepared the Blitzkrieg⁶. In contrast, the liberal democracies did not respond favourably to the appeals of the Spanish Republic. On the 19th July 1936, following his hasty elevation to the office of Prime Minister, José Giral sent an urgent telegram to the French Socialist Prime Minister, Léon Blum which read:

**SURPRISED BY DANGEROUS MILITARY COUP STOP BEG YOU TO HELP US
IMMEDIATELY WITH ARMS AND AEROPLANES STOP FRATELLY YOURS
GIRAL**

This plea did not fall on deaf ears; Blum felt an obligation and an affinity to the sister *Popular Front* government across the Pyrenees. He was also understandably concerned at any prospect of a third hostile fascist state appearing on France's borders. Having consulted cabinet colleagues, Blum decided to send assistance. However, he was eventually forced to cancel this aid following pressure from Britain, ministers in his own cabinet, and French conservative interests. Rightist French officials, possibly even a cabinet minister, leaked detailed information to the Nazi Germany's ambassador in Paris on what aircraft and weaponry Blum was considering sending to Spain to Nazi Germany; this not only helped to encourage Hitler to support Franco, but also posed a significant threat to the security of France⁷.

At the request of Anthony Eden, then British foreign secretary, Blum accompanied his own foreign minister, Yven Delbos to London for a

prearranged meeting with Eden and the Belgian foreign minister. Ironically, the original agenda for this meeting was to discuss a possible approach to Hitler and Mussolini for a new five-nation treaty of collective security.⁹

On this visit, Blum and Delbos apparently had talks with the then Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, as well as Eden, Neville Chamberlain, (then Chancellor of the Exchequer), and Duff Cooper, (Under Secretary of State in the War Office).¹⁰ Eden warned Blum to be "prudent"¹¹. Baldwin had previously warned Eden that:

On no account, French or other, must he bring us into the fight on the side of the Russians.¹²

On his return to France, Blum found widespread opposition to any plan to send arms to Spain. He was greeted by the Radical minister Camille Chautemps, who informed him that a full scale crisis had blown up and asserted that:

No one can understand why we are going to risk war on behalf of Spain when we did not do so over the Rhineland.¹³

In L'Action Française Maurras wrote: Blum is leading us to war.¹⁴ The forces of the extreme right were strong in France, besides Maurras's *Action Française*, there was *La Croix du feu* a more overtly fascist organisation and the reactionary *Camelots du roi*. However, it was not only they who opposed sending aid to the Spanish government; there was extensive opposition from the more moderate right and the centre parties which, added to the widespread conviction even amongst the socialists that the Spanish Republic was a lost cause, placed Blum in a very difficult position. With Eden's warning, he was now well aware that if France assisted the Spanish Republic it would be exposed to war with Nazi Germany and possibly Italy as well, without any assistance - and even possible hostility - from Britain. As a result, Blum finally agreed not to send official aid. He later explained his actions by saying that he felt that had he persisted in trying to help the Republic there would have been a fascist rising and possibly civil war in

France: "Spain could not have been saved, but France would have gone Fascist."¹⁵

While Blum would have liked to help the Spanish Republic but felt it unwise to do so, both the British government and that of the United States of America were much better disposed towards Franco than to the Republic. If this is perhaps surprising, given the way events did inevitably move towards the Second World War and the subsequent wholesale vilification of the fascist dictators, there were many factors which explain such a position. A strict "legalist-historical" reading of the situation would see fellow democracies refusing to help the Spanish Republic put down a "DANGEROUS MILITARY COUP" as Giral's telegram to Blum had suggested. Yet, as we have seen, international diplomacy was clouded by many difficult and conflicting issues at this time, not the least being the fear of another major European conflict, attempts to prop up "collective security", and the consequent policy of appeasement of the fascist powers which would prove so tragically misguided and ineffective.

Again, since the Russian Revolution, the democracies, particularly Britain and America, had developed a great fear of Communism and indeed any left-wing mobilisation of the masses. The mere existence of the Comintern - whose initial aims were admittedly to foster communist revolution throughout the world - was enough to allow the democracies to see any move to the left, particularly those involving extra-parliamentary activity, as a result of the machinations of the Kremlin. Indeed this natural conservatism meant that neither Britain nor America was particularly in favour of the establishment of the second Spanish Republic in 1931 - even though this merely aimed at the establishment of civil liberties and democratic rights which the citizens of both nations had themselves long enjoyed. America was especially opposed to the Spanish Republic at its inception, largely because it was comprehensively

misinformed by its Ambassador in Madrid, Irwin Laughlin, who had become an intimate of the court of Alfonso XIII. Despite the widespread support for establishment of the Republic from all classes in Spain, the initial American view was that this was the product of a dangerous "communistic" revolution. In fact there were very few communists in Spain at all at this time with very little political influence. Britain had a more realistic view of the situation in Spain in 1931, but was still reluctant to recognise the new Spanish Republic, partly because of the family ties between King Alfonso and the British Royal family.¹⁶

In many respects, the course and outcome of the Spanish Civil War were determined by the network of alliances which the first weeks produced. While the generals had been forced to seek outside help because of the failure of their coup to overcome surprisingly strong opposition, the government, attacked by much of its own armed forces, had been forced to arm the workers' organisations. This in itself would not have been sufficient to sustain resistance had not a sizeable percentage of the armed forces and police remained loyal to the Republic. However, in arming the anarchists and socialists, the Republican government effectively handed over power to them - to different degrees and for differing lengths of time in different parts of the country. Barcelona, memorably described by many writers including Orwell, had become a revolutionary city dominated by the anarchists, while Madrid was effectively under the control of the various party militias - principally those of the socialist and communists.

While Nationalist propaganda dwelt on the disorder in the Republican or "Red" zone, Republican propagandists had a more difficult task, even though they had a sounder case. To try to secure the assistance of the western democracies, the Republican government had to put the war across as a struggle between bourgeois democracy and fascism; at the same time, within

Spain, the social revolution which was taking place in the Republican zone could not be ignored, as in many areas this was what the workers' and peasant militias were committed to fighting for. They had no desire to defend the bourgeois Republic of 1931, but sought to create a better tomorrow with greater social equality through revolutionary redistribution of land and wealth. In any case, in the early months of the war the Republican government had as little control over the propaganda of *"the revolution"* as it had over the revolutionary committees and militias. Paradoxically, the refusal of the democracies to come to the aid of the Republic meant that the revolution assumed greater importance in sustaining the fight against Franco's forces. Furthermore, the democracies' fear of supporting a **"communistic regime"** forced the Republic to depend on the Soviet Union, which in turn gave the Communist Party a prominence and importance it had never possessed before in Spain. In a further paradox, far from playing a revolutionary role in Spain, the Communists were trying to effect counter-revolution as Stalinist dogma was now **"Socialism in one country"** as opposed to earlier notions of World Revolution. The authoritarian bureaucracy of the Communists was fundamentally opposed to the revolutionary spontaneity of the Spanish Anarchists, Socialists and Marxists¹⁷.

As a way out of their predicament, the French government under Blum proposed that a policy of controlled Non-Intervention was followed - thereby halting assistance to both sides. Almost all European nations - including surprisingly, and hypocritically, Italy and Germany - signed the Non-Intervention Treaty. However, like all attempts at collective security measures in the decade of the dictators, this treaty seemed made to be broken. Broken it assuredly was. The French had rushed through some private deals before the Treaty came into operation; in particular the sale of aircraft for conversion to military use. This operation was carried out with the

assistance of the French air minister Pierre Cot, and André Malraux who thus provided his first major service to the cause of the Spanish Republic. Not to be outdone, after signing the Treaty, Hitler stepped up his assistance to Franco with the despatch of the *Condor Legion*. This highly efficient mechanized force was only five thousand strong, but the huge impact it was to have on the course of the war, both in the air and on the ground, far outweighed its numbers. Mussolini was yet more generous in aiding Franco, and by June 1937, he had sent 50,000 men, 250,000 rifles, 2000 guns and 750 aeroplanes - about a third of the Italian armed forces.¹⁸

Despite the democracies' fears of Kremlin-inspired subversion in Spain, the Soviet Union initially restricted itself to humanitarian aid. However, seeing the flagrant violation of the Non-Intervention Pact by the fascist powers, Stalin announced that he would not abide by the treaty and in the autumn of 1936, he began to send planes, tanks and weapons. This aid had to be paid for from Spain's gold reserves, and it came through the Spanish Communist Party, the *PCE* - a factor which vastly increased the Communists' influence and soon virtually allowed them to dominate the Republican government. Like Hitler, Stalin did not intervene solely out of interest in Spain, but was principally motivated by the concerns of Soviet foreign policy. Again like Hitler, Stalin did not particularly want to see the side he was aiding win the war at all costs. In fact Stalin was as unenthusiastic about the establishment of a revolutionary communist regime in Spain as the democracies; he saw that this was a threat to the stability of Europe and ultimately to the Soviet Union. Throughout the war, both Hitler and Stalin carefully rationed the amount of support they provided; such support was undoubtedly subordinated to their wider political aims.

Britain and America were driven by similar concerns. For many years the standard line on Non-Intervention was that the democracies had had

their hands tied and felt obliged to appease the dictators to avert World War, at least while they set about re-arming. Such a view was actively fostered in the wake of the Second World War and the final confrontation with the fascist dictators.

However, in the last twenty years, historians like Douglas Little have shown convincingly that the democracies evolved Non-Intervention - and turned a blind eye to its wholesale breach - in a cynical extension of their policy towards the Spanish Republic from its inception in 1931: a policy which found its logical conclusion in Franco's victory.

Three main areas of contention had dogged the Spanish Republic's relations with Britain, America, and to a lesser degree, France:

Firstly, the social turmoil which followed the inauguration of the Republic and the perceived militancy of the Spanish Left, reinforced fears of a revolution which would bring Communism into the heart of Western Europe.

Secondly, the large British and American commercial holdings in Spain which ranged from the Rio Tinto mines to the telephone monopoly of ITT, (somewhat crookedly obtained in the Primo de Rivera years), were threatened by such disturbances and with appropriation by any Communist regime, as had happened in Russia. The Spanish Republic had repeatedly come into conflict with the multi-nationals over labour regulations and disputes, and a serious breach in diplomatic relations had only just been averted over proposals to rescind the telephone monopoly.

Thirdly, the Depression had brought about sustained economic warfare between Spain and America and Britain, as nations tried to export as much as possible and import as little as possible in a bid to promote economic recovery.

By 1936, both Whitehall and the White House were very concerned about Spain on all three of these counts. Their prime desire was to see order

restored in Spain, and any threats to their investments, or obstacles to trade removed. A military rising - or even a fascist coup - seemed infinitely preferable to anything approaching communism or to a democratic republic which could not control its people and supply stable and favourable conditions for business.

The United States, the world's first modern democratic Republic had, as we have seen, come into conflict with the Spanish Republic on a number of issues. Isolationist policies still held sway in America, and in some circles there was possibly a lingering relic of hostility towards Spain dating back to the Spanish-American War of 1898. Moreover, as that war had demonstrated, America had a long history of armed and economic intervention and even subversion in Latin America - almost always on the side of authoritarian rule against popular democratic or revolutionary socialist uprisings or regimes. Mexico, the only nation to offer the Spanish Republic what limited support it could provide without any conditions, had an uncompromising anti-clerical, anti-American Leftist regime which was already threatening British and American multi-national oil interests. America was not slow to appreciate the potential of a parallel situation arising in Spain.

While few would argue that the events of 1931 which saw the inauguration of the Spanish Republic were little more than the establishment of fundamental democratic liberties, the American State Department had, as we have seen, at first been badly misinformed by Ambassador Laughlin as to the true nature of the new Republic. While this had become apparent in due course, the social and political turmoil which beset the Second Republic and its history of economic and political confrontation with the United States, had done little to change the State Department's attitude towards it. As far as American foreign policy was concerned, the Spanish Republic was an unstable, if not undesirable regime, and there was no real question of lending

assistance to what looked as if it would result in a potentially hostile "communist" regime which would not guarantee American economic interests. The perception of the first few weeks of chaos in Republican Spain reinforced this view in both British and American camps. As one British diplomat put it, it seemed to be a case of "the rebels against the rabble".¹⁹ Indeed, there is a case for saying that both Britain's and America's opinions were coloured by the fact that most of their diplomats were indeed based in cities like Barcelona and Madrid, held by Republican forces; they saw the republican terror at first hand, but had little knowledge of the clinical social "cleansing" or *limpieza* taking place in the wake of the Nationalist forces. Even so, as recently as 1932, America had supported the brutal military dictatorship of El Salvador against an uprising of left-wing radicals and landless Indian peasants, with US forces acquiescing in the slaughter of thousands of so-called "communists" in a matter of six weeks.²⁰

Accordingly, while Blum was trying to find ways of sending arms to the Republic, Britain and America were providing indirect, but very useful - if not indispensable - assistance to the Nationalist cause. In the first place, they refused to intervene on behalf of the Republic, even to the extent of allowing it buy weapons to defend itself. In the second place, the British allowed Franco to cross the Straits of Gibraltar unimpeded and provided telecommunications links for Franco, just as the American-owned ITT subsidiary provided telecommunications facilities for the rebels throughout Spain.

In Britain, there was also little question of active intervention on the Republic's behalf. There was, however, much political division over how neutrality should be interpreted and observed. Baldwin's government was, on the whole, pro-Franco and was one of the prime movers behind Non-Intervention and the way in which it was monitored; which in effect allowed

the fascist powers to arm Franco, while denying the Republic the right to buy arms from the democracies. The British Labour movement initially felt that "neutrality" should allow the sale of weapons to the legally elected government of Spain. Even so, it was not prepared to do much about it. Revolution was not on the agenda of the British Labour party or the Trade Unions, while anti-communism was an article of faith. Time and again, the leaders of the British Labour movement - moderates like Ernest Bevin, Walter Citrine and Hugh Dalton - acted to limit any proposed action by the International Socialist movement in solidarity with the Spanish Republic, or against Non-Intervention. As Tom Buchanan affirms, leaders of the British labour movement:

never envisaged solidarity with Spain in any terms other than humanitarian relief for their Spanish colleagues on an almost charitable basis.¹¹

However, if the vagaries of international and domestic politics had ensured that the Spanish Republic's "sister democracies" denied it any real support, a great many of their citizens felt sufficiently obliged to rally to the Republic's cause. One of the principal motivating factors for individuals getting involved was the perceived injustice of the failure of their own nations to act in the Republic's favour. The international media understandably highlighted the international dimension of the conflict. As we have seen, the international political context had proven to be a significant factor - if a subsidiary one - in fomenting the war itself. Whereas rightist papers hailed Franco's "crusade" for order and the defeat of International Communism, liberal and left-wing newspapers generally reflected the Republican government's external line that it had everything under control and that there was no revolutionary impetus to its resistance.

Essentially, the Spanish Civil War was fought by two opposing blocs composed of factions with grossly divergent ambitions and no real affinity other than that given by a common enemy. On the nationalist side,

stood the Army, the Alfonsine monarchists, the Church and the Catholic parties, the Carlists and the Falange. Ranged against them were the Socialists, the Anarchists, many of the bourgeois democrats and Republicans, the Communists, the other Marxist parties such as the *POUM*, the Basques, and the Catalans. In Spanish terms, these may be defined broadly as the forces of Old Spain (with the possible exception of the Falange) and those of "*Anti-Spain*" - or rather those who wanted some form of social change, and most certainly did not want to go back to the rule of the Church, the Army and the Aristocracy.

From an international perspective, (particularly, given the understandable desire of both sides to attract foreign aid to help break the deadlock), the Spanish Civil War assumed the mantle of a fight to the finish between Democracy and Fascism; Fascism and Communism; or Christianity and Communism - depending on one's political stance, what newspaper one read, and to what degree one was susceptible to propaganda. For those on the Left and for the liberal intelligentsia, the Spanish conflict had become as Spender writes: "**a war of light against darkness**".²²

The Spanish Civil War elicited a swift, direct, and uncharacteristically vehement response from intellectuals throughout the world. Many shared the view of Spender's tutor at Oxford, the idealist philosopher E.F. Carritt who felt that this was:

the only conflict in his lifetime in which the forces of good - the Republicans - seemed arrayed against the forces of evil - the Fascists.²³

Individuals from countries all over the world flocked to the defence of the Spanish Republic. Many were already refugees from fascist oppression in their own countries while many others feared the onset of fascism in their countries and in Europe as a whole. Many from Britain and France were dismayed, exasperated and embarrassed at what they saw as their nations' weakness and vacillation in opposing the fascist intervention in Spain.

As Spender maintains:

This was one of those intervals in history in which events make the individual feel that he counts. His actions or his failure to act could lead to the winning or the losing of the Spanish Civil War, could even decide whether or not the Second World War was going to take place.²⁴

Jason Gurney, a young sculptor who joined the International Brigade, came to feel that:

Nobody was concerned with the facts of the situation, the war became a microcosm of all the ideological divisions of the time - freedom and repression, constitutional and arbitrary authority, nationalism and internationalism, the people and the aristocracy, Catholicism and Marxism and many more. Everyone saw Spain as the epitome of the particular conflict with which they were concerned. It was for this reason that the writers of the Western world became so emotionally involved in the Spanish conflict. For myself and a great number of people like me, it became the great symbol of the struggle between Democracy and Fascism everywhere.²⁵

If Franco adopted the imagery of the *Reconquista* and pronounced his campaign a crusade with the blessing of the Church in Spain, it was the Republican cause which - for all its persecution of religion - most resembled a medieval crusade, in that it attracted such a diverse range of volunteers from all over the world.

Some of the first volunteers were visitors to - and would-be participants in - the Workers Olympiad which had been due to take place in Barcelona from the 19th July 1936 as a direct response to the Munich Olympics. Many of these were German and Italian émigré socialists and communists. There was also a long-established colony of Italian anarchists resident in Barcelona who took part in the early fighting at the Telephone Exchange. The first English volunteers were two communist "garment workers"²⁶ from the East End of London - Nat Cohen and Sam Masters - who had been cycling in France and decided to see how they could help when news of the rising of the Spanish generals broke. Like many British volunteers, they had become convinced anti-fascists as a result of the activities of Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists, better known as Blackshirts, who made provocative marches through the Jewish district of

London's East End - like the one which resulted in the Cable Street riots - and carried out attacks on Jewish properties. Jason Gurney was similarly motivated, having first hand experience of the current of political violence engendered by the BUF whose para-military headquarters in Chelsea's Kings Road, were close by his home. Mosley and the BUF were being backed to the hilt by newspapers like the Daily Mail and the Evening News, and Gurney had seen enough evidence of the onset of Fascism to convince him that he wanted to oppose it as actively and effectively as possible:

I had seen the hatred and the violence, with the resulting pattern of fear it introduced into the lives of ordinary men, and I hated the whole thing[...]we had seen what had happened in Germany. There too, people had laughed off Hitler and the Nazi party until they had found themselves overwhelmed by the situation and the Nazis had become masters of the German state. Fascism was strengthening its hand in every country in Europe and those who felt strongly about it, and took no action to stop it, experienced a very real sense of guilt.²⁷

The first Englishman to go to the Front was John Cornford - a brilliant young academic and poet who at the age of twenty, was an experienced and as Cunningham notes, "even an important" Communist activist. The first English volunteer to be killed was Felicia Browne, a communist painter who was shot in August, serving in Aragon, having volunteered after joining in the street fighting in Barcelona.

The fate of these young Britons in the early days of the war raises the question of the significance of the role played by writers, artists, and intellectuals in the Spanish Civil War. While many have followed Spender's assertion that, "this was a poet's war" - at least to the extent of pointing out that it was a "writer's and intellectual's war", such a view does not bear close examination. Valentine Cunningham shows this by simply quoting the statistics on the social origins of the British contingent of volunteers in the International Brigade. While there were many writers and poets, artists, intellectuals and men of middle class origins, around eighty per cent were unequivocally working class²⁸. As Raymond Carr puts it:

The publicity given to the presence of intellectuals obscured the fact that most volunteers were ordinary workers together with a core of committed Communist militants hardened in the class struggle.²⁹

The French contingent, which was 15,000 strong, was even more proletarian being composed largely of factory workers recruited by the CGT.

The International Brigades were organised by the Comintern as a way of channelling the many volunteers who wished to fight in Spain, and also of encouraging people to do so. Rather like the Spanish republic in its bid to secure the assistance of the democracies - something it never gave up on - the Comintern and the Communist Party of Great Britain sought to emphasise the cross-party nature of the volunteers. Communist control and the Comintern's role as a recruiting agency were carefully hidden; all brigaders were described on their papers simply as "anti-fascists". The presence of the middle-class intellectuals enhanced the credibility of the International Brigades as a force fighting for democracy - and in fact this was really Stalin's aim, in as much as he was indifferent to the nature of the Spanish government, provided it posed no threat to France and hence Russia, and was not a revolutionary regime likely to alarm the Western democracies and lead to war. Partly in response to crypto-fascist accusations that the International Brigades consisted of communists, layabouts and Jews, many British members of the International Brigades have perhaps been over zealous in pointing out the wide social origins and political make-up of their unit. For, as Cunningham points out, many were out of work, many did have Jewish backgrounds ³⁰ - hardly surprising when you consider the nature of the struggle and the devastating effect Hitler's "*Final Solution*" would have on Jewish communities throughout Europe. There was also a distinct tendency for the Communist Party to seek to exploit any writers associated with the cause for publicity purposes: Spender's brief and equivocal membership of the Party was particularly fêted. While this was partly to do with their celebrity, there was

considerably more to it. In some sense, the fundamental reliance of the Communist party on the writings of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin, ensured that they placed a high value on writers - provided they liked what they wrote. There was also perhaps some belief in a kind of universal truth which writers touched on - and if they were on your side, then you must be right, and the more of them you had on your side the better. Cunningham points to the appeal made "**particularly to writers**" by Cecil Day Lewis in the Daily Worker, (25 August 1936):

to do all in their power to counteract the contemptible campaign of innuendo, falsehood and atrocity-mongering which is being carried on against the Spanish Government by certain sections of our Press. Neutrality is not enough.³¹

In general, writers were far more important figures than we can imagine in the Television era. In the Thirties in particular, writers were not remote figures, but remained close to contemporary events and seemed to be able to interpret these in a clearer, more truthful way. This was the era of the "**committed writer**", committed to making a better world with his or her pen. In Britain, Auden, Spender, Isherwood, and Lewis, made the running on the Left; America had many anti-establishment writers like Dos Passos, Sinclair and Steinbeck; France had writers like Malraux on the Left, and Drieu la Rochelle on the Right. For many, politics and literature had become virtually synonymous. Writers of all descriptions found themselves in the forefront of the ideological struggle for the freedom of the individual against Fascism - certainly the majority of writers were leftist-liberals, "**fellow-travellers**" or actually Communists. The Russian revolution was less than twenty years' old and with the all-too-obvious failure of capitalism as embodied in the economic chaos of the Depression and the impending political crisis, writers were ready to help build a new world. The choice of new proletarian subjects, and the popularity of new forms such as fictionalised autobiography, were concomitants of the political commitment of writers in these years.

The changing values of the literary world at the outset of the Thirties have been concisely mapped out by Alok Rai, who draws attention to the "unusual and significant terms" in which, in 1930, Herbert Read rebuked Siegfried Sasson for his Memoirs of an Infantry Officer; in a review in the Adelphi, Read complained that: "The aim is nothing but literary."³² The Adelphi had been "reincarnated", or at least refinanced, by Richard Rees and its stated policy was a desire for:

"a sense of reality"...a sense of value commensurate with the glory of life and the majesty of death.³³"

Rai also points to the preface of the seminal anthology New Country, in which Michael Roberts was even more explicit in his rejection of the "literary":

Perhaps... "literary" writing is tolerable in a time of stable tradition, but it is not tolerable at present.³⁴

Of course it is easy to over-simplify in hindsight, and the thirties were not solely populated by "poets exploding like bombs". As Zwerdling³⁵ has pointed out, the Thirties also saw the publication of such apolitical - or perhaps "supra-political" would be a more apt term - major literary works as Finnegan's Wake and the final version of Yeats' A Vision, as well as Virginia Woolf's The Waves.

However, the bond between so many writers, of varying degrees of stature, and both the Spanish Republic and the Communist Party was very strong. Yet, their lack of knowledge of the realities which lay behind the Spanish conflict and to some degree behind the Comintern, was both pronounced and problematic, as Orwell was to discover all too clearly. One of the Comintern's main concerns was to minimise the role of the other elements of the Popular Front, particularly the anarchists and the non-communist Marxists. Accordingly, the significance of the role of foreign volunteers before the International Brigades had officially formed, and those attached to other units, was also minimised. Simone Weil, for example, had fought with an

Anarchist militia for two months before deciding that it was not worth being part of a war between Russia and Germany and Italy. Cunningham cites the case of John Cornford, who produced some of the most memorable poetry to emerge from the Spanish civil war - sadly Cornford himself would not emerge from the war. Cornford had set out for Spain with the idea of having a look round and possibly firing a few shots. He indeed headed for the Aragon Front with Franz Borkenau, without any real intention of joining up. However, his impression of Barcelona and reception at the front persuaded him to stay with the *POUM* militia unit he met there, and he fought with them for two months before joining the International Brigade on his return from leave in England. His involvement with the *POUM* militia, later required a certain amount of explaining to his Communist party bosses, who as Orwell would also find to his cost, took particular exception to the *POUM* who they saw as "**Trotskyist pro-fascist Super-communists**", and as Cunningham makes clear, the later convoluted explanations for Cornford's action in joining the *POUM*, were symptomatic of the bad faith which permeated the Communist cause in Spain and elsewhere. While Orwell has been widely accused by Communist apologists of, at best, naivety in joining the *POUM*, Cornford, while he may have been younger, was a hardened Communist activist, whose motivation could not be questioned so easily.

His own comment that he was allowed to join the *POUM* on the strength of his Party card gives the lie to the later claims from pro-Communist sources that Cornford joined the *POUM* only because he didn't have his Party card.³⁶

Similarly, Cunningham also takes issue with Stansky and Abrahams, who on discovering that middle-class poets such as Julian Bell and John Cornford were a small minority of the foreign volunteers (though it is true to say that many volunteers in Spain were driven to become writers and

poets -or at least attempt to - by the enormity of their experiences) simply acknowledge this. Stansky and Abrahams make no attempt to examine the role and motivation of the majority of volunteers but, as Cunningham comments they, "proceeded simply to bolster a legend and reinforce a prejudice" by examining their material as if this had indeed been a "poet's war"³⁷. To be sure, this is no way to treat, or describe a tragic fratricidal conflict in which directly and indirectly hundreds of thousands of people suffered and died - on the battlefield, by aerial bombardment of cities, by starvation, and the lack of medical care and supplies, and most horribly by politically motivated assassination and execution - what Auden contentiously described as "necessary murder". Yet, there is no denying that Spain proved to have a fatal attraction - all too literally in many cases - for writers and artists, both as a cause demanding active support, and as a subject for their art which could not be ignored. Upton Sinclair, who considered the foreign volunteers to be "probably the most literary brigade in the history of warfare", was probably not too far from the mark in his summation:

Writers and would-be writers had come to live their books,
journalists to make their news.³⁸

One of the principal motives compelling writers to become physically and emotionally involved in the Spanish conflict, was their consciousness of the collision between the irrational, nihilistic totalitarian ideology of Fascism and the fundamental intellectual freedoms and human values established in Europe since the Renaissance. The example of Germany where on the 10th May 1933, the Nazis had immolated the best of German and European culture in torchlit pyres of tens of thousands of books which they said represented the "non-German spirit", was seared into the minds of Europe's intellectuals. They may also have shared Heine's prophetic sentiment that:

Wherever books are burned, men also, in the end, are burned.³⁹

Stephen Spender, one of those who felt compelled to go to Spain where he served for a time with Spanish Medical Aid, summed up the reasons for the "unwarranted intrusion into politics" which some felt the anti-fascists had made:

Hitler forced politics on to non-political groups who suddenly became aware that they had interests in common. Not only the Jews, but also the intellectuals, because their position was directly attacked, and through sympathy with their colleagues who lived tormented under Fascism, acquired an intensity and fury in their non-political politics which the professional politicians did not share.

The intelligentsia also had more sinister reasons for understanding Hitler. These were elements of pure destructiveness, of attraction to evil for its own sake, and of a search for spiritual damnation, which had been present in some European literature for the past century, and which were fulfilled in Nazi politics. In Hitlerism the nightmares of Dostoevsky's The Possessed, of Nietzsche and Wagner were made real.⁴⁰

The Spanish Nationalists had certainly done nothing to distance themselves from the Nazi position, though their motivation was perhaps closer to that of the Inquisition and the Papal Index. Schools and libraries were purged of books and regular bonfires of books were held as part of the "cleansing" of Spain. However, it was the human dimension of this *limpieza*, which clearly demonstrated that writers and intellectuals were considered part of the hated "Anti-Spain". The callous murder of Federico Garcia Lorca at the outbreak of hostilities in Granada was typical. Besides holding moderate left-wing views - often a sufficient death warrant in Nationalist Spain - and being known through his writings and his touring theatre *La Barraca* as an anti-fascist with something of a social mission, Lorca's other "crimes" included his homosexuality. In May 1936, just a few weeks before the rising Lorca had given a high profile interview to *El Sol* the liberal daily newspaper of in which he voiced his opinion of the catholic conquest of Granada in 1492:

It was a disastrous event, even though they say the opposite in the schools. An admirable civilisation, and a poetry, architecture and delicacy unique in the world - all were lost, to give way to an impoverished, cowed town, a wasteland populated by the worst bourgeoisie in Spain today.⁴¹

This not only antagonized the local forces of reaction, but flew in the face of the Nationalist celebration of the *Reconquista*. As Gibson concludes, far from being safer in his home town after the rising:

In Granada in August 1936 a person with Lorca's reputation and friends could not expect to escape death.⁴²

If as Preston points out, the cowardly murder of a great poet like Lorca was, "a drop in the ocean of political slaughter"⁴³, it was a clear sign to writers and intellectuals throughout the world that the war in Spain might be of more than academic interest. As Gurney put it:

The Spanish civil war seemed to provide the chance for a single individual to take a positive and effective stand on an issue which appeared to be absolutely clear. Either you were opposed to the growth of fascism and went out to fight against it, or you acquiesced in its crimes and were guilty of permitting its growth. There were many people who claimed that it was a foreign quarrel and that nobody other than Spaniards should involve themselves in it, but for myself and many others like me, it was a war of principle, and principles do not have national boundaries. By fighting against fascism in Spain, we would be fighting against it in our own country and every other.⁴⁴

A further, perhaps even more glaring instance of the incompatibility between the nationalist cause and intellectual liberty came less than three months after the outbreak of the war. On October 12th 1936, the anniversary of Columbus's "discovery" of America, a celebration of this, "the Day of the Race" at the University of Salamanca, was marred by inflammatory speeches railing against the evils of the Basques and Catalans. The erstwhile commander of the *Tercio*, General Millán Astray, who had been much mutilated and lacked an arm and an eye was on the platform - recently appointed as Franco's chief of Press and Propaganda. A member of the audience uttered the war cry of the legion *¡Viva la Muerte!* (Long live Death) to which Millán Astray shouted out the rabble-rousing Nationalist triple chant of *¡España!* to which the crowd responded in turn *¡Unal, ¡Grandel, ¡Libre!*

The rector of the University of Salamanca was the distinguished philosopher and professor of Greek, Miguel de Unamuno. Unamuno was one of

the generation of '98 who had sought to modernize Spain; he had been exiled to the Canary Islands by Primo de Rivera for decrying his disregard for the law; he had also been one of the "founders" of the Republic. However, Unamuno had become disillusioned by the violence, instability and impotence of the Second Republic, he had said that Azaña was capable of starting a revolution to have his books read. Initially, Unamuno was impressed by the *Falange* and he had indeed donated money towards facilitating the generals' revolt. However, like many of the older Spanish intellectuals who had initially supported the Republican cause, he found that he was, as he later put it:

terrified by the character this civil war was taking, really horrible, due to a collective mental illness, and epidemic of madness with a pathological substratum.⁴⁵

Unamuno was known to dislike Millán Astray, and was outraged at his behaviour. He closed the meeting, saying that he could not be silent - "at times to be silent is a lie." He reproached the speech of Professor Maldonado, denouncing the personal affront:

...implied in the sudden outburst of vituperation against the Basques and the Catalans. I was myself, of course, born in Bilbao. The bishop [Dr. Plá y Deniel, who sat next to him] whether he likes it or not is a Catalan from Barcelona.⁴⁶

Unamuno went on to reproach the actions of Millán Astray and his supporters, saying:

Just now, I heard a necrophilistic and senseless cry, "Long live death". And I, who have spent my life shaping paradoxes which have aroused the uncomprehending anger of others, I must tell you, as an expert authority, that this outlandish paradox is repellent to me.

His blistering attack continued:

General Millán Astray is a cripple. Let it be said without any slighting undertone. He is a war invalid. So was Cervantes. Unfortunately there are all too many cripples in Spain just now. And soon there will be even more of them if God does not come to our aid. It pains me to think that General Millán Astray should dictate the pattern of mass psychology. A cripple who lacks the spiritual greatness of a Cervantes is wont to seek ominous relief in causing mutilation around him.⁴⁷

At this, Millán Astray shouted: "Death to the intellectuals! Long live Death!" to a clamour of support from the Falange. Undeterred, Unamuno relaunched his attack:

This is the temple of the intellect. And I am its high priest. It is you who profane its sacred precincts. You will win (vencer) because you have more than enough brute force. But you will not convince (convencer). For to convince you need to persuade. And in order to persuade you would need what you lack: reason and right in the struggle. I consider it futile to exhort you to think of Spain. I have done.⁴⁸

At this, Millan Astray's Legionary body guard closed in on the platform; one legionary even pointed his machine gun at the 72 year old professor. Unamuno had to be escorted from the hall by Doña Carmen, Franco's wife, and her numerous guard of honour. Unamuno was ostracised and stripped of office. On the last day of 1936, he died in despair, under virtual house arrest, requiring an armed escort on the few occasions he ventured out.

As Thomas asserts, this was an expression of:

the tragedy of Spain, where culture, eloquence and creativity were giving way to militarism, propaganda and death.⁴⁹

Such events fanned the flames of outrage amongst the international intelligentsia - as Guttman comments:

Spain seemed a last chance for a representative government and a pluralist society in Europe that had turned with frightening speed towards dictatorship and totalitarianism. At a time when fascism deified the unreasonable, the Spanish Republic seemed to represent the Enlightenment's faith in Reason as the faculty by which men govern themselves.⁵⁰

The sheer number of writers who gave their support, their pens, and in some cases their lives to the Spanish Republic, would in itself mark the Spanish Civil War as a hugely significant stage in the development of the literature of the Western world. The fact that many of the world's most famous and internationally respected authors were among those to produce works on the war, ensures that it has an enduring significance.

Benson lists just a few of these writers:

... André Malraux, Georges Bernanos, François Mauriac, Jacques Maritain, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, Louis Aragon and Paul Eluard in France; George Orwell, W.H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Cecil Day Lewis and Herbert Read in England; Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser and Archibald Macleish in the United States; and Ilya Ehrenburg and Michael Koltzov in Russia, all contributed to the literature of the Spanish Civil War. In South America, the Chilean Pablo Neruda and the Peruvian César Vallejo committed their poetry to the Spanish cause.

The "anti-fascist thesis" espoused by these writers was further strengthened by those who were already refugees from Fascism:

Gustav Regler, Arthur Koestler, Thomas Mann, Bertholt Brecht, and Ernst Toller from Germany; and Riccardo Pacciardi, Pietro Nenni, Palmero Togliatti, and Luigi Longo from Italy.

A further gauge of the level of support for the Republic was provided in a propaganda and fund-raising exercise organised by Nancy Cunard - a sixpenny pamphlet, Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War, based on the response of "the Writers of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales" to the questions:

Are you for, or against, the legal Government and the people of Republican Spain? Are you for, or against, Franco and Fascism?

One hundred and twenty seven leading literary figures including Beckett, Cyril Connolly, Auden, Spender, Naomi Mitchison, Aldous Huxley, Ford Madox Ford, Cecil Day-Lewis and Sean O'Casey replied that they supported the Republic. Sixteen including Eliot and Pound declared themselves neutral and five including Waugh and Edmund Blunden declared "Against the Government". Of course, the whole *raison d'être* of the questionnaire and pamphlet was to procure positive publicity for the Republican cause, and, as Valentine Cunningham points out, the editors were understandably not entirely honest in that they obviously selected which writers they canvassed and did not publish all their replies. Joyce for instance telephoned Nancy Cunard and told her that he had received her questionnaire and proceeded to complain about the royalties he was losing in pirate editions of Ulysses in America. Orwell

was bitterly scathing about the whole exercise and, as he later revealed to Stephen Spender once he had made his acquaintance, had sent a "very angry reply" in which he talked along the lines of "parlour bolsheviks like Auden and Spender." One could hardly blame Orwell's condemnation of "that damned rubbish of signing manifestos to say how wicked it all is", given that the questionnaire came less than a month after he had nearly lost his life in Spain in a far more sinister manifestation of Communist manipulation of Popular Front propaganda.

However, given the real and perceived importance of international opinion to the fate of the Spanish Republic whose leaders - particularly the last Prime Minister, Juan Negrín - hoped to the bitter end that the democracies would come to their senses and rescind Non-Intervention, such supportive publicity was crucial. For the same reason, it was essential to emphasise the differences between the Republic and the Nationalist zone - which was under martial law for the duration of the war, where books were burned and the light of the free intellect doused. By contrast, the Republic sought to show that it had time for culture and that it could support civilian life.

Accordingly, from Paris, the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda organised the Second International Writers Congress to be held in Spain. This itinerant circus of over sixty writers from at least twenty six countries, moved from Madrid to Valencia and Barcelona, stopping at a good many places in between. The congress was attended by Spender, Hemingway and most of the leading foreign and Spanish writers associated with the Republic, with anti-fascism, or with Communism. The proceedings were dominated by Malraux, who defended André Gide from accusations of fascist sympathies following the disenchantment with the Soviet union he had expressed in Retour a l'U.R.S.S. . Azaña, however, refused to give a closing address, disappointed that nobody he

considered "important" had come from abroad.⁵¹

Of course the mere staging of such a Writers Congress was a remarkable feat and it hints at the extraordinary concentration of literary attention which the Spanish Civil War attracted. What other sequence of events has inspired so many writers from so many nations to create literary works? The fact that these events were also relatively limited in geographical extent and temporal duration, and are in a broad sense, extremely well documented, allows, to some degree, the comparison of the various treatments of these events by a host of different writers of international standing. Conversely, the presence of these authors and the different perspectives they had on the course of the war have immeasurably enriched our historical and cultural perception of this crucial phase in the development of the western world.

The detailed examination of the personal background of some of the most significant writers should provide some valuable insights into the relationship between history and literature, the vagaries of the narrative process - and given the particular circumstances and atmosphere of the Spanish Civil War, the problems faced by writers confronted with the need to contend with an atmosphere of propaganda and deceit - how they came to terms with the demands of their art for "objective" truth, and the requirements of the cause they had committed themselves to.

Yet for many, the cause which had seemed so clear turned out to be far less distinct. As Arthur Koestler, who had been a Comintern agent before and during his time in Spain as a war-correspondent for the News Chronicle, wrote afterwards:

We now know that our truth was a half-truth, our struggle a battle in the mist, and those who suffered and died in it were pawns in a complicated game between the two totalitarian pretenders to world domination. But when the International Brigades saved Madrid on November 8, 1936 we all felt that they would go down in history as the defenders of Thermopylae did; and when the first Russian fighters appeared in the skies of battered Madrid, all of us who had lived through the agony of the defenceless town felt that they were the

saviours of civilisation.⁵²

As Wilhelm comments, the writers who had championed the Republic's cause and the members of the International Brigade - often one and the same - returned for the most part, disillusioned to their respective countries, or, if they were already refugees from fascism, to a new exile or a French concentration camp such as *Le Vernet*.⁵³

The signing of the Russo-German Non-aggression pact by Stalin largely put an end to the twenty year "flirtation" as Wilhelm refers to, of Western intellectuals with Moscow.⁵⁴ The "God" had indeed failed. The Second World War heralded an era of almost apolitical fatalism. Writers were as uncommitted in the years 1939-45 as they had been committed during the Spanish Civil War. While this was largely a reaction to the experience of the Spanish conflict, it was by no means due to a disillusionment with Socialist and Liberal principles *per se*. To some extent, the ideological war against fascism had already been fought by writers and intellectuals in Spain - "premature anti-fascists" as the Americans called those they discriminated against for having fought in Spain. Now the war which these writers had predicted for so long was finally thrust upon the world. Yet, as Spender points out the democracies had only declared war on Germany:

after all the positions for which the anti-fascists had been fighting were abandoned - Republican Spain and Czechoslovakia - in support of the least guaranteeable of Hitler's victims, the Poland of 1939.⁵⁵

One other significant factor which most writers only became aware of in Spain, was the strength of the indigenous as opposed to the international character of the Spanish Civil War. As Orwell discovered to his cost, there were real and bitter differences between the many factions on the Republican camp, just as there were in the Nationalist camp - though Franco acted swiftly and brutally to stamp out dissent, and the declaration of martial law and greater emphasis on military discipline enforced and encouraged a

greater desire to work together to fight the common enemy.

The disparity between the views of foreign writers on the war and that of the Spaniards was not restricted to the political situation. As Madariaga points out, their general conception of the war differed fundamentally from that of the Spaniards who, after all, did not have the luxury of volunteering. While the foreign writers saw and wrote of the war in universal humanistic terms, the Spaniards were understandably more parochial and pragmatic in their view of the war which they were fighting for specific, if often contradictory, aims.⁵⁶

The lack of social and cultural development in Spain itself, added to the strain of medieval cruelty which seems part of the Spanish character, cast doubt on those who thought they were fighting for the spirit of the Enlightenment. As Franz Borkenau put it:

The age of Enlightenment in Spain was simply a delusion of a few men of goodwill. It never was a reality.⁵⁷

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CHAPTER THREEAndré Malraux - Organizing the Apocalypse

It is day by day and from thought to thought that men create the world anew in the image of their greater destiny. Revolution offers them only the possibility of their dignity; each man has the task of transforming this possibility into a possession. But to that end, all we intellectuals - Christian, liberal, socialist or communist despite the ideologies that separate us - should seek the acts of will that may unite us. For every noble thought, every work of art is the infinite possibility of reincarnations. And the hoary world can find its significance only through the present will of men.

André Malraux - address to the International Association of
Writers for the Defence of Culture
- June 1936, London¹

André Malraux, destined to make one of the greatest literary contributions to the cause of the Spanish Republic, was probably the first significant foreign writer to reach Spain after the generals' pronunciamiento. Malraux's first contribution was of a very material nature. He acted as a go-between for the French government of Léon Blum and the Spanish Republic in a bid to facilitate the passage of aircraft from French manufacturers across the Pyrenees before Non-intervention took full effect. Buying up second-hand planes on the international market, including Haile Selassie's private plane, Malraux then set up and took command of a squadron of international pilots, both volunteers and mercenaries: the *Escadrilla España*.²

Once the España squadron had exhausted its human and material resources and could play no further effective part in the conflict, Malraux concentrated on helping the Spanish Republic win the hearts and minds of the Western democracies. He made many impassioned speeches in France and also toured North America in a bid to raise funds and awareness³. He also played a leading role in the Second International Writers Congress held in Valencia, Madrid, Barcelona and Paris in July 1937. For Stephen Spender:

The outstanding figure of the Congress was undoubtedly André Malraux.⁴

In addition, Malraux wrote his celebrated novel, L'Espoir. This provides a sweeping view of the first eight months of the Spanish conflict from the generals' revolt to the Republican victory at Guadalajara, interspersed with Malraux's own experiences with the España squadron and a broad, yet detailed, analysis of the motivating factors behind the various elements of the Republican forces - both as parties or factions, and also as individuals in an extreme situation. Once L'Espoir was completed and published in 1937, Malraux set about making a film based on several episodes from it - Sierra del Teruel later entitled Espoir⁵. Unfortunately, this film could not be completed until the war was over and the Republican cause lost. Malraux continued filming right up until the last days of the war in Catalonia,⁶ and even considered filming the Nationalist advance.

As Hugh Thomas asserts:

Malraux went to Spain as *l'homme engagé par excellence*.⁷

By McCarthyite standards, Malraux was certainly amongst the most "premature" of anti-fascists, having joined the *Association des écrivains et artistes révolutionnaires* in December 1932. Following the success of La Condition Humaine in 1933, and of course, Hitler's rise to power in Berlin, Malraux became more and more involved in the anti-fascist cause. He was widely regarded as:

the spiritual and organizational leader of the French intelligentsia in the struggle against Fascism.⁸

Concomitantly, Malraux was also one of the Communist Party's most celebrated "fellow travellers", given the co-ordinating role of the Comintern in the anti-fascist movement - particularly through Willi Münzenberg's *International Worker's Aid*, an autonomous department of the Comintern which was active in promoting a broad front against fascism well before the "popular front" became the received Party line. By 1934, Malraux was the President of the World Committee against War and Fascism, a member of the Presidium of the ILAA (International League against Anti-semitism) and was invited to Moscow to speak at the first Congress of Soviet Writers. As co-president of the World Committee for the liberation of Dimitrov and Thaelmann, Malraux travelled to Berlin with André Gide to present an appeal for the release of the imprisoned Communist leaders, Thaelmann and Dimitrov - the latter implausibly accused by the Nazis of starting the Reichstag fire.⁹

Malraux's anti-fascist activism in the 1930s, and his perceived "conversion" to Gaullism after the War, have led to considerable critical speculation as to precisely how "engaged" Malraux was, and committed to precisely what cause - anti-fascism or communism. One recurring concern is the extent to which *L'Espoir* can be seen as an "objective" text, (if this is not a contradiction in terms), or as a piece of partisan propaganda. This particular debate has shifted somewhat from the initial hostility of conservative French critics to more recent attempts to see *L'Espoir* as an apologia for counter-revolutionary Stalinism.¹⁰

To move some way towards clarifying these points, it is worth looking back at Malraux's political and artistic development. Several commentators have noted Malraux's remark to Julien Green:

Between 18 and 20, life is a market where one buys values - not with money, but with acts - most men buy nothing.¹¹

Looking at Malraux's life in these years, when he earned a living from procuring and publishing books on art and erotica, and ensconced himself with the Parisian avant-garde, *l'homme engagé* is not readily apparent. This is compounded when one considers his early works - minor dadaist fantasies such as Lunes en papier.

The seemingly glaring contrast between the early Malraux and the "committed" writer of the 1930s has been dealt with by many critics - W.M. Frohock, the pioneer of Anglo-American Malraux scholarship puts it thus:

Hard as this is to believe, the author of some of the grimmest novels of the century began his career writing stuff that is playful to the point of frivolity.¹²

Nicola Chiaromonte states that these early works are significant only in the light of Malraux's later work:

in so far as they help us catch a glimpse of what he has consistently striven to keep away from: the realm of aimless sensations and daydreaming.¹³

Frohock rejects even this:

The load is too heavy for such slight evidence to bear.¹⁴

He would presumably recoil still further from André Vandegans's exhaustive analysis of La Jeunesse littéraire de André Malraux, which attempts - not unreasonably - to discover the roots of Malraux's *Weltanschauung* among these early writings. This certainly does veer towards "overinterpretation"¹⁵ and the most plausible explanation of the early *farfelu* writings is simply the young writer's drive to create and his desire to find his vocation, writing in the latest idiom. His dedication of his first book, Lunes en papier, to his friend and sometime mentor Max Jacob, reflects Malraux's close involvement with the literary and intellectual avant-garde in these early inter-war years. Frohock concedes that:

Doubtless his manner may have seemed fresher than it does now.¹⁶

Particularly so, when one considers the relatively early date of most of these

works. Yet, there can be little doubt that if there is no overt - or even covert - political content or intention within these works, a reasonable case can at least be made for seeing the writing and publication of such works in a political context.

Dadaist and Surrealist aesthetics were a symptomatic expression of what Paul Valéry labelled *La crise de l'esprit*¹⁷ - a wholesale revulsion at the carnage of the "Great" war and a rejection of the values which had created it. The rationality of the "real" world had been shown to rest on the logic of poison gas, and the *danse macabre* of the trenches was the result. Breton's soluble fish certainly seems a saner concept than the Battle of the Somme.

Born on the 3rd November 1901, Malraux was just too young to be actively involved in the First World War. Yet who in France was not involved? Malraux's father, Fernand, became a tank officer. In the Antimémoires, Malraux records a school visit to the battlefields of the Marne, where the dead were still being piled up, soaked in petrol and incinerated. The teacher tried to spare his pupils by ordering lunch. However, Malraux recalled:

bread was handed round to us, which we dropped, terror stricken because the wind carried with it a light sprinkling of ash from the dead piled up a little further off.¹⁸

Lacouture points out that rather than bringing out "nationalistic fervour" in Malraux and his school friends, the excitement of great events unfolding, and the minor day to day disruptions, created a sort of holiday atmosphere¹⁹. This short-circuiting of normal school life may have been one factor which steered the young Malraux away from a more conventional academic career and into the underworld of the Parisian avant-garde. At any rate, the war had a lasting effect on Malraux. The description in Les Noyers de l'Altenberg, Malraux's last novel, of the German soldiers abandoning their attack on the Russians to help them escape the poison gas, ranks among his most evocative

scenes. As Malraux said to Jean Lacouture in 1972:

What distinguished us from our mentors, at twenty, was the presence of history. We were surrounded by corpses; for them nothing had happened. We were people whose fields had been ploughed up by history, as if by tanks.²⁰

France was imbued with a hollow pride in a Pyrrhic victory which led to Versailles and ultimately to a repetition of the Holocaust only twenty years later. As Revolution swept Europe from the consolidation of the Bolshevik regime of the Soviet Union by the victorious Red Army, to Mussolini's March on Rome, there was an inevitable current of rejection and revolt in France, particularly amongst the young.

Sartre sees Surrealism, and by extension its forebear, Dadaism, as tending towards political quietism²¹. Yet, however politically "quiet" they might seem, those producing revolutionary art were coming into ever closer contact with artists of a more materially revolutionary nature. In 1920, the young Malraux became involved in Action, a new review founded by Florent Fels. Regular contributors included most of the key figures of the avant-garde: Max Jacob; Blaise Cendrars; Louis Aragon; Cocteau; Radiguet; Eluard; Tristan Tzara; Artaud; Erik Satie. These were significantly augmented by new Soviet writers like Gorky, Ehrenberg, Blok and Karleja, and also the Belgian Victor Serge, who had moved from a position of anarchism to outright support of the Soviet Union. As Lacouture comments, in the atmosphere of the "*cordon sanitaire*" around the Soviet Union in 1920-21 :

to publish Gorky was tantamount to spreading the virus and waving the Red Flag.²²

Reacting to the assertion by Vandegans that no political significance should be attributed to Malraux's contribution to Action, Michalczyk comments:

when we read the names of the avant-garde contributors in 1920 ...it is difficult to consider Action as a periodical totally devoid of politics. These would be the revolutionaries of the twenties who would stir up the world in the realm of literature, art, and politics, and if Malraux did not share their political inclinations as Vandegans suggests, he was at least in sympathy with their basic ideologies.²³

Sartre does not apply his analysis of the political quietism of surrealism to Malraux, whom Sartre feels belongs to his own generation:

Malraux had the immense merit of recognizing as early as his first work that we are at war and of producing war literature when the surrealists and even Drieu were devoting themselves to a literature of peace.²⁴

Referring to Sartre's assertion, Wilkinson points out that:

"war" in this sense can hardly be said to appear in Malraux's work until The Conquerors in 1928, and perhaps not even then.²⁵

The assumption is that Sartre dismisses the early *farfelu* works, as did Malraux himself later in his career - perhaps following his mentor Bernard Groethuysen, who refused to give any serious consideration to Royaume-farfelu, which was actually published after Les Conquérants .

Wilkinson seeks to reconcile the debate raised by Frohock, commenting:

surrealism and the fantastic were at this time very clearly the instruments of revolt against the real, but when some particular flaw in the political system is revealed, they must eventually appear to be very inadequate instruments. Malraux "revolts" against the limitations placed on him by the surrealist style of revolt and casts it off for what is in his eyes a more effective one. If a date is needed, 1924 serves; the high point of European surrealism, the time of Malraux's trial in Pnomh-Penh.²⁶

This coincides with the view held by many commentators that Malraux's political awareness and involvement stems from his experiences in Indo-China.

Yet, it is at least conceivable that Sartre sees La Tentation de l'Occident rather than Les Conquérants as Malraux's first work worthy of consideration. Malraux's "Indochina experience" obviously provided significant influences and source material for the main body of his work - including La Tentation[...] and the subsequent trio of "Asian" novels - Les Conquérants, La Voie royale and La Condition humaine (Man's Fate). It is significant that Malraux ascribes La Tentation [...] to the years 1921-1925. While it seems likely that this epistolary work was primarily written once he had reached Asia, it

is clear that well before his departure in 1923 on the ill-fated expedition to "liberate" the bas-reliefs of the buddhist temple of *Banteai Sreay*, Malraux had given much thought to the inadequacies of the spiritual and cultural values inherent in Western civilisation and perhaps even, by extension, the limitations of bourgeois democracy as the expression and champion of these debased values.

Malraux also had a long standing interest in Asia, developed through his interest in books and erotica, art and archaeology; in his earliest writings, he even signed himself, "The Mandarin"²⁷. As Lacouture shows, there was considerably more to the early Malraux than the *farfelu* writings. He had written an essay on André Gide which had earned the praise of its subject, one of the leading writers of the day; while in a piece on his artist friend, Demetrios Galanis, Malraux was to adumbrate the concerns on the nature and meaning of art, and whether by comparative assessment of a diversity of works, one can arrive at a concept of an absolute artistic impulse beneath the particular veneers of form, style and period, which he was to explore throughout his career:

He who knows Andromaque and Phèdre will gain a better idea of the French genius by reading A Midsummer Night's Dream than by reading all the other tragedies by Racine. The Greek genius will be better understood by comparing a Greek statue with an Egyptian or Asiatic statue than by an acquaintance with a hundred Greek statues.²⁸

It is in this essay rather than the *farfelu* works that Lacouture holds that Malraux found his "true" style:

Here in a few lines, is almost everything that the author of Les Voix du silence was to develop thirty years later.²⁹

Similarly, La Tentation de l'Occident prefigures many of the themes Malraux will repeatedly explore in the core of his *oeuvre* - from the "Asian" novels, through to the Antimémoires. Malraux's interest in Asia was very much in line with the *zeitgeist*. Spence places the La Tentation de l'Occident firmly within a strong tradition of "oriental" literature, which

typically subjects Western society to the scrutiny of a naive yet perceptive Oriental. This tradition can be traced back to Montesquieu's Persian Letters and Oliver Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, it passed on via Nineteenth century Middle-Eastern "orientalists" such as René Arnaud to three of Malraux's "older contemporaries" and compatriots: Pierre Loti, Paul Claudel and Victor Segalen, and also to Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson's Letters from a Chinese Official. As Spence comments:

analyses of Malraux often push him forward and ahead of himself both in time and percipience. But in the case of The Temptation of the West, written while Malraux was still both young and naive, it is surely more helpful to lodge Malraux's view of China amongst those of his immediate literary predecessors, rather than to see him as a revolutionary visionary.³⁰

There is some truth in this view; neither the form nor the content of La Tentation de l'Occident are particularly original. Boak makes the point that:

[Malraux's] application of naturalism to the exotic produced an effect of seedy authenticity, in powerful contrast to the artificial and deliberately romantic exoticism of earlier writers like Loti or Victor Segalen.³¹

However, the Spenglerian title alone clearly indicates that in La Tentation de l'Occident, Malraux is not setting out to create a book of startling originality. As Barrie Cadwallader has shown convincingly, Malraux is writing within the context of a complex, living, and often fierce debate on the significance of Asia, and perhaps more pertinently, "the fragility and hollowness of European civilization".³²

This debate was inspired partly by political developments - the rise of Ghandi-ism and anti-imperialism; the modernisation and industrialisation of Southern China under foreign influences and through Sun Yat Sen's Canton government; Japan's more dangerous emergence as an industrial and military power which had been amply demonstrated by its defeat of Russia in 1905. The success of the Russian Revolution and the possibility of global revolution added a further dimension. It was more directly the result of the general

foreboding of the European post-war malaise and the search for alternative spiritual and cultural values, combined with an increasing interest in, and access to Eastern religious and philosophical thinking - facilitated partly through German writers such as Herman Hesse and Keyserling.

The principal French protagonists in this debate were Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse and the Clarté group, the Dadaists/Surrealists and conservatives such as Henri Massis. As Cadwallader comments:

the "Oriental question" disputed by these intellectuals - like other questions relating to Europe's crisis and survival - was for all its philosophical depth and cultural range, an ideological crucible in which political attitudes were being fired. In this respect it marked the prelude to a conflict no less verbal though far more violent, that was to embrace the whole of Europe in the Thirties and Forties³³.

In the Temptation of the West, Malraux is not only aware of the choppy cross currents of this debate but is actively seeking to contribute to it. While Spence's contextualisation of this book within a long literary tradition is useful, it does not go far enough and he underestimates Malraux's involvement in the contemporary literary and intellectual scene, the central role of the "oriental question" in the post-war cultural debate, and the significant influence of more immediate contemporaries.

While in some respects, Malraux's conduct over the Banteai Sreay affair was "both young and naive", even in his youth Malraux was no fool. Langlois quotes Marcel Arland, the recipient of the prototype correspondence for La Tentation de l'Occident, on Malraux in his Twenties claiming he had:

lived more, thought more, suffered more, than most of those who are officially "elders". His admirable intelligence intensifies this torment; it has flung him toward all the possibilities that presented themselves to him, one after another; he envisions them... but he retains the lucidity that nurtures him until the end - an intensity that makes an artist of him and a restlessness that pushes him forward without ceasing.³⁴

Arguably, one can see Malraux's initial interest and involvement in Asia as a political concern, inasmuch as it is directly related to the spiritual crisis of Europe. Precisely what motivated Malraux to go to Asia in

the first place is a complex issue. To begin with, there was the incentive of financial reward - not irrelevant as Malraux had just lost most of his and his wife Clara's money on the stock exchange. Yet, while there may have seemed a reasonable chance of a fairly quick return from the sale of the Khmer sculptures they sought to wrest from the Cambodian jungle, there must surely have been easier ways of making money. As Langlois puts it:

Although financial considerations may have played a certain role in Malraux's decision to go to Indochina, as his ex-wife insists, surely such restlessness, such intense intellectual and metaphysical anguish and the need to probe some of the non-Western answers to the human condition were ³⁵even more profound and authentic motivations for his trip to Asia.

Langlois may gild the lily a little, but it seems clear that if Malraux was, as many have put it, something of an "adventurer" - this should not be taken in the pejorative sense. While Chiaromonte was badly misinformed on the biographical details of Malraux's Asian years - principally, one imagines, by his friend Malraux himself - he has a point in isolating the "demons of Action" driving Malraux, which he sets against a fear of the temptation of idle contemplation, a burning desire to impose his will on life and in so doing perhaps find some meaningful pattern to set against the absurd chaos of existence. If Malraux's own life does not quite live up to the "legend of the man of action" surrounding his early years, his long-lived admiration of, and interest in figures like T.E. Lawrence shows the degree to which he is involved in confronting notions of action. Indeed, one could say that almost all of Malraux's works are fundamentally concerned with the detailed analysis of one form of action or another: from exploration through political commitment, terrorism, revolution and military action, to the process of artistic creation, suicide, death and even - in Lazare - resurrection.

In leaving Europe, Malraux was not just expressing his doubt and perhaps disgust at the state of Europe and trying to gain a distant perspective on it, he was also leaving behind the relatively sedentary life he

had been leading in Paris, which one could perhaps describe as that of something of a dilettante, dabbling on the *Bourse* and studying oriental art. Marcel Arland, Malraux's closest friend at the time, sees a rejection of literature in his decision to quit Europe. Clara Malraux recalled her husband's reflection that without her he might have become just another "bookworm". The second sentence of The Temptation of the West shows how aware Malraux is of the role of literature in shaping the western mind:

Man, capturing living forms one by one and locking them up in books, has prepared the present condition of my mind.
(Temptation of the West, p.3)³⁶

However, if Malraux had sought to abandon literature in Asia, perhaps echoing Rimbaud's departure for Africa - he was to find the material for at least four books there. In truth, what Malraux sought to reject was the self-conscious tradition of the psychological bourgeois novel which had prevailed in France for over a century. For Malraux, this was not an adequate form in which to pose, let alone attempt to answer, the fundamental philosophical questions bearing down upon both Western and Eastern societies.

One of the principal themes of The Temptation of the West, (which Greshoff maintains cannot be overestimated in its role as a microcosmic precursor of Malraux's *oeuvre*), is the opposition of, and the interaction between, the European ethos of the individual acting against the cosmos to assert his identity - "to leave a scar upon the map" as Perken will put it in The Royal Way - and the Oriental contemplative tradition and collective acceptance of destiny. The overwhelming view of the grand cemetery of Europe is from a sub-Nietzschean perspective according with Malraux's admiration of Nietzsche and his fascination with Spengler's Decline of the West. As Denis Boak comments:

The greatest individual influence on Malraux's life and work has been Nietzsche; from La Tentation de l'Occident onwards the idea of will pervades his writings, and indeed, his whole life is a brilliant example of Nietzsche's ideal of "giving style to one's character", and of

heeding Nietzsche's call: "dare to lead the life of a tragic man and you will be redeemed."³⁷

Blossom Douthat has analysed the similarities and distinctions between Malraux's early work and The Birth of Tragedy by Nietzsche. While acknowledging distinct differences in treatment and emphasis, Douthat finds that:

One is nevertheless left with a sense of deep kinship between the two writers, with the ineluctable impression that, apart from all considerations of influence, there is a similar purpose behind each of the early works so far considered...the confrontation of a disintegrating civilization - in each case, that of the author - with an extraneous and challenging hierarchy of values. Thus Nietzsche uses the touchstone of Ancient Greece, remote in time, and Malraux that of China, remote in space, but the main concern of each is modern Europe and the respects in which he finds it wanting.³⁸

The extension of this is Malraux's concern with the cyclical view of history expressed by Nietzsche in Thus Spake Zarathustra, and notions of the death and discrete nature of human civilisations developed by Spengler in The Decline of the West. These were deep concerns which stayed with Malraux - if the Asian novels display decided Nietzschean influences, Malraux's writing on Art, and his last novel, Les Noyers de l'Altenberg bear distinct Spenglerian resonances. Yet, Malraux is also a devotee of Michelet, historian of the Revolution - affirming a faith in certain ineffable absolutes in man and in the capacity for man to develop through history. Berl records that from 1928 onwards, Malraux had talked to him of his concerns about Spengler's thought and that after the Second World War, the most pressing question for Malraux was to prove Spengler wrong.³⁹

Malraux's trips to French Indochina gave him first-hand experience of the apparent destruction and near obliteration of an ancient civilization by a new one with little or no points of contact, or terms of reference in common. The splendour of the Khmer sculptures he had sought, contrasted sharply with the venial mediocrity of the colonial regime.

The demon of action which was to possess Malraux in Indochina

was somewhat inadvertent and unexpected. He seems to have been rather surprised by the iniquitous realities of colonialism which he first encountered on the voyage to Indochina, particularly when the ship called in at Djibouti in Somalia. He was more comprehensively exposed to this in Indochina where his arrest by the colonial authorities, his prosecution and his pre-ordained conviction, were to give him first-hand experience of the injustices of French imperialism.

The successful campaign for Malraux's release led by his wife Clara, brought him into contact with Paul Monin, a lawyer working on behalf of the "Annamite" population in Cochinchina, and led to Malraux's return from France to set up a newspaper for the Annamite/Vietnamese people, L'Indochine. While the programme espoused by Malraux and Monin seems to have been relatively reformist rather than revolutionary, in the highly conservative - not to say corrupt - colony, even fraternising with the native population, let alone taking up cudgels on their behalf, must have seemed tantamount to seditious Bolshevism. Indeed, Malraux and Monin were drawn into underground political activities of one form or another. *Jeune Annam* may, as Lacouture asserts,⁴⁰ have consisted primarily of Malraux and a small group of his friends and colleagues on L'Indochine; yet, through Monin, Malraux had very real links with the Kuomintang which was strong in Cholon, the Chinese quarter of Saigon. Malraux also shared several mutual acquaintances with the exiled Nguyen Ai Quoc, who as Ho Chi Minh, would finally free Vietnam from colonial rule. Again, Malraux, if not actively seeking revolution himself, was fairly close to those who were; yet the long struggle would be eventually undertaken in earnest by Ho Chi Minh and the peasants in the paddy fields without foreign leaders. However, at this stage revolution was a long way off in Indochina; it was events in China itself which dominated Asia and led the vanguard of anti-colonialism.

In a sense China provided ideal laboratory conditions under which to examine the conflict between European and Asian philosophies - and also a unique opportunity to observe whether civilisations do actually die in the Spenglerian sense. Indeed, Malraux has the sagacious elder statesman Wang Loh alert A.D. - the aptly named but somewhat disaffected young emissary of Christendom - to the imminent demise of Chinese civilisation along with Confucianism. By the 1920s, China was divided in two: in the North, the decaying remnants of traditional China of the Celestial Empire and its Mandarins was held in thrall by warlords; in the South, Sun Yat Sen had succeeded, to some extent, in forming a government in Canton, based on his quasi-socialist Kuomintang behind which he was attempting to unify China⁴¹. The southern cities like Shanghai and Canton were already industrialised and there was a strong Western influence both in terms of the political sway the European powers held because of their trading concessions and in terms of the wholesale modernisation of the way of life in these cities. Ling, A.D.'s Chinese correspondent and counterpart visiting Europe, puts it thus:

Returned to deeds of green bronze, North China is a great, bloody museum. Time hasn't even an ironic smile for all the military chiefs occupied in throwing their shadows over mountains and deserts covered with maggoty bones. The South and Central provinces are completely dependent on that strange government at Canton, which holds England in check and venerates the Sages while organizing its propaganda through the cinema; for what we have taken over from the West most rapidly are the forms of its existence. The cinema, electricity, mirrors, phonographs, all have seduced us like new breeds of domestic animals. For the people of the cities, Europe will forever be only a mechanized fairyland.

(Temptation of the West, pp.109-110)

The superficiality of Europe's impact on China is echoed in the figure of Rebecci, the Italian anarchist in The Conquerors who ekes out a living selling mechanical toys. If the cities of Shanghai and Canton, in particular, were at the forefront of the clash between ancient and modern China, and Asian and European ways of life, the strong presence of Europeans in these cities provides Malraux with a cast of exiles and exotic characters ranging from

revolutionaries like Borodin and Garine, through representatives of colonial authority, white Russian exiles, missionaries and scholars and eccentrics like Clappique. It is the Europeans who play the major roles in Malraux's first two novels The Conquerors and The Royal Way - the latter loosely rooted in Malraux's experiences of the Banteai Sreay expedition. In La Condition humaine, the balance is partly redressed as oriental characters play a more significant role.

The apparent acceptance of Western ideas in China is accompanied by disgust - as Wang-Loh comments:

Europe thinks she has conquered all these young men who now wear her garments. But they hate her. they are waiting for what the common people call her "secrets": ways of defending themselves against her. Her effect on them falls short of seduction, and only succeeds in making them realize the senselessness of all thought.

(Temptation of the West, p.104)

Malraux's protagonists in the Chinese novels are exemplars of this. In The Conquerors, Hong, leader of the terrorists, was a protégé of Rebecchi and Garine but his *non serviam* is more extreme than that of Garine, and is embodied in his campaign of terror. In La Condition humaine, T'Chen, who is Chinese but has been educated by Westerners - the American missionary, his surrogate father Gisors, (who while he has thoroughly inhaled the East through his pipes of opium and his studies, remains a Westerner), and Katow - is also confused by the different calls of Eastern and Western philosophies which turn him in a nihilistic human time-bomb; a destiny he fulfils literally in his unsuccessful attempt to assassinate Chiang-Kai Shek. Both of these characters, Hong and T'Chen - based on the impetuous Vietnamese, Hinh, encountered by Malraux at L'Indochine - at once illustrate and embody the culture clash between the East and West. However, it is in Kyo Gisors, who as a French-Japanese is almost the ultimate "outsider" in China, that the contrast between the two cultures, and to some degree a successful fusion of elements of both cultures is seen.

Of course, several critics - including Frohock, Wilkinson and Greshoff - have demonstrated the degree to which Malraux is seeking to create a tragic universe, and the influence of Nietzschean ideas on his work. The ferment of revolution and the general atmosphere of a society in change characteristic of China in the 1920s provided the necessary elements of alienation and the credible presence of violence which assist in this. In this respect, Malraux's guiding light in these novels is of course Dostoevsky as much as Nietzsche.

Other critics such as Chang Mei Yuan, have pointed out the influence of Chinese thought, particularly Taoism, on Malraux⁴². This is present throughout Malraux's work, but most visible in The Temptation of the West and in the figure of T'chen-Dai in The Conquerors, whose Ghandi-like non-violence and "non-action" in the specific Taoist sense, combined with an unshakeable faith in the ultimate victory of China, are set up in opposition to the European "energy" of Garine. The Manichean opposition of East and West is implicit in Malraux's constant dynamic opposition of destiny and will - the yin and yang of Malraux's universe. This is made explicit in one of the section headings of L'Espoir - Etre et Faire - "being" and "doing". This tension and dynamic relationship are mirrored throughout Malraux's life and work and it is from these considerations that he draws the conclusion which was to be his watchword - "Il faut agir!".

Another significant influence in Malraux's Asian novels, most obvious in The Royal Way, is Conrad. While there is a distinct parallel between both writers, the concept that Malraux had to "live his years before the mast" before he could write, must be treated with care. In Malraux's case, it propagates the enduring myths which surround his Asian experience and his early works.

It is here that we must examine what Frohock calls, "The Legend

of a Life of Action", for the confusion over the biographical details of Malraux's life has often led to critical confusion regarding his works and how to evaluate them. The most significant confusion has arisen over Malraux's involvement in the Chinese Revolution. Largely because of misinformed assumptions, partly suggested and certainly not refuted by Malraux himself, early critics were working on the basis that Malraux had actually participated in and witnessed the events in Canton and Shanghai which he was writing of in The Conquerors and La Condition humaine. In the former, given the presence of historical figures like Borodin in the novel and its swift rendering of recent historical events - almost certainly based on real communiqués and news reports as in L'Espoir - many readers and critics assumed that Malraux's portrayal of Garine was autobiographical.

The problem identified by Frohock, was that the very nature of the events with which Malraux was associated - revolutionary conflict in far-off lands - made it difficult to ascertain what had actually happened. There are obvious parallels between Garine's trial and Malraux's trial in Pnomh-Penh following his arrest for attempting to remove the Banteai-Srey sculptures. However, following more detailed biographical enquiries by Langlois, Vandegans, Lacouture, Madsen *et al.*, it now seems fairly clear that Malraux had little or no actual involvement in the Chinese revolution other than as a sympathetic observer from Indochina. Following the effective banning of L'Indochine as a result of the colonial government pressurising its printers, Malraux did go to Hong Kong to purchase type. He and Clara arrived during the General Strike - their reputation went before them and they were the only passengers disembarking who did not have to carry their own baggage. Malraux may have made a brief visit to mainland China, but it is inconceivable that he was, as stated in a biographical note to a German translation of Les Conquérants:

Delegate for propaganda in the leadership of the nationalist movement at Canton under Borodin (1925)

Lacouture contends that this could only have been written by Malraux himself and points out that this translation had the subtitle:

Ein Tagebuch Der Kämpfe un Kanton 1925 - "Journal of the struggle in Canton, 1925."⁴³

This gave the distinct impression that the book was an eye-witness account of the events in Canton. Indeed current English and American translations still ascribe to Malraux a role in the Chinese revolution, if a little more vaguely.

Given Malraux's position in L'Indochine, it is most probable that he had some part to play in organising Kuomintang propaganda in Indochina, which would obviously not be without reference and relevance to the struggle in China itself. With his closer contacts with the members of the Kuomintang in Cholon, he must also have had a heightened awareness and detailed knowledge of the course of events in China, particularly in Canton, as they unfolded. In terms of the level of Malraux's own political activism, he certainly went to some lengths to produce L'Indochine and especially L'Indochine enchaînée - resuscitated by the wooden type sent from Hong Kong by the Jesuits, with French accents obtained by sympathetic Annamese print workers. Lacouture praises Malraux's commitment:

This newspaper, bearing the scars of its persecution is one of the most moving testimonies that remain to the courage and obstinacy of Malraux's life and work.⁴⁴

Langlois also makes the point that Malraux's editorials were both perceptive and prophetic in assessing the colonial problem.⁴⁵

Yet, it was not Malraux, but Paul Monin who went to Canton, though in 1926 rather than 1925, and, as Lacouture puts it:

At a somewhat more modest level, it was he who experienced something like Garine's adventure.⁴⁶

Like Garine, Monin was to die soon after his exertions - after returning to Saigon in 1927 and contracting a fever while on a hunting expedition across

the Moi plateau. Lacouture finds no record of correspondence between Malraux and Monin in 1926-1927. There may have been something of a rift between them, as Monin did not come to see the Malrauxs off when they embarked for France at the end of December 1925, perhaps somewhat aggrieved that they were abandoning the cause⁴⁷. However, it is clear that Monin had made a significant impression on Malraux, and it is more than likely that there was some continuing direct or indirect contact between the two Frenchmen. It was Monin who had brought Malraux into contact with the Revolution, and it was an attempt on Monin's life which gave Malraux the celebrated opening of La Condition humaine. At the very least, Malraux must surely have been aware of Monin's death and his previous activities in Canton.

While the myth of Malraux as Chinese revolutionary does not now stand up to historical scrutiny, this was not perceived in the 1920s and 1930s and it certainly had an impact on how Malraux's books were received. There was the famous interchange with Leon Trotsky - about whose revolutionary credentials there can be no doubt - who called for Garine and his author to be given a healthy inoculation of Marxism; indeed, even in 1938 Trotsky was accusing Malraux of having betrayed the Chinese Revolution. To some degree, Malraux himself was guilty of fostering this glamorous myth - in 1933 he wrote to Edmund Wilson describing himself as :

Kuomintang Commissar first in Indochina then in Canton.⁴⁸

This was one of many instances of what critics have referred to as Malraux's "mythomania". He had always had a tendency to "write up" events; even when he met Clara, Malraux had pretended to be the son of a wealthy family - a myth he unwisely resuscitated in the dock in Pnomh-Penh. Malraux felt the need to style his life as "a man of action" in much the same way as Hemingway and, one of Malraux's own heroes, T.E. Lawrence. The inspiration which the latter provided for Malraux was so great that he came close to

producing a full length book on Lawrence - Le Démon de l'Absolu - of which only a fraction apparently made it through the Second World War. Of course, Malraux was only too well aware of his own mythomaniac tendencies which are epitomised in Baron Clappique in La Condition humaine and most thoroughly examined in the character of Vincent Berger in Les Noyers de l'Altenberg - Frohock uses a useful quotation from this, Malraux's last novel, to open his seminal study, André Malraux and the Tragic Imagination :

Perhaps he could have destroyed the mythic personage he was coming to be, if he had tried. But he didn't want to. His legend flattered him. Even more - he loved it.⁴⁹

Just as Marcel Arland had felt that words were not enough for Malraux⁵⁰, Gaëtan Picon felt that:

Pour Malraux comme pour Montherlant (pour Aragon comme pour Drieu), le domaine littéraire n'est pas un domaine qui se suffise. Vivre commande écrire.⁵¹

The difficulty is that to some degree - certainly when compared to the majority of novelists - Malraux *was* a man of action. Yet, his desire to be seen as such led him to exaggerate the degree and intensity of his actions. So too did a natural desire to build on his own experiences to produce fascinating and exotic backgrounds for his novels.

Malraux criticism creates its own myths. The notion of Malraux as a haunted, tragic individual whose darkest obsessions are made explicit in his novels is only a very partial picture. Malraux was by no means an entirely sober or sombre character in his personal life. The period of his trial has been taken by Frohock *et al.* to represent one of the most significant of the humiliations which drove Malraux to write; a theory supported by the clear parallel between the account of Garine's trial and Malraux's fascination with imprisonment and his recurrent treatment of the condemned cell. Malraux's experience must have been distressing to say the least, but it was still something of an adventure. Lacouture records Louis Chevasson - Malraux's

childhood friend who had also come on the Banteai-Sreay expedition and was Malraux's co-accused - as saying:

"For me, it was the best time of my life. It was a great adventure, we took risks, we faced up to our enemies. The judicial procedure seemed to us more absurd and abberant than cruel: we were often seized by uncontrollable fits of laughter! We never lived as intensely as then!"⁵²

While a contemporary from Indochina recalls Malraux as:

"a very humorous guy. He did not take himself seriously - even less any of the rotten gang who were plundering the country...He hated people who took themselves seriously. He thought such people were the cause of all the evil in the world..."⁵³

The confusion over Malraux's involvement in China had a number of paradoxical effects: while the legend undoubtedly helped to create interest in Malraux and his books, it also led to critical misreadings. In the same way as Dickinson's Letters of a Chinese Official were thought to be translations of an authentic original, everyone believed Les Conquérants to be an eye-witness account, and the book was dismissed by several critics as reportage. This in turn led to a general underestimation of Malraux's creative gifts and literary ability and also a failure to understand his underlying intentions as a writer. Greshoff points out that the older generation of critics missed the point of Malraux's work as they were measuring it against the yardsticks of autobiographical reminiscence and the conventional bourgeois psychological novel.⁵⁴

However, for the younger generation, Les Conquérants was a great literary breakthrough - as Malraux's friend Eddy du Perron wrote in 1928 :

Les Conquérants is after Gide's Les Faux-monnayeurs, the most important novel of the past ten years⁵⁵.

He adds what most critics did not see, that:

it has no resemblance to anything written by the young contemporary French writers.⁵⁶

Marcel Arland pointed out what was the new vision contained in Malraux's novels:

Les valeurs sur lesquelles Malraux porte aujourd'hui l'accent sont des valeurs éternelles, par exemple le sens de la fraternité humaine, le culte de dévouement, le besoin même de définir l'homme avec les autres hommes qui sont à la base du Christianisme. Mais c'est précisément l'intérêt de l'entreprise de Malraux que de reprendre ces valeurs en dehors de toute religion, de les placer "sur terre" de leur donner par suite une justification, une valeur nouvelle.⁵⁷

Drieu la Rochelle whose career, as Cadwallader makes clear, in many respects mirrored that of Malraux, hailed both Malraux and Garine as examples of the New Man:

Malraux - l'homme nouveau, pose l'homme nouveau. L'homme éternel dans une des ses époques. L'homme devant ses problèmes constants: l'action, le sexe, la mort, rajeunis par un nouvelle saison.⁵⁸

In later years Malraux was to say that while he had written novels, he did not see himself as a novelist. Greshoff interprets this in two ways - firstly Malraux considers himself to be different from novelists like Mauriac, Duhamel and Romans for example - secondly he is not primarily interested in novels but in ideas. Malraux wrote to Eddy du Perron:

Pour les critiques (je parle de ceux qui ne sont pas idiots de naissance) la vérité vraie est qu'ils aiment les romans et nous ne les aimons. Plus ça va et plus je me rends compte de notre indifférence foncière à l'égard de ce que les bonnes gens appellent "l'art du roman". "Adrienne Mesurat" est un des chef-d'oeuvres, vous dit-on. C'est peu probable, mais si c'était vrai celle me ferait le même effect...Il y a des gens qui ont quelque chose à exprimer et qui ne font jamais de chef d'oeuvres (Montaigne, Pascal, Goya, les sculptures de Chartres) parce qu'on ne domine pas une passion qui attaque le monde; et il y a ceux qui "font des objets". Mais le critique au fond, c'est un homme qui aime "les objets" et non l'expression des hommes. (Malraux's emphasis).⁵⁹

Malraux is in many ways a pioneering writer taking the novel away from the psychological territory of the traditional bourgeois novel into what he described as a cross between Greek tragedy and a detective novel - a true precursor to the existentialists. At the same time, Greshoff points out that Malraux is one of the most representative of his generation. Greshoff quotes Arthur Koestler's essay in Horizon:

With the "bourgeois novel" getting more and more exhausted as the era which produced it draws to a close, a new type of writer seems to take over from the cultured middle class humanist: airmen, revolutionaries,

adventurers, men who live the dangerous life; with a new operative techniques of observation, a curious alfresco introspection and an even more curious trend of contemplation, even mysticism, born in the dead centre of the hurricane.⁶⁰

In certain respects, this analysis fits Malraux like a glove - at one time or another he has fallen into all of Koestler's categories. Yet, with Malraux this is only part of the story. For example, Drieu La Rochelle who was to remain Malraux's friend despite their polar opposition in politics through the 1930s and 1940s, also saw another side to Malraux:

Il y a eu chez Malraux un esthète de la vingtième année qui n'est pas encore tout à fait mort.⁶¹

Indeed Malraux's aestheticism is at least as central to an understanding of his work as his role as "man of action" or his political commitment.

One of the ever present problems of dealing with Malraux's life and work is that, if there is only one Malraux - he is such a multi-faceted individual that there often appear to be several Malrauxs. To some extent, this comes through not only in Malraux's life, where he is involved in so many spheres of activity, but also within his books where several opinions and viewpoints - often contradictory - are given prominence: all of which are understood by Malraux, if not fully endorsed by him, and of course all are ultimately voiced by Malraux. This is particularly in evidence in L'Espoir, and is one of the major strengths of the book.

As the 1920s gave way to the 1930s, "action" came to be centred more and more in a political context for Malraux. The extent to which Malraux himself was politically committed both before and during the Thirties when he was most closely identified with the Popular Front and the Communist Party, has been much debated. If he had done little in the way of direct action to honour the pledge which he had made to his comrades in Cochinchina in the pages of L'Indochine enchaînée, to fight for the Annamite cause, Les Conquérants, the book which he had partly substituted for this, and in which

he had submerged his experiences of the revolution in Asia, would help propel him into the heart of the political debate in Europe.

Indeed, this was first manifested in a public debate organised by *L'Union pour la Verité* - an organisation of the liberal left, founded at the time of the Dreyfuss affair - at the *Salle des Sociétés Savantes* at which Malraux was interrogated among other issues as to the political impulses behind the book, and the revolutionary credentials of Garine which are compared to those of Saint-Just and Lenin. His replies acknowledged the essentially fictional character of the book, but simultaneously gave witness to the depth of thought behind it, and laid claim to a role in the development of political and moral thinking:

The fundamental question for Garine is not so much how one can take part in a revolution as how one can escape what is called the absurd...

It is not a matter of being right or wrong, but a matter of knowing whether the example provided by Garine acts effectively as ethical creation. Either it acts on the men who read it or it doesn't. If it doesn't, Les Conquérants raises no questions; but if it does, I am not arguing with my opponents; I will argue with their children.⁶²

As Lacouture points out, this followed Emmanuel Berl's earlier recognition of the significance of Les Conquérants:

I regard Les Conquérants as an event of the greatest importance in contemporary moral history. I am astonished that this fact has been so little recognized, that so much of the discussion about the book has been of an aesthetic nature when it so obviously concerns something that goes well beyond the aesthetic. For me, Garine is a new type of man. His very existence resolves a number of problems and difficulties. It poses new ones, too. The bourgeois who are seduced by Malraux's art will understand tomorrow, if they do not understand today, the danger that Malraux involves them in, and they will soon cease to read his book for the information on China, for the descriptions, for an account of events or for its psychological insight.⁶³

If the bourgeois critics of France did not wholly appreciate the implications of Malraux's work, the censors of Mussolini's Italy and Stalin's Russia were not prepared to take the chance of allowing their citizens to share Malraux's vision.

The misconceptions which persisted (and still persist!) about

Malraux's involvement in the Chinese revolution, following the publication of Les Conquérants are reminiscent of the confusion following that of Dickinson's Letters of a Chinese Official, but there is a slightly more telling parallel with the American writer Stephen Crane. Crane's novel The Red Badge of Courage was thought by many readers and critics to be the reminiscences of a veteran of the American Civil War - so much so that one veteran swore that he had fought alongside Crane at the Battle of Antietam in 1862, nine years before Crane was born. Just as Crane went on to live out many of the experiences he had already written about - from witnessing war to close encounters with prostitution and shipwreck - so Malraux is thrust into the eye of a worsening moral and political hurricane by his creation Garine, to become a significant fellow-traveller and something of a disciple of "energy" in his involvement in the Spanish Civil War, the French resistance and post-war politics. As he was later to say, "Life has become like my books".

Perhaps with Crane as with Malraux, the fact that he was already deeply interested in something made him seek it out in life, having already written about it. Of course, Malraux merely exaggerated rather than fabricated his involvement, and on being taken up with it, he came to live it. Malraux certainly cultivated the dual identity of artist and man of action - and as he came to embody this himself, he became more and more interested in the fundamental relationships between art and action - as witnessed by his interest in T.E. Lawrence and his perennial concern with the nature and significance of artistic creation.

In 1948 Malraux was to say to James Burnham:

The idea of incompatibility between the life of art and the life of action seems to be comparatively recent. After all, Sophocles, Dante, Bacon and Cervantes were men of action and three of them were soldiers. Henry James and Flaubert do not represent the eternal prototype of the artist.⁶⁴

This must have been a fairly strong precept for Malraux given his own

personal history and his life-long interest in history, archaeology and art-history.

Too many critics have succumbed to the temptation to conflate Malraux's life and work rather than view them as individual "texts" which will benefit from being considered together. As Greshoff points out:

one must be careful not to confuse too readily, the legendary figure Malraux, with the writer Malraux. He himself indirectly warns us in his article, "De l'artiste":

*La critique de Stendhal par Sainte-Beuve repose sur le sentiment suivant: "J'ai bien connu, M. Beyle. Vous ne me direz pas que ce plaisantir a écrit des chefs-d'oeuvre." restait à savoir si "La Chartreuse" avait été écrit par M. Beyle ou par Stendhal. Lorsque M. Beyle rencontrait Sainte-Beuve il voulait l'amuser, l'irriter ou le séduire. Lorsque Stendhal écrivait "Le Rouge et le Noir" rien de pareil: il interdisait à M. Beyle tout ce qui n'appartenait pas au meilleur de son intelligence et de sa sensibilité.*⁶⁵

This is implicit in the useful approach taken by Cecil Jenkins:

I have at the outset stood the "legend of the man of action" firmly on its head in order to bring out the fundamental point that Malraux is much less the "committed writer" as generally understood, than as he himself implicitly recognises, an obsessional or "dominated" writer.⁶⁶

While debunking the Malraux legend, Jenkins has considerable sympathy for Malraux himself:

Again, it might be unreasonable to expect the relationship with reality of a hugely original novelist to be that of the man in the street; the very quality of Malraux's work derives from a *confrontation* with reality of great poetic intensity.⁶⁷

The self-aggrandisement of Malraux's early career left him prey to an "anti-legend" embodied in the satirical review Le Canard enchaîné and fuelled by the various revelations of the extent of Malraux's early "mythomania" by his first wife, Clara. As Jenkins further points out:

the legend has rebounded damagingly to obscure the true courage of this gifted and in many ways admirable man, which has consisted as much in confronting his own "demons" through art as in confronting the world in "action".

More generally, the legend has tended to obscure the continuity of Malraux's writing career. There is, for a start, the apparent opposition between the novelist and the art-philosopher... if he chose art as the field of demonstration of a philosophical or even a political

argument, it was to a large extent because that was the area with which he was most familiar.⁶⁸

Jenkins also feels that this continuity can be seen in the political career of the "revolutionary turned Gaullist":

as his own thought emerges, and as the element of philosophical opportunism or higher tactics in his affiliation with these causes becomes evident, it will be seen that what is striking about Malraux's career is less its external fluctuation than its fundamental underlying continuity.⁶⁹

The legend has blurred Malraux's activities and capabilities as a writer:

It suggests a man dedicated to historical action, whereas Malraux's activity before 1958 was highly selective and intermittent: like the hero of Les Conquérants, he was less a man of action than "a man capable of action - on occasion". It suggests ideological commitment, whereas Malraux's political options have been essentially pragmatic, and usually negative rather than positive. In the Far East in the 1920s he was an anti-fascist. He was never philosophically a Marxist, and never a Communist. One ironic result of the misunderstanding has been that L'Espoir, which he himself regards as his greatest achievement - and which contains more explicit criticism of the Communists than any of his other novels - was until recently often written off as party propaganda.⁷⁰

Malraux's growing political involvement - in particular his relationship to Communism - seems to have been heavily influenced by his friendship with Bernard Groethuysen, a remarkable figure encountered by Malraux at the NRF, and from whom he imbibed much philosophical and political awareness. Despite his very close involvement with the Communist Party and with communist intellectuals, and despite the obligatory confusion whenever Malraux's life is involved, it seems quite clear that Malraux was never a card-carrying party member. He went to the Soviet writers congress in Moscow in August 1934 as a "liberal humanist". His contribution was not particularly to the liking of the Soviet politico-literary establishment. The debate was intended to reinforce the dominance of the new artistic orthodoxy of Socialist Realism and emphasise the decadence of modernism. As Madsen puts it:

Individualism and literary innovation were the real issues of the congress with the "Zhdanovists" campaigning against modernists who were in search of new forms. Their main targets were James Joyce's Ulysses and the works of Marcel Proust and John Dos Passos.⁷¹

The leading proponent of this attack was Karl Radek, who amongst other things accused Joyce of omitting the Easter Rising of 1916 in his account of the progress of Bloom and Dedalus through the Dublin of 1904.⁷² In this hostile atmosphere Malraux proceeded to point out the dangers and limitation inherent in Socialist Realism:

The Soviet Union must be expressed; yes, the immense inventory of sacrifices, heroism and tenacity must be established. But take care, comrades, for - as America has shown us - to express a powerful civilization does not necessarily mean to create a powerful literature, and here in Russia it will not be enough to photograph a great epoch in order to bring to birth a great literature... If you love your classics so much, that is first of all because they are admirable; but do they not offer you, also, a richer and more contradictory notion of psychological life than that of Soviet novels; and psychologically, do you not sometimes find Tolstoy more up-to-date than some of yourselves? The rejection of the psychological, in art, leads to the most ridiculous individualism. *For every man endeavours to think his life, whether he would or no*, and the rejection of the psychological means, concretely, that he who has thought best about his life, will keep his experience to himself, instead of passing it on to others.⁷³

As Thomas asserts (writing in the mid-1970s):

Malraux's denunciation of the Russian attitude to the freedom of the artists at the Moscow Writers Congress in 1935 was probably the last public speech of opposition in Russia.⁷⁴

For every delegate opposed to Malraux, like Radek who at one banquet, shouted out that Malraux was "perhaps the greatest sinner of them all"⁷⁵, there were others like Gustav Regler who thought Malraux worth "a dozen Aragons".⁷⁶

On this trip, André and Clara Malraux met Stalin who seems to have taken a liking to them. Malraux also encountered Mikhail Borodin, who apparently sought some recompense for his appearance in Les Conquérants by asking if Malraux could use his influence to get him an apartment with central heating. On another occasion, Malraux met Willi Bredel, a German who had escaped a Nazi internment camp dressed in Tyrolean lederhosen after overpowering a guard.⁷⁷

Malraux's significant involvement in the campaign to free Thaelmann and

the other German Communists, and his close involvement with the Institute for the Study of Fascism (I.N.F.A.) or the "Münzenberg Trust" as it was known to initiates, brought him into contact with many of the growing number of refugees from Nazi Germany. Lacouture comments:

His pleas for the German Communists, especially the speech he made on the 23 December 1935 at the Salle Wagram, in Paris, for the second anniversary of Dimitrov's acquittal, made use, if not of direct experience, at least of information he had received from the German comrades to whom he was to dedicate Le Temps du mépris.⁷⁸

Critics have made much of Malraux's own rejection of this book after the war when it obviously did not fit in with his new political attitudes. Part of the critical rejection of the book must also stem from the knowledge that Malraux is not writing about events he experienced - the legend of "Le Témoin Capital" proved counter-productive in this case where there was no question of Malraux having ever been imprisoned in Nazi Germany. Certainly, this book is less significant than La Condition humaine. Le Temps du mépris was dedicated:

AUX CAMARADES ALLEMANDS
*qui ont tenu à me faire transmettre ce qu'ils avaient
souffert et ce qu'ils avaient maintenu.*

Le Temps du mépris is perhaps the closest Malraux gets to becoming a truly committed writer in the narrowest sense. At the time of publication, the book was favourably received by critics on the Left. Louis Aragon wrote that the Communist in Le Temps du mépris had a "different truth" from the heroes of Malraux's earlier novels; Nizan declared that this latest book opened the way to, "a responsible literature", while a Soviet critic declared that "André Malraux had found his truth in Communism".⁷⁹

Greshoff is uncompromising in his agreement:

between 1934 and 1940, Malraux is as close to being a Communist as is possible without actually joining the Party and during this period it would seem almost as if his literary work were a by-product of his political activities. Malraux at this time when he is at the height of his career and of his prestige, can be considered as a communist writer and his novels are those of a partisan.⁸⁰

Greshoff draws a distinction between Katow's sacrifice and that of the unknown comrade who assumes Kassner's identity and is killed in his place:

Katow acted out of human feelings although these were never expressed: behind his gesture lay genuine pity and a kind of ultimate and impossible *générosité*. But behind the unknown comrade's gesture, however, we find not so much the fraternité virile as political "expediency".⁸¹

This seems a little harsh, in that Malraux seems to have based the story of Kassner not only on the story of Willi Bredel and other escapees and refugees from Nazi Germany, but also on what Madsen calls:

the strange tale of Boris Savinkov, a Socialist revolutionary leader whom the Czarist police had arrested knowing that in him they had caught the linchpin (sic) in the whole anti-czarist terrorist movement. When his name had been shouted out, another prisoner had stepped forward, deliberately sacrificing himself to save the leader. The irony of Savinkov's life was that he had been arrested by the NKVD secret police in 1924 when he tried illegally to reenter the Soviet Union.⁸²

There is also another parallel between Kassner's unknown comrade and an earlier fictional character placed in an epoch very familiar to Malraux - Sidney Carton.

Greshoff's dismissal of Le Temps du mépris and by extension, L'Espoir, as partisan is rather single-minded. He himself points out that perceptive and political neutral critics such as Marcel Arland and Catholic writers like Gabriel Marcel also praised Le Temps du mépris. As Carl Viggiani indicates, Le Temps du mépris was for Malraux:

a decisive milepost in his career and in many others', including Camus's.

In the tense political atmosphere generated by the conflict between Left and Right in Algiers, Le Temps de mépris must have fallen like a small bombshell among the intellectual community. As the very first French work of fiction about the Nazis and the concentration camps, it invited an energetic response to them.⁸³

The young Camus was in the audience when Malraux visited Algiers in June 1935 and delivered his "Réponse à la Roque" to the Comité de Vigilance des Intellectuals Antifasistes. Among Kassner's other revolutionary credentials (outlined in his SA file in much the same way as we discover

Garine's biographical details in The Conquerors), he has organised a Workers' Theatre. It was then no coincidence that Camus opened the first season of his Théâtre du Travail on the 25th January 1936 with his own adaptation of Le Temps du mépris. The huge audience burst into the *Internationale* at the climactic moment of the anti-Nazi meeting in Prague.⁸⁴

In terms of Malraux criticism, the Preface of Le Temps du mépris is as significant as the book itself. In this preface, Malraux attempts to define his view of the novel, or more particularly, his own novels. It encompasses his desire to portray the tragic vision of life which he had imbibed deeply from Pascal, Nietzsche and Dostoevsky, through the novel - or rather the adapted novel form which he creates for this end:

Le monde d'une oeuvre comme celle-ci, le monde de la tragedie, est toujours le monde antique; l'homme, la foule, les éléments, la femme, le destin. Il se réduit a deux personnages, le héros et son sens de la vie; les antagonismes individuels, qui permettent au roman sa complexité, n'y figurent pas.⁸⁵

This preface also delineates Malraux's vision of solidarity and virile fraternity as the principal means by which man can combat the apparent absurdity of human existence:

Or, l'histoire de la sensibilité artistique en France depuis cinquante ans pourrait être appelée l'agonie de la fraternité virile. Son ennemi réel est un individualisme informulé, épars à travers le XIXe siècle, et né bien moins de la volonté de créer l'homme complet, que du fanatisme de la différence.⁸⁶

Greshoff sees this notion of virile fraternity presented in a political context - as Malraux goes on to assert that it is through Communism that man finds his true self and his true humanity:

Aux yeux de Kassner comme de nombre d'intellectuels communistes, le communisme restitue à l'individu sa *fertilité*. Romain de l'Empire, chrétien, soldat de l'armée du Rhin, ouvrier soviétique, l'homme est lié à la collectivité qui l'entoure; Alexandrin, écrivain du XVIIIe siècle, il n'est séparé. S'il l'est sans être lié à celle qui la suivra, son expression essentielle ne peut être héroïque. Il est d'autres attitudes humaines...

Il est difficile d'être un homme. Mais pas plus le devenir en approfondissement sa communion qu'en cultivant sa différence, - et la première nourrit avec autant de force au moins que la seconde

ce par quoi l'homme est homme, ce par quoi il se dépasse, crée, invente ou se conçoit.⁸⁷

Jean Lacouture sees this preface as Malraux's *J'accuse*, "the turning point at which the artist threw himself into the arena"⁸⁸, he sees this last paragraph as a rejection of the last thirty-five years of Malraux's life in favour of the collectivity into which he is entering. However, it is quite possible to see this as an entirely consistent development of Malraux's life and work - a statement of his concerns occasioned no doubt by the nature of the times, just as his own personal commitment was occasioned, but by no means a radical departure from his existing opinions. Victor Brombert makes an interesting assessment:

In the revealing preface to *Le Temps du mépris* Malraux fervently takes issue with the cerebral (and pathologically impartial) kind of novelist who, obsessed by the notion of individualism and individual antagonisms, forever explores the "inner world" of his characters, but neglects what alone in man is ⁸⁹ great: his ability to take sides and to find solidarity in common action.

It is the desire to explore this way in which Malraux feels man can do something about his "condition" which forms the basis for all novels of the Thirties - not just *Le Temps du mépris* and *L'Espoir*. It would surely require a more Pauline conversion than Malraux was ever capable of - even in his adoption of De Gaulle's cause - for one to be able to consider as certain critics do, *La Condition humaine*, published in 1933 and *Le Temps du mépris*, published barely two years later as somehow works of a different ideological order - almost as if by a different writer. The question of Malraux's partiality in his relationship with the Communists is not much less applicable to the earlier work. There are two major factors behind this; firstly, there is the instance of the legend of "Le Témoin" rebounding because Malraux has obviously not lived these events and is thus perceived as being somehow "guilty" of making them up - a curious charge to level at any novelist. Of course Malraux is undeniably seeking to draw attention to the dangers of

Nazi-ism in Le Temps du mépris, but this hardly invalidates the book. Malraux's sources here were not all that different in nature from those in Les Conquérants which Lacouture sees as being based on four types of material: Malraux's own memories of Indo-China (including the Pnomh-Penh and Saigon trials, the foundation of Young Annam, discussions with Monin, and his experiences with the police and the colonial authorities); notes taken during the brief visit to Hong Kong with Clara in August 1925; contemporary press cuttings; and the accounts of Paul Monin, who had been living in Canton and took part in the uprising (though some time after the specific events portrayed in Les Conquérants).

So too, Malraux fashioned Le Temps du mépris from first and second hand accounts of refugees and escapees; his own brief visit to Nazi Germany with Gide; his own memories of incarceration in Indochina; and his aerial adventure with Corniglion-Molnier in a bid to find the ruins of Ma'reb, legendary city of the Queen of Sheba, somewhere in the sands of Yemen. Given that almost all of Malraux's sources of information for this book are communists, and that he is closely involved with Comintern agencies at this time, it would be surprising in the extreme if there were not a bias in their favour. Furthermore, given that he is dealing with Nazi Germany - without question the most dangerous and brutal state the modern world has seen - is it not a little disingenuous to demand impartiality?

The second factor relevant to the perception of Malraux's partiality to Communism is that his actions are being interpreted in the light of the post-war rejection of Communism - largely on the basis of the Soviet Union's development of propaganda as a means of concealing its own oppressive nature - by intellectuals like Malraux, Orwell and Koestler. Any attempt to show a bias in favour of the communists is taken as a sign of bad faith. However, it is clear that although Malraux was a significant and a very

close fellow traveller of the Communist Party, he was so in a particular temporal context and he never entirely subdued his individual conscience to that of the party. Some idea of this can be gained by looking at Arthur Koestler's account of his first meeting with Malraux when he was seeking a donation for the Münzenberg-inspired, *Institute for the Study of Fascism*:

As a fervent admirer of Malraux's, I was overwhelmed by the occasion, but went on bravely about the great prospects of INFA, and its even greater need for donations. Malraux listened in silence, occasionally uttering one of his characteristic, awe-inspiring sniffs, which sound like the cry of a wounded jungle beast and are followed by a slap of his palm against his nose. At first this was rather startling, but one soon got accustomed to it. When I had had my say, Malraux stopped, advanced towards me threateningly, until I had my back against the garden wall and said:

"Oui, oui, mon cher, mais que pensez-vous de l'apocalypse?"

With that he gave me five hundred francs, and wished me good luck.⁹⁰

Koestler was greatly impressed by Malraux; Dialogue with Death - the book Koestler wrote on his experience of being arrested and imprisoned in nationalist Spain, where as an undercover agent for the Comintern, he was in particular danger of his life, opens with a quotation from Les Conquérants -

Une vie ne vaut rien - mais rien ne vaut une vie.⁹¹

Interestingly, while Koestler actually felt himself, like Kassner, to be a condemned man - and there are obvious parallels between the two prison experiences - he also seems to have used Malraux's account of the prison telegraph through tapping on the pipes as a significant component of Darkness at Noon. Of course as a contributor to the Brown Book, which sought to expose Nazi atrocities Koestler must have had access to the same sources and accounts of imprisonment as Malraux.

As Righter has pointed out, the notion of the "cachot" the dungeon or condemned cell appears in almost all of Malraux's books⁹² - from Les Conquérants and Royaume-farfelu to the blinded Grabot's fate in La Voie royale, the fate of Kyo and Katow in La Condition humaine, the condemned

Kassner's solitary confinement in Le Temps du mépris, the account of Moreno and the fate of Hernandez in L'Espoir, and even that of the young Berger in Les Noyers de l'Altenberg.

Several critics have noted that Malraux is a writer dominated by a few obsessive ideas to which he continually returns, reworking them and developing them from book to book; this also applies to Conrad, Dostoevsky and Orwell. This continual reference to imprisonment and of course the particular imprisonment of the condemned cell reflects his concern with the solitude of man in the face of death. A concern highlighted by his continual return to Pascal's famous "*pensée*":

Qu'on s'imagine un nombre des hommes dans les chaînes, et tous a condamnés à la mort, dont les uns étant chaque jour égorgés à la vue des autres, ceux qui restent voient leur propre condition dans celle de leurs semblables, et se regardent les uns à les autres avec douleur et sans espérance, attendant à leur tour. C'est l'image de la condition des hommes.

In one way or another, this remains one of Malraux's central concerns to which he returns again and again throughout all of his novels - from the effect of Klein's mutilated corpse which is most horribly *égorgé* until finally, close to the end of his last novel, Les Noyers de L'Altenberg, Pascal's *pensée* is explicitly quoted by Vincent Berger⁹³. In L'Espoir, this theme is clearly explored in the experience of Moreno and which he discusses with Hernandez, who then has his own ordeal before facing the firing squad.

L'Espoir has suffered at the hands of critics who believed it to be on the one hand mere propaganda, on the other inferior reportage, compared to the work in which Malraux's "tragic vision", with all its Nietzschean and Pascalian influences, is most fully realised - La Condition humaine. It is something of an idiosyncrasy of Malraux's *oeuvre* that specific works can be highly praised at the expense of others in the canon. A telling example of this is to be found in the Herbert Lottman's Foreword to a recent American translated edition of Les Conquérants:

That André Malraux is a true artist is suggested by its contrary. He was most effective in Man's Fate (La Condition humaine) and in The Conquerors, both set in a China he didn't know, in whose revolution he had not participated, least in Man's Hope (L'Espoir), about a Spain which he knew and fought for. This last was a lightly disguised fiction concerning foreign volunteers - Coronel Malraux was among them - who served alongside Spanish loyalists against the Franco insurrection, written in a matter of months and published (in 1937) when that war had another eighteen months to run. Malraux would not have denied that the book served a cause, and while it was being printed and purchased and read he was making speeches for the Madrid government. Two years earlier, at a time when Malraux was campaigning for a united front against the rising threat of Nazi Germany, he published a novel about the anti-Hitler resistance which does even less for Malraux's reputation. He himself recognised his error and never allowed Days of Wrath (Le Temps du mépris) to be reprinted. All the sentiments were right for the time and the place, and his Communist hero was a paragon, but not very interesting to read about.

The Conquerors has been called (see Pierre de Boisdeffre's little monograph on Malraux) the "least good of the author's books". If so where place Man's Hope, Days of Wrath, and the post-World War II self-advertisements and hagiographies of Charles de Gaulle?⁹⁴

Lottman's attack on Malraux's political commitment is rather undercut by his inconsistency in concluding his foreword with some speculation on the effect Malraux's work and the seemingly contradictory notions of the revolution and the Absurd embodied in Les Conquérants had on Camus:

We can even guess that his first political engagement was modeled on Malraux's.⁹⁵

Lottman's implication seems to be that political commitment is acceptable for Camus, but has a vastly detrimental effect on Malraux.

John Lehmann agrees with this, writing of L'Espoir:

It was heady stuff at the time for those committed to left-wing ideals, with its theme of "organizing the Apocalypse" and its great descriptive scenes of action and suffering on the Republican side. Today, in spite of the many absorbing and unforced discussions of the philosophical background to that cause which appear in it, I cannot help feeling pretty strongly that it suffers from its unswerving commitment to an ideal that history has shown, not to have been a sham but to have concealed too many uncomfortable truths. There seems to me no doubt that it was written too close to the actuality for detachment or perspective, not surprising in view of the fact that Malraux himself helped organize the Republican air force and took a leading part in raising funds in the democratic countries. Again, and partly for the same reason, it suffers from a multiplicity of characters insufficiently differentiated, and a fragmentation of incidents.⁹⁶

Firstly, L'Espoir is partisan, in that Malraux was fighting for and generally supporting the Spanish Republic against the insurgent forces of Franco and his fascist allies. Presumably Malraux had some hope that L'Espoir would influence public opinion and would help to explain something of the war from the republican viewpoint. However, the book is not narrowly partisan to the extent that Malraux is merely producing propaganda for the Spanish Republic or for the Communists. While circumstance had drawn him even closer to the Communist party in Spain, he was neither a Communist or a Marxist. As A.J. Ayer comments:

To the extent that Malraux was drawn to the Communists in the decade before the Second World War, it seems to have been a romantic rather than an intellectual attachment. He saw them as champions of the oppressed, and in Spain he respected their efficiency. There is however, no evidence in these novels that he accepted the body of Marxist theory...

Politically there is some affinity between that Malraux of the 1930s and another writer who went to fight in Spain, George Orwell. Both were individualists, and each of them combined left-wing sympathies with the conservative values of patriotism, self-reliance and discipline in action. I suppose that Orwell was the more puritanical, though in personal relations neither priggish nor arrogant, perhaps also the more romantic and the more keenly aware that power corrupts. Malraux seems to have been more of an adventurer. It is to their credit that Marx would have seen them both as sentimental socialists.

Lacouture quotes a passage from La Rançon, a novel by Paul Nothomb (Julien Segnaire) who was one of Malraux's closest lieutenants, and the model for the communist Attignies in L'Espoir. Here, Grandel, (Segnaire's self-portrait), is being instructed to become the commissar of the squadron by a fellow communist, just as Segnaire himself was; Réaux is Malraux:

"Réaux, who commands it, is a friend and we're very glad to have him. But he's not one of us. Your job will be not so much to keep a watch on him as help him and prove to him that the Communists are the best in flying as in everything else. And I warn you he's not convinced of that yet..."

"They say he's ready to join the Party..."

"You've read his books! Action has brought him close to us and he's the reverse of a pure intellectual. He exposes himself to danger, he's always in the front line, he admires our efficiency, but the Party, you see, the Party...Anyway, we can't give him directives, so you'll have to convince

him...." ⁹⁸

In fact Malraux's international squadron was in Spain long before Stalin had decided to give the Republic his backing, and Segnaire had come to Spain without the authorization of the Communist Party. As Malraux was to say of the España Squadron:

At least we gave the International Brigades time to arrive. ⁹⁹

In L'Espoir itself, Malraux goes to some lengths to differentiate Magnin, the commander of the International Squadron, from himself, both in terms of biographical background and in terms of appearance; Magnin has a moustache and glasses and one cannot imagine anyone describing the debonair Malraux as looking like "a bewildered Viking". Yet, although the book is not to be seen primarily as a *roman à clef*, there are obvious elements of this within it. To some degree, as a number of critics have pointed out, almost all of Malraux's characters express aspects of his own character and thought, and in L'Espoir this is particularly so with Magnin and Garcia.

Magnin's response when asked why he is a revolutionary, would seem to apply equally to Malraux:

"Personally, I rather think... I'm left because... that's the way I'm built and there are all sorts of links, and loyalties, between me and the leftists. I've seen what they are aiming at, I've helped them to achieve it, and I've been drawn nearer and nearer them each time there's been another effort to hold them up."

(L'Espoir, p.79)

Magnin and Sembrano go on to exchange notes on their former political allegiances:

"By the way what used you to be? a communist?"

"No a right wing socialist. Were you a communist?"

"No", Magnin said, pulling his moustache with little febrile tugs. "I, too, was a socialist. But on the revolutionary left-wing"

(L'Espoir, p.79)

These were their allegiances before they found common cause in the Popular Front and the "revolution" but also before their involvement in the war.

Sembrano continues:

"Personally" - and now Sembrano's smile was dimmed with a regret that seemed in keeping with the gathering darkness - "I was above all, a pacifist."

(L'Espoir, p.79)

Magnin reaffirms his allegiance to **"the socialist revolutionary left-wing"** when he comes into conflict - just as Malraux did - with the Communists, over his running of the squadron. When the secret police have told Magnin to dismiss three suspected traitors, the communists have other ideas and he is told:

"the Party has looked into the question," Enrique said, and considers that the men should be kept."

It all came back to Magnin, the disgust he used to feel in the days when socialists and communists were perpetually squabbling.

"Sorry; for me the revolution counts for more than the Communist Party."

[...] One of Enrique's sayings - he had heard it quoted but it slipped his memory - came to his mind. "For me a Party comrade counts for more than all the Garcias and Magnins in the world."

(L'Espoir, p.145)

Later in L'Espoir - indeed at the point where Malraux represents the real shift which saw the España squadron become subsumed by the Republican Airforce and the departure of the mercenaries following allegations of possible traitors and spies within the squadron - there is speculation about Magnin's joining the Communist Party:

"Are you contemplating joining the Party? Darras asked.

"No. I am not in complete agreement with the Party."

"Can't you stop proselytizing for five minutes, Darras" Gardet smiled.

(L'Espoir, p.275)

This passage at once echoes Malraux's own position in relation to the communists and also emphasises the unity of purpose, the real *esprit de corps*, or in Malrucian terms, **"virile fraternity"**, which epitomised the Republican cause at its best.

Garcia, the former ethnologist, now chief of the Intelligence

Service is another character identified closely with Malraux himself. He is also a socialist rather than a communist as certain critics have mistakenly thought. At their first meeting, Garcia points out to Magnin the need for revolutionary discipline:

"For me, Monsieur Magnin, the whole problem consists in this: a popular movement, or a revolution, or even a rebellion, can hold on to its victory only by methods directly opposed to those which gave it victory. Sometimes opposed even to the sentiments from which it started out. Just think it over - in the light of your own experience. For I doubt if you expect to keep your flight up to the mark on the basis of mere fraternity."

(*L'Espoir*, p.112)

Garcia goes on to delineate the difference between the revolutionary vision held by the anarchists and several other factions, and the necessity for military discipline to ensure victory:

"The apocalyptic mood clamours for everything right away. Tenacity of purpose wins through bit by bit; slowly, laboriously. The Apocalyptic fervour is ingrained in every one of us; and there's the danger. For that fervour spells certain defeat, after a short period and for a very simple reason: it's in the very nature of an Apocalypse to have no future... Even when it professes to have one."

Putting his pipe back in its pockets, he added sadly: "Our humble task Monsieur Magnin, is to organize the Apocalypse."

(*L'Espoir*, pp.112-113)

The siege of Toledo provides an object lesson in the need for revolutionary discipline and the problems faced in trying to "organize" the disparate groups supporting the Republic. Over a meal in the Santa Cruz museum - a significant location exemplifying the continual references to art and the eternal themes and eschatological elements which recur throughout the book - several characters representing different factions of the Republican side debate the war and the revolution. The views expressed range from that of the Negus - an anarchist, reminiscent of Durruti, through Mercery - the French anti-fascist fire-captain, Slade - the American reporter who, like Herbert Matthews is a friend of the Republic - the liberal Spanish Captain, Hernandez, to the Communists: Manuel, whose political and military development forms a central focus to the novel, the Russian Golovkin, and the more "priestly" communist Pradas. Garcia acts as a sounding board and a chorus throughout this scene.

When the Negus makes a plea for courage against bureaucracy, and questions the communist notion of "an army to defeat the army..." Pradas responds:

"In the last analysis...you are Christians. And while..."

(There thought Garcia, he missed a good opportunity to keep his mouth shut.)

(L'Espoir, p.185)

The Negus is an important character and Malraux's attitude to him is generally favourable, just as his opinion of the Communist ideologues and apparatchiks is unfavourable.

One can almost sense Malraux's own sentiments in the Negus's reply to Pradas:

"communists are turning priests... You're soaked in the Party, in discipline, in plotting and scheming. If a man don't belong in your little lot, you won't give him a square deal, you've not a scrap of decency towards him."

(L'Espoir, p.185)

The American journalist, Slade/Shade, also responds to Pradas:

"I say Boloney!...But what you do, all of you, is much more to the point than what you say. You guys are all too intellectual, that's how it is. And that's the trouble with your country, Golovkin, everybody's brainy, top-heavy with brains. That's why I'm not a communist. The old Negus now, may be a little cock-eyed, but I like him."

(L'Espoir, p.186)

Even Manuel, a communist himself - but more soldier than priest and as the Negus acknowledges, "a good egg" - takes Pradas to task for attempting inappropriate generalisations:

"The anarchists..." Pradas began.

"*Anarchists*" Manuel took him up; "that's only a label, and usually only a damned misleading one. The Negus is a member of the F.A.I., I grant you. But when all is said and done, what matters isn't what his "mates" think; what matters is that millions of men - yes, millions who aren't anarchists think as they do."

(L'Espoir, p.192)

The last word comes from Golovkin, foretelling the influence war and communism will have on the popular movement, and perhaps on those who fail

to toe the Party line:

"Doomed to change ...or to perish." Golovkin quoted in a sombre tone.
(L'Espoir, p.192)

However, Garcia's thoughts on the discussion are presented after this:

"And to think that throughout Spain", he mused, "at this very hour exactly the same things are being said, most likely at every luncheon table! How much better they'd employ their time hunting for some basis of co-operation so as to implement the orders of the government by joint action between the various groups, communist, CNT, FAI, and UGT! It's odd the weakness people have for arguing about anything and everything rather than the practical line of action to be followed, even at a moment when their lives hang on the line they choose. Well, I suppose I'll have to tackle each of these fellows separately and see what can be done."

(L'Espoir, p.193)

As this exchange shows, Malraux is not seeking to put across the Party line, but to represent the multiplicity of viewpoints and the inevitable ideological clashes on the Republican side. As Thomas puts it:

Communists are certainly in the centre of this resolute group of men marching towards death, with their brains never dull; but everyone else gets their chance on the dais (or pulpit), as one would expect from one who, though a fellow-traveller of the first class at the time, nevertheless defended Trotsky in 1937 and contributed to the cost of his bodyguard.¹⁰⁰

As Thomas further points out:

the sympathetic treatment of both Le Negus and Puig, another anarchist, show how far Malraux was even in 1937 from being a conventional communist.¹⁰¹

This type of discussion which is designed to raise questions as much as answer them permeates the book and would seem to call into question the view espoused by Goldmann that:

The subject of L'Espoir is the nonproblematic relationship between the Spanish people and the international proletariat and a disciplined Communist party opposed to revolutionary spontaneity.¹⁰²

Indeed, Malraux goes to considerable lengths to try and bring out the political complexity of the situation in Spain and the many grievances on the Republican side - even the *Rabassaires* of Catalonia, unjustly deprived of their vineyards as a result of the Phylloxera epidemic and a legal loophole, are

given a voice (in fact they get two mentions: Barca has experienced the bitter dispossession himself, while the Negus's parents were forced off the land). While many of Malraux's characters are "Internationals" in one sense or another, he is particularly interested in the Spaniards' view of the war which is quite different from those of the foreign volunteers and the Communists. This wasn't just because as Thomas puts it:

the excessive preoccupation among Spaniards with death coincided with Malraux's own.¹⁰³

Malraux also sought to represent his growing awareness that there were many Spanish aspects to the conflict which did not fit in with the wider struggle between fascism and communism which had at once created the war and subsumed it. It is significant that, Magnin and the international volunteers and mercenaries of the España squadron apart, the major roles are given to Spaniards - Manuel, Garcia, Hernandez, with strong supporting roles for characters like Puig, Ximenes and the Negus. There is a genuine attempt to understand and portray Spain rather than treat it as an exotic location. Yet to some degree, Malraux, rather like Hemingway, was particularly drawn to Spain by its ancient elemental character and a sense of adventure. If Malraux attempts to give a faithful picture of the motivating factors behind the Republican cause, there are sins of omission in a historical sense. As Thomas points out, there is little mention of the countless unnecessary murders which took place in the Republican zone. This is hinted at perhaps in the senseless killing of the driver of the wounded "Pelicans" as they return by car from their air crash near Malaga, followed by that of the *Miliciano* who killed him by an anarchist who "reappeared like an actor entering abruptly from the wings; his sword was red" (*L'Espoir*, p. 400), and in Scali's musing on the credibility of accounts of fascist and anarchist atrocities; but, nowhere is the scale of the slaughter made explicit. Similarly, Malraux makes little mention of the *POUM* and its suppression; Thomas notes this, and this is developed to a

greater degree in papers by Nicholas Hewitt and Robert Sayre who make some valid points.

Nonetheless, the fact remains that Malraux does choose to end his novel before the May Days in Barcelona. He has a good reason for doing so in that this point of the war coincides with the Republican victory at Guadalajara and the end of his own active military involvement and experience - though doubtless like Koestler in Dialogue with Death, he is glad not to have to deal with the fratricidal struggle in Barcelona. Orwell, of course, had little choice, driven by his own bitter personal experience.

While bearing in mind the points made by Chomsky in Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship¹⁰⁴ - warning of the conspiracy of counterrevolutionary subordination among writers and historians, with particular reference to the Spanish Civil War - it seems clear that Malraux at least was convinced by the time he wrote L'Espoir that the war could only be won through military efficiency. There is in terms of the development of his military career, as much of Malraux in Manuel as there is in Garcia and Magnin; like Manuel, Malraux too had to learn "the language of command", he must also have realised he was becoming "less human". When Ilya Ehrenberg visited Malraux in Valencia with the España squadron, he found him obsessed by the war:

In Valencia, he only talked about bombing fascists, and when I talked of literature, he frowned and stopped talking.¹⁰⁵

Hewitt complains of L'Espoir that:

The popular revolution in the novel is undertaken uniquely by the anarchists and is harshly, if nostalgically criticized.¹⁰⁶

There is certainly plenty of favourable nostalgia for the revolution in L'Espoir. Yet, Malraux does not so much criticize the revolution as set out the reasons why it has failed, identifying the significant metamorphosis in the conflict which has made the popular revolution less relevant to the

continuance of the war.

We see this in Malraux's portrayal of the veteran anarchist, the Negus:

Cautiously, the Negus crept along the counter-mine. For a whole month he had ceased believing in the revolution. The Apocalypse was over. There remained the struggle against fascism; and the Negus's respect for the defenders of Madrid. There were anarchist members of the government; other anarchists, in Barcelona, were fiercely defending their doctrine and their status. Durruti was dead. But the fight against the bourgeoisie had been, for such a long time, the breath of life to the Negus that he found it easy to go on living for the fight against fascism. He had always fought for negative emotions.

(*L'Espoir*, p.377)

Malraux has also characterized his own political commitment as the result of negative emotions - anti-colonialist, anti-fascist and finally anti-communist.

As Spender puts it:

His politics were those of a liberal individualist but as a result of his immense self-confidence he had a certain impatience with the ineffectiveness of others. Malraux told me he had always insisted on liberal justice in the Malraux Squadron, of the Republican Air Force, and he had refused to allow the communists to interfere with him. *Il faut agir* was for him the secret of his novels as well as his politics. He renounced a static background and wrote out of a life of travel, movement, war, politics.¹⁰⁷

However, Goldberger has noted a distinct affinity between Malraux and political thinkers like Sorel and Péguy¹⁰⁸. Certainly Malraux's devotion to the concept of heroic action was to take him up some strange political byways. Cadwallader has traced the similarities between Malraux's outlook and that of Drieu la Rochelle - who thought of Malraux as his "brother in Nietzsche". Their intellectual affinity endured despite their deep political differences, which saw the crypto-fascist Drieu wholeheartedly accept the Nazi occupation of France, while Malraux went on to carve out his legend in the Resistance. Ironically, towards the end of the Second World War, just as Malraux was finally severing his connection with Communism and preparing to take his place in the ranks of those opposing it, Drieu la Rochelle was to embrace Communism, albeit belatedly, on the basis that the Soviets were the new

supermen who had defeated and discredited the Nazis to whom he had formerly given allegiance. Perhaps Malraux was particularly aware of the dangers of fascism because he could understand its deeply rooted subconscious appeal. A remark by Gerald Brenan on Franz Borkenau may in some respects also be applied to Malraux, and to L'Espoir:

The Spanish Cockpit is a classic of its kind because Borkenau is the only person to have written on the Civil War who had both a mind of the first order and a thorough political education. He knew what questions to ask, he visited the front and back regions, and he was an excellent observer. No book on this war is more perspicacious or more truthful. Yet Borkenau, whom I got to know and like, was not as he thought himself, a democratic liberal, but a sort of Nietzschean romantic, who only arrived at the truth after a struggle with himself. This unfitted him for understanding the English character - he regarded it as weak and colourless - but helped him to understand and deeply admire the Spanish.¹⁰⁹

Sayre acknowledges that:

Malraux was clearly not himself a Stalinist, and L'Espoir can certainly not be called a Stalinist novel per se.¹¹⁰

Yet, Sayre finds in L'Espoir:

the perspective of that characteristic intellectual figure in the period between the world wars: the fellow traveller of Stalinism.¹¹¹

He continues:

We will proceed on the assumption - accepted by most critics of Malraux - that all of the major characters in some way articulate the varied and contradictory aspects of the author's self. The configuration of all these characters must be taken into consideration, but it must be equally recognised that two characters manifestly dominate the novel: Manuel and Garcia...

Of these leading characters, one - Manuel is a Communist and the other is not. Goldmann mistakenly identifies Garcia as a Communist too, although Garcia's last conversation makes it evident that he is not. But Goldmann's error is in itself instructive. For while Garcia is never positively identified as a Communist, his discourse is not essentially different from that of the Communist characters, and in fact closely resembles it. This resemblance results from the elimination of the political dimension.¹¹²

The point Sayre seeks to make has some validity, particularly as far as the comparison between Garcia and Manuel - they are similar in certain ways, they express parts of Malraux's view; it may be intentional that the closeness of purpose in a strategic military sense - the reality of the Popular Front - is

thus expressed. Yet there is more to it than that. As we have seen, the Negus approves of Manuel: they are fighting a common enemy, they are Spaniards, they are men of a certain calibre - men of action. In much the same way, the anarchists and the "*old shirts*" of the Falange - the original membership who like Manuel Hedilla, José Antonio Primo de Rivera's designated successor, had ideals for changing society which were anathema to Franco - began to feel a certain respect, if not an affinity for each other when they saw the way the war had become a war of attrition with Spain spilling its blood at the orders of foreigners. As Thomas records, the anarchists opposed the death sentence for José Antonio on the grounds that he was:

a Spanish patriot in search of solutions for his country.¹¹³

The anarchist, Abad de Santillán also wrote of José Antonio:

Spaniards of this stature, patriots such as he, are not dangerous, and are not to be found in the ranks of the enemy...How much would the destiny of Spain have changed if an agreement between us had been ...possible, as Primo de Rivera desired.¹¹⁴

To return to L'Espoir, the discussion in Toledo quoted extensively above, makes it quite clear at a relatively early stage in the novel that Garcia is not a Communist - Manuel himself makes the point that:

Except for our Russian comrade - I've forgotten his name. Sorry! except him and Pradas, I believe I'm the only member of the Party sitting at this table.

(L'Espoir, p. 187)

Far from sharing the discourse of Communists like Pradas, as Sayre contends, Garcia explicitly notes and sends up such Communist discourse:

Garcia was getting to recognize the pet expressions of the various parties; thus "factually" was a communist speciality...

(L'Espoir, p. 191)

Garcia responds to Pradas's economic arguments as to why the lower middle class is with the proletariat, illustrated by the example of thousands of new shirt shops in the Republican zone, which have been forced to close where Nationalist forces have taken over, and wages are reduced to the old levels:

"Factually (as you'd put it), Hernandez isn't a shirt merchant - even in a figurative sense."

(L'Espoir, p. 191)

The liberal officer Hernandez also makes an appeal to Garcia, specifically as a non-communist:

"You're the only person I can talk to. Manuel's a decent fellow, but nowadays he sees things only from the Party angle..."

(L'Espoir, p. 194)

Garcia, in turn, gives Hernandez a salient account of his position on the war and his interpretation of it:

The communists - and all who want to get things going properly just now - [this presumably includes Garcia himself] consider that the fact your friend's an innocent man doesn't prevent him playing into Franco's hands, if what he does leads to unrest amongst the peasants. The communists, you see, *want to get things done*. Whereas you and the anarchists, for different reasons, want to *be* something. That's the tragedy of a revolution like this one. Our respective ideals are so different; pacifism and the need to fight in self-defence; organization and Christian sentiment; efficiency and justice - nothing but contradictions. We've got to straighten them out, transform our Apocalyptic vision into an army - or be exterminated. That's all.

(L'Espoir, p. 195)

This of course is the succinct statement of the tragic dilemma - *Etre et Faire*. This is one of the book's chapter headings, inadequately translated as "Action and Reaction" in the English edition, which is a shame as it is also one of the principal themes, if not the principal theme, which Malraux develops in L'Espoir.

Essentially, Sayre seeks to make the point that Malraux removes the political dimension from his treatment of the Communists as a way of avoiding criticism of their role - another facet of Chomsky's notion of counter-revolutionary subordination. However, Malraux goes to some lengths to draw the distinction between the two types of Communist - priests and soldiers - and it is the soldiers who are presented in a largely non-political context. This is not as inappropriate as it sounds, for there were countless Spaniards like Manuel, drawn to the Communists precisely because of their apparent desire to put discipline and winning the war before politics. The fact

that the Soviet Union, through the Comintern, was pursuing its Machiavellian machinations despite this, cannot completely invalidate their viewpoint or diminish the contribution of those who joined the Communist party in all good faith. Malraux puts out enough signposts pointing out the double game being played by the Comintern to warn all but the most blinkered reader - but he has nothing but admiration for those many Communists like Manuel who make such selfless and straightforward contributions to the anti-fascist cause. Similarly, in Homage to Catalonia, Orwell contrasts the inter-party solidarity which existed in the line as opposed to the internecine feuding which went on behind it, and Hemingway also repeatedly draws the distinction between those at the front and those in the rear in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

Sayre also underestimates Magnin's importance in presenting Malraux's viewpoint. To some degree, Malraux, of course, saw himself as part of the popular revolution. He was initially drawn to the anarchists, and as Langlois has shown, he had very close links with the Italian GL (Justice and Liberty) group - an anti-fascist group which was also anti-Communist but which espoused elements of Marxism and libertarianism¹¹⁵. Also, despite the doubts as to its military effectiveness, the Malraux squadron undoubtedly made a significant contribution to the Republican cause, particularly in the earliest stages of the war; Malraux and his aircrews certainly risked their lives often enough. Even so, on a personal level, Malraux must have found it all a little dispiriting; Segnaire wrote that he had expected to be able to play a major role with a few men and a few aircraft but by the time the Malraux squadron had made its last flight, Spain was embroiled in a conflict with major international ramifications which somehow overshadowed the Spanish aspect. Without support from Russia and the International Brigades, the Republic would have fallen. Without the fascist powers' support - and more significantly, the acquiescence of the democracies - the insurgents would

have been quickly defeated, and without continuing military support from Italy and Germany and additional economic support from other sources such as American oil companies, Franco would not have been able to sustain his military effort to crush the Republic and would eventually have been forced to make peace. Malraux was well aware of the international political context - Garcia's reference to Japan's potential involvement in a world war, exemplifies Malraux's grasp of geo-politics and his real sense that the war in Spain was of global significance. It is highly unlikely that a real revolutionary government would have been tolerated in Spain - not only would the fascist powers have intervened for Franco in even greater part, but it is also quite possible that the democracies would have joined them rather than merely facilitating their actions under the guise of Non-Intervention. As it was, the Communists ironically played the most effective counter-revolutionary role.

There is then, a strong case for denying accusations of excessive partisan motivation on Malraux's part - particularly in relation to the Communists. The diversity of viewpoints and the breadth of the questions asked about the nature of "commitment", revolution and Spain's civil war sustain this. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that Malraux is firm in his support for the Spanish Republic, and in some senses it is, as Boak suggests:

[the] note of *engagement* combined with metaphysics which gives the novel its lasting attraction.¹¹⁶

Boak further asserts that L'Espoir remains:

not only the finest *roman engagé* of the century, but indeed the only one which is fully satisfactory on both the emotional and intellectual planes. It is ironical that Sartre, to whom Malraux has become anathema after his commitment to Gaullism, should have spent so much time promoting the concept of *littérature engagée* beyond which the older writer had already evolved.¹¹⁷

While Sartre may have opposed Malraux as De Gaulle's minister of Culture, he had, as we have seen, already acknowledged the debt which he and writers

of his generation, owed Malraux, in What is Literature. Camus of course always acknowledged a debt to Malraux. Viggiani points out that when he received the Nobel prize his first reaction was to say that Malraux should have won it:

he repeated this often enough during the weeks that followed for it to have been an honest declaration.¹¹⁸

At least it was probably a more honest declaration than Hemingway's suggestion that Malraux should have been honoured in his place when he won the Nobel prize in 1954 following the publication of the Old Man and the Sea. Of course to some degree, Hemingway was also making the point that while he could still win it, Malraux's literary career was fading¹¹⁹. Sartre too was more grudging than Camus in his praise for Malraux. Sartre's fascination with and his resentment of Malraux are made explicit in his War diaries. In his entry for the 1st of December 1939, he writes of his changing perception of the "truth" expressed in Les Conquérants that one has only one life. On the 27 March 1940, while writing L'Age de raison and having begun to read La Condition humaine Sartre finds himself:

Annoyed by a brotherly resemblance between Malraux's literary techniques and my own. "There was a world of murder which still enveloped him, like the heat." I could have written that, I've never been influenced by him, but we've undergone common influences - influences that weren't literary.¹²⁰

Sartre maps out the similarities and feels that he knows what makes Malraux tick, so none of it comes off. Yet he is drawn to praise "a very fine passage" which he quotes extensively, having first compared it to the monologues of his own character Mathieu. His comparison concludes:

The other day, I could feel how much Schlumberger "belongs to the same period" as Gide. But I feel just as strongly how much I belong to the same period as Malraux (common intellectualism). I have to say that nothing in him is carried to perfection. The syntax is often loose, the words ugly and ambiguous. I have the impression of rereading my own first draft.¹²¹

Mary Jean Green has outlined how in the years preceding and

during the Second World War, the paths of Sartre and Malraux had intersected at two crucial moments as each was moving in an opposite direction on the spectrum of political involvement. Green compares Sartre's Le Mur with the experience of Moreno and Hernandez in L'Espoir. Sartre, in the one piece of fiction he wrote on the Spanish Civil War, reaches an apparently pessimistic conclusion which:

in fact, corresponds exactly to what we know of his own political attitude at the time, one of pessimism about the success of the antifascist struggle in Spain and, particularly, about the efficacy of his own or any individual's contribution to such a cause.¹²²

On the other hand, in the two episodes featuring Moreno, whose prison experience has revealed to him not only the inevitability of death but the futility of human action, and in the death of Hernandez, who has persuaded Moreno to look beyond despair but then finds himself faced with the dilemma posed by Moreno's nihilistic vision as he faces the firing squad, "Malraux does not allow this powerful image of absurdity to stand unquestioned."¹²³ Indeed Green sees this whole strand within L'Espoir as Malraux's answer to Sartre's negative vision of the absurdity of human existence propounded in Le Mur. The bus conductor wrongly condemned by the falangists because they take the marks left on his shoulder by his money pouch to have been produced by his firing a rifle is a direct parallel with the young apolitical Juan Mirbal who goes to his execution in a state of total mental and physical collapse. However, Malraux's bus conductor expresses his contempt for those who are about to kill him by giving the clenched fist salute:

The little man gazed at them, stolid in his innocence as a stake rooted in the soil, and gave them a look of undying elemental hatred that had already something of the other world in its intensity.

(L'Espoir, p. 236)

As Green asserts, this act of defiance:

is no longer a mere statement of political allegiance but an expression of human protest against an unjust universe. The one raised fist becomes an inspiration to the other condemned men, and the fascist firing squad finds itself powerless to prevent this last assertion of

human dignity. Thus Malraux has taken Sartre's strongest example of human helplessness and turned it into an affirmation of will.¹²⁴

If these scenes echo Sartre's Le Mur they also echo similar scenes in Malraux's earlier novels and this rather undercuts Sartre's denial of being influenced by Malraux. If there is some cross-fertilization of ideas between the two writers - and as we have seen Sartre did not attempt to deny this - then Malraux is decidedly more influence than influenced.

Boak, for one, does not concur with Sartre's assessment of Malraux's work as the equivalent of his own first draft, and makes the point that when it comes to *littérature engagée*:

L'Espoir fulfils Sartre's design better than any other work, certainly better than Sartre's own Chemins de la liberté - above all precisely because it is involved with the events of the moment, not merely reviewing the past in retrospect, and because it can therefore influence the future outcome of those present events.¹²⁵

Certainly, some of L'Espoir seems to have been written as close to the action as it is possible to get - as Malraux wrote several chapters between the sixty-five missions he flew as leader of the *España* squadron. De Courcel sees this as the ultimate manifestation of the "twofold unity" of Malraux's life and work. If Malraux did not write the bulk of the book quite this close to action, he certainly wrote it soon after. As we have seen, this is another reason for critics like Lehmann to dismiss L'Espoir as lacking sufficient distance. Hemingway also seems to have felt a certain animosity towards Malraux on this score. Carlos Baker records a legendary meeting between Malraux and Hemingway where they agreed to split the war between them - Malraux taking it up to Guadalajara, Hemingway having it afterwards. However, this really only reflects the involvement of both writers in the struggle - the *España* squadron was more or less defunct by Guadalajara, while Hemingway was just arriving in Spain at this time. In fact, Hemingway met Malraux shortly before this just after the latter's arrival in America on a propaganda and fund-raising tour. Hemingway later accused Malraux of abandoning the war to write

"masterpisses" - obviously referring to L'Espoir¹²⁶. The numerous references Robert Jordan makes to the "true book" he is going to write after the war, is perhaps not only an embedded puff for Hemingway's own novel but also an attack on other books written during the war - in particular that of Malraux. To other Americans who had asked him how he could write when there was a war on, Malraux had simply responded: "It gets dark at night!"

Despite its proximity to the events it describes, it is manifestly clear that L'Espoir is far more than "reportage". Again, Malraux's sources are a combination of first and second-hand experience and press reports, as in his earlier books. However, there is a much greater level of first hand experience, and as Malraux told Louis Aragon - for the first time he had more material than he could use.¹²⁷ Yet again, however, the spectre of "Le Témoin" haunts the critical reception of the book. While some critics dismissed it as reportage, other critics like Frohock point out that the passages featuring the International Brigades' battles for the University City and Guadalajara are weaker than the aerial scenes precisely because Malraux did not have relevant first hand experience. Yet another critic cannot forget the passages in which the International volunteers Siry and Kogan communicate by whistling like blackbirds as they face the onslaught of Franco's Moors.

In L'Espoir Malraux is of course attempting something well beyond the realms of reportage. While he is seeking authenticity and wanting to put across the historical and political context of the Spanish conflict, he is at once attempting an epic novel in the style of Tolstoy and Stendhal and yet creating a new literary form combining journalism and fiction, which as Frohock points out, he alluded to in the preface he wrote for Indochine SOS by André Villois. Frohock sees this formal experiment as failing - caught between art and propaganda L'Espoir is of value as a document rather than a novel.

Boak sees L'Espoir differently:

[if] genuine historical events are also integrated, such as Unamuno's courageous speech at Salamanca...Malraux's intention is not historical, nor even to present a simple *reportage* of events in the war...The novel is, in fact, constructed round what Malraux considers significant, rather than merely authentic, and the interpretation is his alone. In this way he can give his novel greater value than the merely journalistic, and above all relate the sequence of violent events which it chronicles to the ideas and themes he had treated in his earlier novels.¹²⁸

Comparing Malraux's book with Orwell's Homage to Catalonia and Koestler's Spanish Testament as, "one of the best factual books on the Spanish Civil War", Boak points out that:

Malraux has¹²⁹ endowed his novel with another dimension, the metaphysical.

While Charles F. Roedig writes:

Malraux thought the novel of the thirties at a crossroads. It had to seek its inspiration in the relationships between the masses and the elite. These relationships would not reveal as in the 19th century a "difference of nature" - i.e., the art of one class being so individual that it is incomprehensible to another class - but a "difference of intensity". In this way, Malraux expected the novel to express a common experience, somewhat like the novels written during the First World War, but to express the experience more deeply. Then, the value of the work will not be in the novelist's private experience or the subtlety of his tale, but rather in his choice of events drawn from the common experience and reported with his "tone" reflecting the impact of that experience.¹³⁰

While Malraux is interested in putting across his themes and ideas rather than creating "chefs d'oeuvre", he is - as all his books demonstrate - also quite self-consciously interested in form. In L'Espoir in particular, he is seeking to produce a new form - this time removed from the tight claustrophobic control seen in La Condition humaine. As Boak says, L'Espoir is :

untidy: there is no question here of the *roman bien fait*. Yet once again this is ultimately a subjective criterion: sprawling novels are not to everyone's taste, but it is difficult to see how Malraux could have achieved the effects he does without a very loose form...Above all, the looser form of the novel means greater freedom of scope for the author.¹³¹

It is significant that Malraux was hoping to use sketches from Picasso's *Guernica* as illustrations, as this work provides a useful analogy of how Malraux actually uses press and radio reports, and indeed the historical

background to the war in general as raw material from which to hammer out a new art. The reportage element is really only a matrix supporting his true artistic intention which in turn seeks to add a further dimension to the historical reality. One wonders if there was perhaps an element of creative cross-fertilization in the meetings between Picasso and Malraux.

Certainly part of Malraux, who was to go on to write such explorations of the artistic impulse as Les Voix du silence, was as Drieu la Rochelle recognised, always the aesthete *par excellence*. Malraux was well aware of current issues and innovations in all art forms, indeed he was a leading participant in the contemporary artistic debate. Yet as Françoise Dorenlot points out, for Malraux, art and action are analagous :

In the one as in the other, by the simple fact of his self-expression, man transforms a destiny to which he *submits* into a destiny which he *dominates*. That is to say, he transforms this destiny into *awareness*.¹³²

Mellor places Malraux's L'Espoir firmly in the context of a wide range of artists producing works in different media - from Picasso to the photographers Robert Capa, and Gertrude Taro - to produce art as revolutionary as the times in which they and their colleagues were living and dying:

It was the implicit rhetoric of immediacy and compressed time that governed so many of the representations of the war in the French magazines, of whatever political persuasion. It was rhetoric of the *instantané* - the immediate snapshot of action - that formed the ground for the spectator of the spectacle of war in the magazines. And more than this, for the category of the *instantané*, as J.B. Romeiser has written, was a crucial pre-condition to the understanding and reception of Malraux's *L'Espoir* by its French readers, who perceived the narrative to be composed of a series of photojournalistic tableaux¹³³. The photographic imagination of the war, which structured the media imagination of the war, was dominant, becoming the primary point of reference and departure for all other accounts of the Spanish civil war.

The reports and photographs of *L'Illustration's* correspondent in Madrid, Georges Ham, were introduced to the magazine as being "...*sans littérature dans son caractère d'instantané*" (*L'Illustration*, 8 août 1936. p430) At *Vu* magazine, Capa's falling *miliciano* was captioned in such a way as to mobilise all the myths of the instantaneous and action: "As they were running, their chests facing the wind, a gun in their hand they were coming down a hill of hardened earth, suddenly their run is interrupted...." (*Vu* 20 September 1936)

The war constructed here is a war of dashing movement, of élan, and human speed, abruptly halted by technologies of death. The speeding action of Namuth's Republican soldier photographed as he leans into his running stride at the seige of the Alcazar in August 1936 anticipates his pictures of Jackson Pollock painting 15 years later. To these hysteric bodies, and to the gesturing spasms of Capa's dying *miliciano* is added another set of body reflexes: those of the photographers themselves. Such photographs are, writes Max Kozloff, the sum and product of "...sheer reflex....." *Life* magazine, too, when it featured Capa's photograph deployed the same rhetoric; "Robert Capa's camera catches a Spanish soldier the instant he is dropped by a bullet through the head in front of Cordoba." (*Life* 21 July 1934)¹³⁴

L'Espoir at once encapsulates and embodies the cross-currents of artistic development which this "first media war" was creating - Mellor points out¹³⁵ that in his novel, Malraux provides another "lyrical text" for Capa's famous photograph of a falling *Miliciano* (*Near Cerrano Muriano (Cordoba Front)*, 5 September 1936) in the passage where a *miliciano* is shot while running - "...as if he were jumping to catch death on the wing".(L'Espoir, p.68)

Malraux uses L'Espoir as a crucible in which to fuse imagery and techniques from a fascinating range of sources including photojournalism, the strong traditions of hispanic religious art as exemplified by El Greco and the revolutionary Soviet cinema of Eisenstein. Mellor describes how Malraux underlines the "vivid social *gestes* secular and very often de-sacralising, or sometimes literally, desecrating," of the carnival of revolution so eagerly and ably depicted by photographers like Capa, "by invoking their opposite: the repertory of Spanish religious art"¹³⁶. Again, the central discussion of the war and revolution in Toledo's Santa Cruz museum provides a good example of this; Malraux alludes to the religious statues as the Negus angrily develops the anarchist position against that of the communists:

From their shadowy background, the statues of the saints seemed to be egging him on with their ecstatic gesturings.

(L'Espoir, p.187)

Mellor makes the point that this museum was also:

a site photographed by Capa and repeatedly used as Republican propaganda to counter accusations of barbarity towards culture.¹³⁷

Mellor also points out the effect of Revolutionary cinema across all media - from Capa's photographs of "The Spanish ship *Potemkin*" to the significant use of cinematic references in *L'Espoir*:

the model of Soviet films was as decisive upon Capa as it was upon Malraux. In March 1936 the film *Marins de Cronstadt* (*We from Kronstadt*) was first screened in Paris, the epitome of heroised armed struggle with monumental but rough and ready troops. Figures were martyred or gestured martially beside Maxim guns. It offered a repertory of poses and gestures; a histrionic code for photographing a revolutionary war. It became the film imaginary of the Spanish war, as the Soviet film annual for 1938-9 acknowledged: "Soviet cinema workers and indeed all Soviet people are proud to learn that *We from Kronstadt* had encouraged the fighters of the Spanish Republican army."¹³⁸

While critics like Wilhelm have developed the similarities between *L'Espoir* and films like *The Battleship Potemkin*¹³⁹, and emphasized the influence of cinema on Malraux, in his detailed analysis Michalczyck points to the contentions of Denis Marion, Malraux's assistant in writing the scenario of *Sierra del Teruel/Espoir* that this is an "illusion" and that:

There have been many writers prior to the birth of cinema who have used the ellipsis with some virtuosity; Voltaire and Merimée among others, are among the first two French names that come to mind. Certainly, André Malraux has great recourse to the visual - and his essays on art as well as his novels testify to this - but such images are not less frequent in his works than in those of Hugo or Balzac. Finally, it is one of the classic techniques of the novel to draw out an episode by alternating it with others which contain an accumulation of events: *La Chartreuse de Parme* is a typical example of this type of technique.¹⁴⁰

Michalczyck attempts to reconcile both Marion's point of view and those of Wilhelm, Boak, Frohock *et al.* who see a distinct cinematic influence in Malraux's work and in *L'Espoir* in particular:

As accurate as this analysis may be of the non-influence of cinema upon Malraux's style, Marion does not leave room for the grey area of an artist's mind which subconsciously absorbs and assimilates images, language, ideas, patterns and suggestions, and reflects them in his work. Malraux had been viewing films seriously for more than fifteen years[...] The evidence of content and imagery is plain [...] Since an artist's mind is normally a magnetic force which draws constantly to it many and diverse phenomena, some consciously, some unconsciously, it is very feasible that Malraux used literary techniques which have a strong parallel to cinematic techniques.¹⁴¹

Michalczyck continues:

To sum up this discussion of the possible cinematic influence on Malraux's literary style, especially in terms of the novel L'Espoir and the film Espoir, it is important to state that there are very close parallels between the media which are interrelated but not necessarily interdependent. Furthermore, because of the richness of the visual image, sound editing, and the diversity of perspectives, Malraux's novels, and in particular L'Espoir, lend themselves to excellent adaptation. To push this statement further would be to impose one structure upon another.¹⁴²

To some extent a similar approach may be taken to Malraux's political commitment. There are by virtue of the very nature of Malraux's oeuvre "very close parallels" between his political involvement and biographical experience and his books, however, as we have seen, these elements are "interrelated but not necessarily interdependent". There is also a significant distinction to be drawn between the novel L'Espoir and the film Espoir, in that the latter by necessity was a more collaborative work and was also funded to a great extent by the Republican government. In making the film it was incumbent on Malraux to make certain compromises for political and propaganda reasons - for example, the nationality of Magnin, who become the Spaniard Pena, and no mention of Communist involvement for fear of alienating North American audiences. As we have seen such compromises were not made so readily in the novel which may as a form have seemed closer to the heart of Malraux's conscience, and in which propaganda was perhaps a lesser factor.

Michalczyck sees Malraux's perception of his role as a political artist as very close to that expressed by Picasso when interviewed by Simone Téry a few years after the Civil War:

What do you think an artist is? An imbecile who has only his eyes if he's a painter, or ears if he's a musician, or a lyre at every level of his heart if he's a poet, or even, if he's a boxer, just his muscles? On the contrary, he's at the same time a political being, constantly alive to heart-rending, fiery or happy events, to which he responds in every way. How would it be possible to feel no interest in other people and by virtue of an ivory indifference to detach yourself from the life which they so copiously bring you? No, painting is not done to decorate apartments.¹⁴³ It is an instrument of war for attack and defense against the enemy.

Equally, both Picasso and Malraux were sufficiently assured in their

confidence and conviction as artists to allow them to produce art which was engaged at a level at once far more complex and far more honest than mere propaganda. They both sought to engage the immediate political and historical realities confronting them in the shape of the Spanish Civil War to produce works which not only documented this reality in a compelling and thought provoking way, but transformed and transcended it. The extent to which their works have retained an immediacy and a relevance which has long outlived the political and historical context in which they were produced is a measure of their success and confirmation of their stature as artists.

Of course both Picasso's Guernica, and Malraux's L'Espoir have benefited to some degree from being seen in connection with a period which has become slightly romanticised, but which has also produced a legacy of strong historical images and plenty of important corroborating works in many media. It is interesting to examine the changing appreciation of Malraux's work over half a century.

The structural complexity of L'Espoir with its detailed attention to the Spanish Civil War and its host of minor characters has perhaps given rise to a degree of confusion amongst critics - though not to a degree that cannot be rectified by close critical attention coupled with a thorough historical knowledge. In general terms, L'Espoir seems to have fallen prey to formalist critics who have been disappointed in it as they anticipated another book like La Condition humaine, and have not given it the close attention it deserves. Klein for example, in his bid to prove his thesis, has Moreno down as a young anarchist when it is quite clearly stated that Moreno was the first Marxist officer in the Spanish army; indeed it is hard to imagine too many anarchists choosing a career as an army officer. As we have seen, Sayre has noted Goldmann's error regarding Garcia's political affiliations, yet even Sayre fails to note that this is made clear relatively early in the book, not just

towards the end.

Norman Rudich has compared and contrasted the two principal modes of Malraux criticism which have evolved - the formalist and the sociological models, exemplified by Frohock and Goldmann respectively.¹⁴⁴ It may be that the most profitable approach in order to reach an understanding of Malraux - particularly of L'Espoir - is to combine both in a fresh perspective.

Of course, L'Espoir has also had its critical champions, like Gaëtan Picon:

For the general public, Malraux is the author of Man's Fate; for Drieu la Rochelle, he was the author of The Conquerors; today, for others, he is certainly that of The Voices of Silence. Shall I confess that for me he is above all the author of Man's Hope? This burning, poignant, tumultuous and motley poem, carried along by a passionate fury, infused with a secret jubilation which is inseparable from accents of tragedy and disillusionment - I have just taken it up again. It overwhelms me, exalts me as for the first time.¹⁴⁵

Yet while L'Espoir does take in new territory both in terms of form and ideas, it is at once a development and a continuation of a consistent line of metaphysical exploration which can clearly be traced in Malraux's works. The critical tendency to see Les Conquérants as the blueprint for La Condition humaine, and Les Temps du mépris as that for L'Espoir is quite misleading. Even the sequence of the titles of Malraux's books give some hint of underlying continuity. It is not likely that Malraux followed Dickens in needing a title before he could start on a book, but he certainly seems to have placed a degree of emphasis on it; his experience as a publisher must have reinforced the need to have a title which swiftly and completely encapsulated the ideas within the book.

From La Tentation de l'Occident with its opposition of East and West, we move to Les Conquérants - a title at once redolent of the conquistadors alluded to by Malraux in the passage which gives La Tentation its title from The Conquest of New Spain by Montaigne - yet which also has

resonances of the Norman Conquest which perhaps provided the inspiration for Britain's imperial power and colonialism in general which is embodied in Hong Kong in Les Conquérants; the title also refers to the apparent conquest of the East by the West - which even the actions of Garine and Borodin are party to - something brought out further when Ch'eng tai reflects that China has always conquered her conquerors, echoing the debate begun in La Tentation de l' Occident.

La Voie royale, is perhaps not simply the pilgrim's trail of temples in the Khmer jungles, but a synopsis of the Neitzscheian imperative of Perken, another would be Conqueror.

La Condition humaine, of course, comes directly from Pascal's famous "pensée" quoted above, which is at once realised and denied by Kyo and Katow's final confrontation with death; the true human condition is not to acknowledge this fate - or rather, to acknowledge it and yet defy it through fraternity and solidarity which are the keys to human dignity.

Le Temps du mépris should really be translated not as Days of Wrath - but as the alternative Days of Contempt, which has also been used for translation; this surely reflects the contempt for human dignity of the Nazis and all oppressors in their determination to do away with all but a militarist, nationalist and brutalist conception of fraternity, and the intrinsic contempt for humanity embodied in torture and the condemned cell.

Similarly, L'Espoir should be simply "Hope" rather than Days of Hope which was doubtless a publisher's desire to pigeonhole the book as a companion piece to Days of Wrath. The American translation Man's Hope - again probably seeking to cash in on the earlier use of Man's Fate or Man's Estate, both used for La Condition humaine is nearer the mark. As with much of Malraux's work which produces such surprising poetry and lyricism within the unlikely confines of taut narratives of bitter experience, there is inevitably

much lost in translation. Thomas notes the verbal resonance of "L'Espoir" with "L'Espagne":

L'Espoir, it was almost the same, surely, as *L'Espagne*, from now on, for anti-Fascists?¹⁴⁶

More significantly, the title sums up *L'Illusion lyrique* of the first days of the "revolution", the hope in solidarity against superior forces exemplified by the spirit of the Asturian *difamiteros*. There is also an echo of Conradian titles like *Victory* and *Chance*, which both flag up the epic nature of *L'Espoir*, and perhaps also the fact that it is much more than *L'Espagne*, much more than reportage. Most significantly, the very title *L'Espoir* signifies a direct challenge to the Pascalian vision realised in *La Condition humaine*. One of the key components of the true misery inherent in Pascal's vision lies within the words *sans espérance*; this receives quite a detailed treatment in the discussion between Moreno and Hernandez - the former having seen the inside of the condemned cell and the effects this has on a man, the latter fated to see this fate through to the end. In entitling his novel *L'Espoir* Malraux instantly places his book in some opposition to Pascal's vision, setting against it the courageous struggle of the Spanish people and those who have volunteered to assist them and the uncompromising vision of hope expressed by men like Durrutti who proclaimed:

We are going to inherit the earth. The bourgeoisie may blast and ruin their world before they leave the stage of history. But we carry a new world in our hearts.¹⁴⁷

As Dorenlot maintains, the real hero of *L'Espoir* is the Spanish people, their struggle for fraternity against the poverty and humiliation of the semi-feudalism and poverty which had hitherto prevailed. In line with Malraux's other novels, humiliation is the key issue discussed in *L'Espoir* as the motivation for the Revolution and for those fighting for the Republic; Garcia puts it thus:

"What separates the Right and Left wings in Spain is the taste for, or the horror of humiliation. The Frente Popular stands, amongst other things, for a combination of all the people with a horror of it. For instance, let's take the case of two impecunious *petits bourgeois* in a village before the rising; well, the one on our side was all for cordiality; the other for stand-offishness. The desire for fraternity on the one hand and, on the other, the cult of hierarchy are very definitely up against each other in this country - and in some others too, perhaps?."

Manuel distrusted the psychologist's views on such subjects, but he remembered the words of old Barca: "The opposite of humiliation, my lad, it ain't equality; it's fraternity"

(*L'Espoir*, p. 190)

The hope of the Spanish people in their struggle against humiliation is also a symbol of a more universal hope. This is touched on when Scali, the Italian art historian turned airman, has a lengthy dialogue with old Alvear. Alvear is cynical about the revolution - he tells Scali of the folk tale of the monkeys of the South American jungle who scream every morning because they have not been turned into men. He is astonished that Scali, an aesthete like himself, can endure and participate in the war. More or less echoing Malraux's statement in the preface of *Le Temps du mépris*, Alvear says:

"you know very well Monsieur Scali, how hard it is to be a *man*, far harder than the politicians think...How can a man like you, the interpreter of Masaccio and Piero della Francesca - how can you endure the present state of things?"

(*L'Espoir*, p. 295)

While acknowledging Alvear's point of view, Scali sets against this the notion of a genuine possibility of man transcending his fate through fraternity; this is one of the key issues which Malraux seeks to explore in *L'Espoir*:

"You spoke of hope just now. Well, men who are joined together in a common hope, a common quest, have, like men whom love unites, access to regions they could never reach left to themselves. And there's more nobility in the *ensemble* of my Flight than in almost any of the individuals composing it."

(*L'Espoir*, p. 295)

This is echoed in the picture of Moreno. We have earlier seen Moreno telling Hernandez - who will ironically be inevitably drawn to face a firing squad - of the fear that imprisonment had instilled in him, and voicing his intention to desert; now Moreno, who after his talk with Hernandez continued in the

line, counsels a frightened young soldier considering desertion. Moreno talks of the doomed life in the front line:

"...one pushes ahead into the barrage, nothing not even one's own life, makes the least difference. Hundreds of shells are falling, hundreds of men are going forward. You're just another case of suicide, yet at that moment you're sharing in all that's best in all of them. you're sharing in... in something that's rather like the ecstasy of the crowd at Carnival. I wonder if you see what I mean... I've a pal who calls that the moment when the dead start singing. Yes, for a month now I've known dead men can sing."

"Like hell they do!"

"And there's something else which even I, the first Marxist officer in the army, never dreamt of, there's a fraternity which is only to be found - beyond the grave."

(L'Espoir, pp.336-337)

Even in Moreno's rather grim vision of the world, life - and death - contains both hope and meaning. We see throughout the book that Malraux holds up the psychological element of life as something of intrinsic value and indeed points the way to a new eschatology of fraternity. The book itself bears testament to the fact that people's lives do have some wider significance particularly when they have given them in serving a cause; just as Hernandez has influenced Moreno. The opposition of "being" and "doing" which lies at the heart of L'Espoir reappears throughout Malraux's life and work, and as we have seen, can be traced back to La Tentation de l'Occident and Malraux's long standing interest in Chinese thought, particularly Taoism, and the confrontation between East and West¹⁴⁸ - which again, as Cadwallader has noted was a debate heavy with political significance in the 1930s. In some sense, this also relates to Malraux's concern with the possibility of cultural development: however halting, progress can be made. This is something which Malraux goes on to explore in his last novel, Les Noyers de l'Altenberg.

If Les Noyers de l'Altenberg seems a little more abstract as a title, it also encapsulates the theme of the book - the eternity and regeneration symbolised by the walnut trees of the Altenberg, a pseudonymous

province of Alsace-Lorraine not only expresses the unchanging reality of the land and its people, whether under French or German domination, but gives the lie to the pessimistic vision of humanity, expounded by Mollberg - an amalgam of elements of Spengler and of the anthropologist, Leo Frobenius - who has apparently won the argument at the colloquy which forms the heart of the book. More than this the eternal relationship of nature and humanity stands in contrast to the sterile colloquy itself - based on the meetings or "conversations" at Pontigny at some of which Malraux was present. Malraux wants to see the common humanity which prevails despite war, beyond ideological and philosophical conflict, which represents some hope for the development of mankind in this. The old peasant couple sunning themselves on a bench at the end of the book are an enigmatic illustration of the hope to be found in human companionship and communication, strongly reminiscent of Orwell's faith in ordinary people to resist the excesses of totalitarianism, expressed in Nineteen Eighty-Four in Winston Smith's belief that , "If there's hope it lies in the proles". Malraux's remark to Berl, referred to earlier, made at the end of the Second World War about the need to prove Spengler wrong, emphasises the continuity of his thought from La Tentation... through to Les Noyers... - which will go on to be expressed in his writings on art. More significantly still, perhaps Malraux is thinking specifically of the remark made by Juan Antonio Primo de Rivera, which has already been quoted:

In the last resort, as Spengler put it, "it has always been a platoon of soldiers who have saved civilization."¹⁴⁹

1. André Malraux, "Three Speeches", (translated by Kenneth Douglas) Yale French Studies, No 18. 1957, (New Haven, Connecticut, 1957) pp. 27-38; p. 38.
2. Walter G. Langlois, "Before L'Espoir: Malraux's pilots for Republican Spain", in Brian Thompson and Carl A. Viggiani (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux: Visions and Re-visions, (Middletown, Connecticut, 1984), pp. 89-112.
3. See John J. Michalczyk, André Malraux's *Espoir*: The Propaganda/Art Film and the Spanish Civil War, (Mississippi, 1977); Appendix E: Chronology of Malraux and the Spanish Civil War.
4. Stephen Spender, World within World: The Autobiography of Stephen Spender, (London, 1951) Edition consulted: Faber and Faber Ltd., London, 1977 (paperback), p. 239.
5. See Michalczyk for a detailed study of this film.
6. Michalczyk André Malraux's *Espoir*: The Propaganda/Art film and The Spanish Civil War, p. 60:
Michalczyk asserts that: "Malraux, not despairing in these almost impossible conditions, continued his work until the day prior to the entry of Franco's troops under General Mola into Barcelona on January 24th, 1939."
In fact Mola had died on the 3rd June 1937 (Paul Preston, The Spanish Civil War 1936-1939, (London 1986) p. 146) - the final assault on Barcelona was led by General Yagüe, the Italian Commander, General Gambara and the Navarrese commander, General Solchaga. (Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, Third Edition, (Harmondsworth Middx., 1977) pp. 872-873)
7. Hugh Thomas "The Lyrical Illusion: Spain 1936" in Martine de Courcel (ed.) Malraux: Life and Work, (London, 1976), p. 41.
8. Manès Sperber, "Malraux and Politics", in Martine de Courcel, Malraux: Life and Work, (pp. 153-168); p. 166.
9. Jean Lacouture, André Malraux, (Paris, 1973; English version translated by Alan Sheridan: London, 1975) - English edition consulted unless stated; p. 181.
10. See for example, Nicholas Hewitt, "Authoritarianism and Esthetics: The paradox of L'Espoir", and Robert Sayre, "L'Espoir and Stalinism", both in Thompson and Viggiani (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux
11. Lacouture, p. 24.
12. W.M. Frohock, André Malraux and the Tragic Imagination (Stanford, 1952) p. 21.
13. Nicola Chiaramonte, "Malraux and the Demons of Action", Partisan Review, July-August 1948; quoted in C.J. Greshoff, An Introduction to the Novels of André Malraux, (Cape

Town/Rotterdam 1975), p.39.

14. Frohock, p.21.

15. The term is used here with reference to Umberto Eco's usage see "Overinterpreting Texts" in Umberto Eco et al. Interpretation and Overinterpretation, (Cambridge, 1992).

16. Frohock, p.24.

17. See Barrie Cadwallader, Crisis of the European Mind: A study of André Malraux and Drieu la Rochelle, (Cardiff, 1981) for a full exploration of the context of interconnected artistic and political undercurrents of the period.

18. Quoted in Axel Madsen, Malraux: A Biography, (London, 1977), p.33

19. Lacouture, p.22,

20. Lacouture p.26

21. Jean-Paul Sartre, What is Literature, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Paris, 1948; English translation: London, 1950); edition consulted, University Paperback, Methuen and Co. Ltd (London 1967 - reprinted 1986), pp.138-140.

22. Lacouture, p.26.

23. Michalczyk, p.33.

24. Jean-Paul Sartre, What is Literature, translated by Beranrd Frechtman: Chapter IV, note 9. p.228.

25. David Wilkinson, Malraux: An Essay in Political Criticism (Cambridge, Mass., 1967), p.16, n.1.

26. Ibid., p.18.

27. Lacouture, p.25.

28. Quoted in Lacouture, p.35-36.

29. Lacouture, p.35.

30. Jonathan D. Spence, Preface to André Malraux, The Temptation of the West, translated and with an introduction by Robert D. Hollander, Edition consulted - University of Chicago Press, Chicago 1992, (Paperback), p. vi.

31. Denis Boak, André Malraux, (Oxford, 1968), p.11.

32. Barrie Cadwallader, Crisis of the European Mind, Introduction, p.X.

33. Ibid., p. ix.

34. Walter G. Langlois, "Indochina: The Initiation" pp.19-29 in Martine de Courcel, (ed.) Malraux - Life and Work, (London 1976), pp.21-22

35. Ibid., p.22.

36. Edition consulted and to which page numbers refer:
André Malraux, The Temptation of the West, Translated and with an Introduction by Robert Hollander. With a new *Preface* by Jonathan D. Spence, University of Chicago Press, (Chicago and London, 1992).

37. Denis Boak, André Malraux, (Oxford, 1968), p 211 (quotes Nietzsche: Joyful Wisdom, (Ungar paperback edn.), Section 290; and The Birth of Tragedy, p.124.)

38. Blossom Douthat, "Nietzschean Motifs in Temptation of the Occident", Yale French Studies No. 18, 1957. (New Haven, Connecticut, 1957), pp.77-86. p. 80.

39. Frohock, p. 151, & n2.

40. Lacouture, p. 99.

41. For a brief account of the political history of China see C.P. Fitzgerald, The Birth of Communist China, (Harmondsworth, Middx., 1964). (First Published as Revolution in China, 1952)

42. Chang Mei Yuan, "Malraux and Chinese Thinking" in Martine de Courcel (ed.) Malraux: Life and Work, pp.103-111.

43. Lacouture, p.113.

44. Lacouture, p.106.

45. Walter Langlois, "Indochina: the Initiation" in Martine de Courcel, (ed.) Malraux: Life and Work, p.28.

46. Lacouture, pp.116-117.

47. Lacouture, p.110.

48. Lacouture, p.114.

49. Frohock, p.3. NB Frohock's translation from Les Noyers de l'Altenberg. Equivalent passage in University of Chicago edn. The Walnut Trees of the Altenberg, Translated from the French by A.W. Fielding, With a new Foreword by Conor Cruise O'Brien (Chicago and London, 1992) - pp.51-52.

50. C.J.Greshoff, An Introduction to the Novels of André Malraux, (Cape Town/Rotterdam, 1975), p.52.:
"[Arland] sees in Malraux' departure from Europe, at least

in part, a rejection of literature. In the prefatory note to the two fragments of "Ecrit pour une idole à trompe" Arland writes: "Dira-t-on qu'il renonce à la littérature ne pouvait pas le satisfaire; il la dédaigne sans grandes phrases, simplement parce que son angoisse ne peut plus se contenter de mots."

51. Gaëton Picon, André Malraux, NRF Gallimard, (Paris, 1945), p.11.

52. Lacouture, p.78.

53. Clara Malraux, Les Combats et Les Jeux, pp. 32-33; quoted in Lacouture, p. 93.

54. Greshoff, p.28.

55. Greshoff, p.29.

56. Greshoff, p.29.

57. NRF, June 1931, quoted in Greshoff, p. 29.

58. Pierre-Eugène Drieu la Rochelle, "Malraux, l'homme nouveau" N.R.F. December 1930, translated version in Justin O'Brien (ed.) From the NRF, New York 1959, pp. 187-93.

59. Greshoff, p.61.

60. Arthur Koestler, "The Birth of a Myth", Horizon, April 1943, quoted in Greshoff, p.6.

61. Greshoff, p.26.

62. Lacouture, p.134.

63. Lacouture, p.132.

64. James Burnham, "The Double Crisis: a Dialogue", Partisan Review, April 1948 p.437; quoted in Boak, p. 220, n.1.

65. Greshoff, p. 24.

66. Cecil Jenkins, André Malraux, (New York, 1972), Preface, p.5.

67. Jenkins, 1972, p. 14.

68. Ibid., p.15.

69. Jenkins, 1972, p.15.

70. Ibid., p.16.

71. Madsen, p.157.

72. Madsen, p.158.

73. André Malraux, Address to the Congress of Soviet Writers, August 1934; published in "Three Speeches", in Yale French Studies, No. 18, 1957; p.27.

74. Hugh Thomas, "The Lyrical Illusion: Spain 1936", in Martine de Courcel (ed.) Malraux: Life and Work, p.41.

75. Madsen, p.158.

76. Madsen, p.160.

77. Madsen, p.163.

78. Lacouture, pp.182-183.

79. Lacouture p185

80. Greshoff, p.126.

81. Greshoff, p. 133.

82. Madsen, p.165.

83. Carl Viggiani, "Malraux and Camus 1935-1960: Master and Disciple?", in Brian Thompson and Carl Viggiani (eds.), Witnessing André Malraux: Visions and Revisions, (Middletown, Connecticut, 1984), p. 74.

84. Ibid., p.75.

85. André Malraux, Le Temps du mépris, (Paris, 1935), Edition consulted Skira, (Geneva 1945), Preface. p.11

86. Le Temps du mépris, (Skira edn.), *Preface*, p. 12.

87. Le Temps du mépris, (Skira edn.; Geneva, 1945), *Preface*, p.13

88. Lacouture, p.184.

89. Victor Brombert, "Malraux: Passion and Intellect" in Yale French Studies (YFS),18, p.64.

90. Arthur Koestler, The Invisible Writing: An Autobiography, (New York, 1970); quoted in Madsen, p. 142.

Koestler himself quotes the same passage on his first meeting with Malraux in a review of Antimemoirs. He continues:

Although later on we met frequently and were on friendly terms, that phrase and gesture sticks out in the past like the Eiffel Tower - a moving and faintly absurd landmark. It was the essential Malraux, genuinely obsessed with the *nostalgie de l'apocalypse* and yet giving the impression that he was playing *pour épater*.

Review, "Prophet and *Poseur*" in the Observer, 22 September 1968, published in Arthur Koestler, The Heel of Achilles, (London 1974), pp.97-101.

91. Les Conquérants, (Paris, 1928); Skira Edn. Consulted: (Geneva 1945), p. 195.

92. William Righter, The Rhetorical Hero - An Essay on the Aesthetics of André Malraux, (London, 1964.), pp.7 ff.

93. André Malraux, The Walnuts of the Altenburg, University of Chicago edition, (Chicago/London, 1992), p.222.

94. Herbert Lottman, Foreword to André Malraux, The Conquerors translated by Stephen Becker, University of Chicago edn., (Chicago/London 1992), p. vii.

95. Ibid., p. xiv.

96. John Lehmann, "The Myth and the Writer" in Martine de Courcel, Malraux: Life and Work, (pp.141-152), p.142.

97. A.J. Ayer, "André Malraux: The Early Novels", in Martine de Courcel, Malraux: Life and Work, (pp.51-57), p. 52.

98. Paul Nothomb (Julien Segnaire), La Rançon, p. 50; quoted in Lacouture, p.242.

99. Interview with Roger Stephané, October 1967, quoted in Lacouture, p.265.

100. Hugh Thomas, "The Lyrical illusion: Spain 1936" in Martine de Courcel, (ed.) Malraux: Life and Work, (pp.40-50), p.47.

101. Ibid., p.47.

102. Lucien Goldmann, Pour une sociologie du roman, (Paris, 1964), p. 196. Quoted and translated in Hewitt "Authoritarianism and Esthetics: The Paradox of L'Espoir", in Thompson and Viggiani (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux, p. 114.

103. Hugh Thomas, "The Lyrical Illusion: Spain 1936" in Martine de Courcel, (ed.) Malraux: Life and Work, p.41.

104. Noam Chomsky, "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship" in American Power and the New Mandarins, (New York, 1969) pp.23 ff.

105. Quoted in Madsen, p.190.

106. Nicholas Hewitt, "Authoritarianism and Esthetics: the Paradox of L'Espoir ", in Thompson and Viggiani, (ed.) Witnessing André Malraux, (pp. 113-124), p.120.

107. Stephen Spender, World Within World, p. 239.

108. Avriel Goldberger, Visions of a New Hero: the heroic life according to André Malraux and earlier advocates of human grandeur, (Paris, 1965).

109. Gerald Brenan, Foreword to Ann Arbor Paperback edn. of The Spanish Cockpit, (Ann Arbor, 1963); Third printing consulted, p.viii.

110. Robert Sayre, "L'Espoir and Stalinism" in Thompson and Viggiani, (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux, (pp. 125-139), p. 132.

111. Ibid. p. 132.

112. Ibid., p. 132.

113. Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p.499.

114. Ibid., p.499, n.21.

115. Walter G. Langlois, "Before *L'Espoir*: Malraux's pilots for Republican Spain" in Thompson & Viggiani, (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux (pp.89-112), pp. 94-96.

116. Boak, p.134.

117. Ibid., p.134.

118. Carl Viggiani, "Malraux and Camus 1935-1960: Master and Disciple?" in Thompson and Viggiani (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux, p.79.

119. James R. Mellow, Hemingway: A Life Without Consequences (London, 1993), p. 590.

120. Jean-Paul Sartre, War Diaries, Notebooks from a Phoney War 1939-40, (Paris, 1983; Translated by Quintin Hoare, London, 1984. Edn. consulted paperback London, 1985), p.355.

121. Ibid. p.356.

122. Mary Jean Green, "Malraux and Sartre: Dialogue on the Far Side of Despair", in Thompson and Viggiani, (ed.) Witnessing André Malraux, (pp.62-72), p.65.

123. Ibid. p.69.

124. Mary Jean Green, "Malraux and Sartre: Dialogue on the Far Side of Despair", in Thompson and Viggiani, (eds.) Witnessing André Malraux, (pp.62-72), p.69.

125. Boak, p.134.

126. Ernest Hemingway, Letter to Maxwell Perkins, Marseilles, 5 May 1938, Carlos Baker (ed.) Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917-1961, (New York/London, 1981), pp. 466-467.

127. Lacouture, p. 277.
128. Boak, pp.109-110.
129. Boak, p.110.
130. Charles F. Roedig, "Malraux on the Novel (1930-45)", in Yale French Studies, (YFS), 18, (pp.39-44), p.41.
131. Boak, p.134.
132. Françoise Dorenlot, "Unity of Purpose through Art and Action", (translated by Robert Speaight) in Martine de Courcel, Malraux: Life and Work; (pp.129-140), pp.130-131.
133. J.B. Romeiser, Critical Reception of André Malraux's L'Espoir in the French press: December 1937-June 1938, (Mississippi, 1980)
134. David Mellor "Death in the Making - Representing the Spanish Civil War" in Frances Morris (ed.) No Pasaran - Photographs and Posters of the Spanish Civil War, (Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol, 1986) (pp.25-31); pp. 27-28.
135. Ibid., p. 26.
136. Ibid., p. 28.
137. Ibid., p.29.
138. Ibid., p.26.
139. Bernhard Wilhelm, Hemingway et Malraux devant la Guerre d'Espagne, (Berne, 1966).
140. Denis Marion, "André Malraux", Cinema d'aujourd'hui, No. 65, Paris 1970, pp.9-10; quoted in Michalczyck, pp.50-51.
141. Michalczyck, p. 51.
142. Michalczyck, p.52.
143. The interview is published in Les Lettres francaises for March 24, 1945. This excerpt is found in The Artist as Adversary, Catalogue of the Exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art (July 1-September 27, 1971), p.10. - quoted in Michalczyck, p. 124, & n.17.
144. Norman Rudich, "Malraux Criticism: Two Exemplary Modes" in Thompson and Viggiani (eds) Witnessing André Malraux, pp.16-29).
145. Gaëtan Picon, "Man's Hope", in Yale French Studies (YFS) 18, (pp.3-6) translated by Rima Dreli Reck, p.3.

146. Hugh Thomas, "The Lyrical Illusion: Spain 1936", in Martine de Courcel, Malraux: Life and Work (pp. 40-50), p.48.

147. Durrutti was interviewd by a Canadian journalist Pierre van Paasen for the Toronto Star - (the interview appeared in the paper on the 18th August 1936), quoted in Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p.429-430 & p. 430 n.1.

148. Chang Mei Yuan, "Malraux and Chinese Thinking" in Martine de Courcel, Malraux: Life and Work, p.110.

149. Open letter to Spanish Army from José Antonio Primo de Rivcra, May 1936; quoted in Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p.178.

CHAPTER 4 George Orwell - Telling the Truth

When you are taking part in events like these you are, I suppose, in a small way, making history, and you ought by rights to feel like a historical, character. But you never do, because at such times the physical details always outweigh everything else. Throughout the fighting I never made the correct "analysis" of the situation that was so glibly made by journalists hundreds of miles away. What I was chiefly thinking about was not the rights and wrongs of this miserable internecine scrap, but simply the discomfort and boredom of sitting day and night on that intolerable roof, and the hunger which was growing worse and worse ... If this was history, it did not feel like it. It was more like a bad period at the front, when men were short and we had to do abnormal hours of guard duty; instead of being heroic one just had to stay at one's post, bored, dropping with sleep, and completely uninterested as to what it was all about.

Homage to Catalonia (p. 134)

"Who controls the past," ran the Party slogan, "controls the future; who controls the present controls the past."

... The past, he reflected, had not merely been altered, it had actually been destroyed. For how could you establish even the most obvious fact when there existed no record outside your own memory?

... Just once in his whole life he had held in his hands documentary proof of the falsification of an historical fact... Nineteen Eighty-Four (pp. 31-33)

For George Orwell, his participation in the Spanish Civil War was a hugely significant step which crystallised much of his thought. In the first place, his involvement in Spain was a pivotal point in terms of his political development. As he wrote on 8th June 1937 to his former school-fellow, Cyril

Connolly:

I have seen wonderful things and at last really believe in Socialism, which I never did before.¹

This now much quoted letter was written in the Sanatori Maurin, the militia hospital where Orwell was recuperating from the bullet through the throat which had come within an inch of prematurely, and rather symbolically, silencing a man who was to become one of the most effective voices for literary and political freedom to use the English language. The date of this letter (and of Orwell's wounding at the Aragon front) is significant - over a month *after* he and his comrades in the *POUM* militia were embroiled in the fratricidal street fighting which broke out in Barcelona at the beginning of May 1937 between the Anarchist trade unions and militias and the Communist inspired forces of the Republican government. Besides characteristically making light of his wound and expressing his desire to get home, Orwell's principal concern in this letter was the misrepresentation of the Barcelona fighting in the English press. The only notable exception he made was the New Statesman:

It is a credit to the New Statesman that it is the only paper, apart from a few obscure ones such as the New Leader², where any but the Communist view point has ever got through. Liston Oak's article recently on the Barcelona troubles³ was very good & well balanced. I was through all that stuff & know what lies most of the stuff in the papers was. Thanks also for telling the public that I should probably write a book on Spain, as I shall, of course, once this bloody arm is right.

Unfortunately, Orwell had a few more ordeals to get through before getting back to England which would provide some unforgettable, though greatly unwelcome, extra material for the book he would write - Homage to Catalonia. While still convalescent, he left to go to the front to get a discharge on the 15th June 1937. A few days later, having secured his medical discharge and narrowly avoided seeing some further action, Orwell returned to Barcelona and strolled into the Hotel Continental where his wife

Eileen was staying:

She got up and came towards me in what struck me as a very unconcerned manner; then she put an arm round my neck and, with a sweet smile for the benefit of the other people in the lounge, hissed in my ear:

"Get out!"

"What?"

"Get out of here *at once!*"

"What?"

"Don't keep standing here you must get outside quickly!"

"What? Why? What do you mean?"

(Homage to Catalonia, p.195)⁴

By this time Eileen was leading him down the stairs, by the time he got to the bottom two other people had also warned him to get out. Out on the pavement he discovered that the *POUM* had been suppressed by the Valencia government under pressure from the Communists the very day he had left and almost anyone associated with the party had been imprisoned - except those *POUM* militiamen holding sections of the Aragon front who, like Orwell, remained in ignorance of this:

there must have been numbers of men who were killed without ever learning that the newspapers in the rear were calling them Fascists. This kind of thing is a little difficult to forgive. I know it was the usual policy to keep bad news from the troops, and perhaps as a rule that is justified. But it is a different matter to send men into battle and not even tell them that behind their backs their party is being suppressed, their leaders accused of treachery, and their friends and relatives thrown into prison.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.199)

Of course Orwell had been keenly aware of the danger of the divisions within the Republican camp - in particular the bitter struggle between the Anarchists and the Communists - since the May fighting :

No one who was in Barcelona then, or for months later, will forget the horrible atmosphere produced by fear, suspicion, hatred, censored newspapers, crammed jails, enormous food queues and prowling gangs of armed men.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.142)

However, the wholesale suppression of the *POUM* - and the imprisonment of hundreds of people who were fighting fascism under the pretext that they were actually fascists in disguise - was more than a shock to Orwell. It also

placed Orwell and his wife in a hideously dangerous situation - it looked as if the police were using Eileen as bait to help them catch Orwell and the leading *ILP* representative John McNair⁵. Before getting the necessary documentation to leave Spain, Orwell and other *ILP/POUM* comrades including McNair and Stafford Cottman went into hiding, using, as Sheldon quaintly puts it, "his old tramping skills to help him survive on the streets for a few days".⁶ When they eventually made their escape from Spain, "slipping over the border with the police panting on our heels"⁷ there was another perhaps even greater shock for Orwell. It was, he told Rayner Heppenstall, "impossible to get a word about this mentioned in the English press, barring the publications of the *ILP*, which is affiliated to the *POUM*.⁸" Impatient to write of what he had seen, Orwell had wired the New Statesman from France asking if they would like an article, but when they saw that this article was on the suppression of the *POUM*, this journal, whose editorial policy he had praised so recently to Connolly, said they could not print it:

To sugar the pill they sent me to review a very good book which appeared recently, The Spanish Cockpit, which blows the gaff pretty well on what has been happening. But once again when they saw my review they couldn't print it as it was "against editorial policy", but they offered to pay for the review all the same - practically hush money.

The editor of the New Statesman and Nation was Kingsley Martin who wrote that Orwell's review, "too far controverts the political policy of the paper. It is very uncompromisingly said and implies that our Spanish correspondents are all wrong."¹⁰ This led to a further controversy as Raymond Mortimer, the Literary Editor, claimed to have rejected the review for the different reason that it simply stated Orwell's own view, not that of Borkenau¹¹. However this was irrelevant for, as Crick points out both writers shared much the same view of the war. Indeed, Borkenau wrote to Orwell thanking him for his review which was published in Time and Tide, and pointing out that this was the only review which actually mentioned the

essential point of the book - the counter-revolutionary stance of the Communist party in Spain.¹²

As Orwell wrote in Inside the Whale :

The thing that to me, was truly frightening about the war in Spain was not such violence as I witnessed, nor even the party feuds behind the lines, but the immediate reappearance in left-wing circles of the mental atmosphere of the Great War. The very people who for twenty years had sniggered over their own superiority to war hysteria were the ones who rushed straight back into the mental slum of 1915.¹³

It's hardly surprising that Orwell had no love for the communists given his so narrow escape from a communist purge in Spain - Shelden records the unearthing in 1989 of a security police report to the *Tribunal for Espionage and High Treason* at Valencia which describes "Enric [sic] Blair and his wife Eileen Blair" as "known Trotskyists" and "linking agents of the ILP and the POUM"¹⁴ - the sort of charges which could easily lead to the firing squad in June 1937. While Orwell had never fallen under the spell of the "cult of Russia" as so many of his contemporaries had, what he had not fully realised before going to Spain was the extent to which the Communist International was subservient to the demands of Russian foreign policy. On his return this antipathy hardened into a bitter, protracted struggle with the Communists and their many apologists among the "right left people" - the middle-class left-wing intelligentsia. This was not something Orwell relished; as he said to Raymond Mortimer:

Nothing is more hateful to me than to get mixed up in these controversies and to write, as it were, against people and newspapers that I have always respected, but one has to realise what kind of issues are involved and the very great difficulty of getting the truth ventilated in the English press...I have got to do what little I can to get justice for people who have been imprisoned without trial and libelled in the press, and one way of doing so is to draw attention to the pro-Communist censorship that undoubtedly exists. I would keep silent about the whole affair if I thought it would help the Spanish government (as a matter of fact, before we left Spain some of the imprisoned people asked us not to attempt any publicity abroad as it might tend to discredit the Government), but I doubt whether it helps in the long run to cover things up as has been done in England. If the charges of espionage etc that were made against us in the Communist papers had been given a proper examination at the time in the foreign

press, it would have been seen that they were nonsense and the whole business might have been forgotten. As it was, the rubbish about a Trotsky-Fascist plot was widely circulated and no denial of it was published except in very obscure papers, and, very half-heartedly, in the [Daily] Herald and Manchester Guardian. The result was that there was no protest from abroad and all these thousands of people have stayed in prison, and a number have been murdered, the effect being to spread hatred and dissension all through the Socialist movement.¹⁵

The level of compromise and deceit involved in keeping quiet was too much for Orwell:

A number of people had said to me with varying degrees of frankness that one must not tell the truth about what was happening in Spain, and the part played by the Communist Party, because to do so would be to prejudice public opinion against the Government and so aid Franco. I do not agree with this view, because I hold the outmoded opinion that in the long run it does not pay to tell lies, but in so far as it was dictated by a desire to help the Spanish Government, I can respect it.¹⁶

Homage to Catalonia is then not only an account of Orwell's experiences in Spain, of the war at the front, the internecine fighting in the rear and the betrayal and persecution of the *POUM*; it is in itself an act of defiance against the "smelly little orthodoxies" which the left intelligentsia had subordinated themselves to.

Yet, all this was far removed from the straightforward solidarity which prompted Orwell's initial decision to go to Spain. Before he went to Spain, Orwell's stance was that of the committed anti-fascist, and his view of the war coincided with that of the Popular Front. As he writes in Homage to Catalonia:

When I came to Spain, and for some time afterwards, I was not only uninterested in the political situation but unaware of it. I knew there was a war on, but I had no notion what kind of a war. If you had asked me why I had joined the militia I should have answered: "To fight against Fascism," and if you had asked me what I was fighting for, I should have answered: "Common decency". I had accepted the News Chronicle - New Statesman version of the war as the defence of civilization against a maniacal outbreak of Colonel Blimps in the pay of Hitler.
(Homage to Catalonia, pp. 44-47.)

Although already wary of Communist involvement in the Popular

Front, Orwell was under the misapprehension that he needed party credentials to get into Republican Spain, so he went to see Harry Pollitt, the British Communist leader responsible for organising the intake to the International Brigade. When, quite understandably, Orwell refused to join the International Brigade until he had seen what was happening - (how many others like T.A.R. Hyndman¹⁷ wished they had done the same!) - Pollitt would not help him any further than advising him to get a safe-conduct from the Spanish Embassy in Paris. Crick points out that this was not entirely unhelpful of Pollitt and feels that:

it was naïve of Orwell to have gone to him - even though his mind was more open at this stage about the practical effectiveness of the Communist effort in Spain than has usually been supposed.¹⁸

Having detected an alarming lack of orthodoxy and a rather too inquisitive mind in Orwell, Pollitt must certainly have thought he was doing the Communist Party a favour by refusing to give him papers to go to Spain. The result was that Orwell got to Spain, joined the *POUM* militia through his personal contacts with the *ILP*,¹⁹ and, having participated in the Barcelona fighting and witnessed the Communist inspired suppression of the *POUM* at first hand, was to become a lasting thorn in the flesh for the Communists until the end of his days - and probably even more so posthumously.

There has been much speculation over Orwell's initial intentions in going to Spain. In his first edition of George Orwell: A Life, Crick makes a good case that :

He went out to fight, not to write. In the end he did both. Jack Common remembered him saying: "After all, there are not such a terrific lot of fascists in the world: if we each shot one of them..." And he looked at Common to see how this provocatively simplistic remark would be taken. "He used these naiveties as a testing to see whether the man who argued the good cause was capable of the crudity of action for it or would wince from the violence he thought inevitable."

In fact Orwell makes a similar statement in Homage to Catalonia

When I joined the militia I had promised myself to kill one Fascist -

after all, if each of us killed one they would soon be extinct...

(Homage to Catalonia p. 70)

Philip Mairet, editor of the New English Weekly for which he reviewed novels was somewhat surprised to receive a visit from Orwell:

Dressed and shod evidently for some expedition... "This fascism " he said, "somebody's got to stop it".²¹

Shelden is more equivocal, and asserts that Orwell doubted whether he had the stamina or the skill to be a good soldier and suspected that his health would prevent him from enlisting:

But he did not rule out joining one of the Spanish political militias if it became clear that they could use him. In the meantime he decided that the best way to serve the cause was to observe the war and write about it for the New Statesman or some other English paper sympathetic to the Republican Government.²²

Orwell's own statements do not entirely clear this up. In Homage to Catalonia he states that :

I had come to Spain with some notion of writing newspaper articles, but I had joined the militia almost immediately, because at that time and in that atmosphere it seemed like the only conceivable thing to do.
(Homage to Catalonia, p. 8)

In Notes on the Spanish Militias, discovered only after his death but probably written in Morocco some time in 1939, Orwell writes:

I joined the POUM militia at the end of 1936. The circumstances of my joining this militia rather than any other were the following. I had intended going to Spain to gather materials for newspaper articles etc, and also had some vague idea of fighting if it seemed worth while, but was doubtful owing to my poor health and comparatively small military experience... When I crossed the frontier the passport people and others, at that time Anarchists, did not pay much attention to my safe-conduct but seemed impressed by the letter with the ILP heading which they evidently knew by sight. It was this that made me decide to produce my letter to McNair (whom I did not know) and through this that I joined the POUM militia. After one glimpse of the troops in Spain I saw that I had relatively a lot of training as a soldier and decided to

join the militia. At that time I was only rather dimly aware of the differences between the political parties, which had been covered up in the English left-wing press. Had I had a complete understanding of the situation I should probably have joined the CNT militia.²³

Stansky and Abrahams take the view that Orwell was slightly deceiving

himself and his wife and colleagues about his intentions in going to Spain:

the risks and dangers would be appreciably lessened since he had decided to go as a journalist, a writer gathering materials for a few articles on the war, or perhaps with luck a new book. After all he was not going as a soldier. That at least, was what he told her, and what she told her friends when they expressed their concern; and it was very like her whatever she might have felt, to pretend to believe him: it would make the parling that much easier. Yet she must have suspected, even as he himself must have understood at the back of his mind, that once he was there, he would do precisely what in fact he did do two days after his arrival in Barcelona.²⁴

Stansky and Abrahams also suggest that there was an element of an author seeking a subject:

Sensible, practical, realistic - and from his point of view the decision was all of these - it could be made to seem (and quite possibly it was) as much an act of literary professionalism as of political idealism. One book was by now virtually finished another would have to be started: that was how he lived. A novel perhaps? But he had no compelling idea or experience that lent itself to fictionalization; besides he had found he was much more at ease with the reportage of The Road to Wigan Pier than with the invention and role-playing demanded of him in the two novels that preceded it.²⁵

While literary professionalism certainly played some role in the decision of most writers to go to Spain - whether to write or to fight - in Orwell's case it seems at least probable that his motives for going to Spain were fairly laudable, however misguided they may have appeared to others. As Patrick Reilly notes, Orwell had a "Bunyan-like preference for the hard road"²⁶. He was incapable of ignoring the plight of others and was deeply affected by news of suffering and injustice wherever it might be and always longed to do something to help. The diary Orwell started at the time of the Dunkirk campaign during the Second World War shows how strongly he was affected by every piece of war news - and how much he wanted to get

involved. His entry for the 10th June 1940, reads:

Everything is disintegrating. It makes me writhe to be writing book reviews etc at such a time, and even angers me that such time-wasting should still be permitted. The interview at the War Office on Saturday *may* come to something, if I am clever at faking my way past the doctor. If once in the army, I know by the analogy of the Spanish war, that I shall cease to care about public events. At present I feel as I felt in 1936 when the Fascists were closing in on Madrid, only far worse.²⁷

From a personal point of view, there were indeed a number of very good reasons for Orwell *not* going to Spain in 1936. He had been married at the outbreak of the war in July and - if somewhat more Spartan than most people's notions of a rural idyll - life at The Stores, Wallington, with his new wife was perhaps the happiest period of his life²⁸. After the years of poverty and hardship he had found a lifestyle, however basic, which suited him and he was looking forward to the future in both domestic and professional spheres. He was working on the book on social conditions in the North commissioned by Gollancz, from whom he had received a generous advance of £500, and as Crick says, "For the first time he could feel reasonably secure, even modestly successful, as a professional writer."²⁹ Orwell might reasonably have wanted to see his new book through the production process and capitalise on its anticipated success; there was a good chance that it would be issued as a *Left Book Club* edition - which indeed occurred, albeit with Gollancz's wary introduction. However, both Orwell's courting of and marriage to Eileen O'Shaughnessy, and the experiences from which he was constructing this book to bear the symbolic title The Road to Wigan Pier, were positive rather than negative factors in Orwell's decision to go to Spain. In the *Author's Preface* to the Ukrainian edition of Animal Farm, Orwell includes in a biographical sketch:

In 1936 I got married. In almost the same week the civil war broke out in Spain. My wife and I both wanted to go to Spain and fight for the Spanish government. We were ready in six months, as soon as I had finished the book I was writing.³⁰

Eileen's brother Laurence had also provided a slightly more credible angle on

politics for Orwell than his many left-wing friends, including Richard Rees and others associated with Adelphi. In particular, O'Shaughnessy had seen at first hand the rise of Hitler, and was convinced that he was not to be taken lightly but was a serious danger to world peace, intent on actually carrying out the programme delineated in Mein Kampf. This important anti-fascist influence came at a time when Orwell's political orientation was veering ever leftward - to swing several degrees further left still after having seen the grime and poverty of the North of England at close quarters.

Richard Rees was astonished by the effect of Orwell's time in the North:

I spent more than three years trying to convert him to socialism, and he remained unconvinced and not really interested. Then he went north. When he came back in the spring of 1936 the conversion had already taken place.³¹

And again:

There was such an extraordinary change both in his writing and, in a way also, in his attitude after he'd been to the North and written that book. I mean, it was almost as if there'd been a kind of fire smouldering in him all his life which suddenly sort of broke into flame, at that time. But I can't understand it or explain exactly what happened. I just don't know.³²

As Crick and others have made clear, "Orwell's path towards socialism was slow and unsure."³³ The initial impulse was of course provided by the combination of disappointment and disgust at the exploitation and brutality of the British Empire produced by his five years serving in Burma in the Indian Imperial Police. This pervades much of Orwell's work - obviously in Burmese Days, his first and most conventional novel, where he was at once expiating his guilt at being part of "that evil despotism"³⁴ and using his experiences as a servant of Imperialism to help him establish his chosen career - through some of his most celebrated essays: Shooting an Elephant and A Hanging. Orwell's experience of Burma also crops up slightly surprisingly in Homage to Catalonia and more centrally in The Road to Wigan

Pier, where with typical individuality Orwell sets the scene for *Part Two* which sets out to give an account of his own idiosyncratic approach to Socialism:

The Road from Mandalay to Wigan Pier is a long one and the reasons for taking it are not entirely clear.

(The Road to Wigan Pier, p. 106)

Nor was it the straightest of roads.

Burma was an unforgettable experience for Orwell; Crick is right in the *Afterword* of his second edition of "A Life" to reassess the impact of Burma and India on Orwell and his thought. Burma was not just "five years within the sound of bugles". In the famous passage in The Road to Wigan Pier where Orwell explains why "one sniff of English air" decided him to abandon his colonial career he writes :

For five years I had been part of an oppressive system, and it had left me with a bad conscience. Innumerable remembered faces - faces of prisoners in the dock, of men waiting in the condemned cells, of subordinates I had bullied and aged peasants I had snubbed, of servants and coolies I had hit with my fist in moments of rage (nearly everyone does these things in the East, at any rate occasionally: Orientals can be very provoking) haunted me intolerably. I was conscious of an immense weight of guilt that I had got to expiate [...] I had reduced everything to the simple theory that the oppressed are always right and the oppressors are always wrong: a mistaken theory, but the natural result of being one of the oppressors yourself. I felt that I had got to escape not merely from imperialism but from every form of man's dominion over man. I wanted to submerge myself to get right down among the oppressed, to be one of them and on their side against the tyrants.

(The Road to Wigan Pier, pp.129-130)

Coming from the stifling atmosphere of Burma, Orwell could hardly have had a more symbolic arrival in Europe:

A few days before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed I was standing on the steps of one of the English banks in Marseilles, talking to the clerks, while an immense procession of working people streamed past, bearing banners inscribed, Sauvons Sacco et Vanzetti etc. It was the kind of thing one might have seen in England in the eighteen forties, but surely never in the nineteen twenties. All these people - tens of thousands of them - were genuinely indignant over a piece of injustice, and thought it natural to lose a day's wages in order to say so. It was instructive to hear the clerks (English) saying "Oh, well, you've got to hang these blasted anarchists" and to see their half-shocked surprise when one asked whether Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of the crime for which they had been condemned.³⁵

This gives some idea of how out of touch Orwell was, having spent so long in

the remote and relatively self-contained world of colonial Burma. He returned to find Europe a continent facing social and political turmoil shortly to be thrust into the great Depression. He is not prepared for the scale of the Sacco-Vanzetti controversy and he thinks such mass rallies unusual. If he had been in England he would have experienced the General Strike of 1926 and perhaps his path to Socialism would have been faster and surer - alternatively the strait-jacket of class loyalty might have impeded his progress altogether. It is also significant that he should be on the steps of the bank, talking to the English clerks - he is between two worlds at a potential interface between his country and his own class - enjoying the fruits of capitalism and imperialism - and the mass of ordinary people whose only hope lies in socialism and internationalism. Yet, at this stage he is merely looking on.

It is ironic that a writer so often hailed as so typically English and whose work is shot through with so many nostalgic references to the English countryside, should have accreted so many unforgettable experiences - some, one might almost call wounds - from other lands. Indeed when he returned from Burma, Orwell was not yet able to make sense of England. In Britain he initially looked on the working class as "the symbolic victims of injustice, playing the same part as the Burmese in Burma."

He wanted to understand poverty, unemployment and economic injustice.

But:

When I thought of poverty I thought of it in terms of brute starvation. Therefore my mind turned immediately towards the extreme cases, the social outcasts : tramps, beggars, criminals, prostitutes. These were the lowest of the low, and these were the people with whom I wanted to get in contact... Once I had been among them and accepted by them, I should have touched bottom, and - this is what I felt: I was aware even then that it was irrational - part of my guilt would drop from me.

(The Road to Wigan Pier, p. 131)

Williams sees Orwell's return to England as the point at which he departs from a pattern of life aimed at making him one of the "administrative middle class of imperialist Britain":

When this pattern was broken, in 1927, he found himself in an England where he had spent two-thirds of his life but always within institutions or, more rarely, in a family situation, which defined a particular set of social relationships. The political and cultural dominance of men with similar backgrounds and histories has been so marked, in the first half of the twentieth century in Britain, that Blair's growing-up has been commonly described as normal and orthodox. In any other terms, including those of the lives of most people in Britain, it was in important ways strange and even alien. This needs to be remembered and emphasised as we look at the next nine years of his life. For what these amounted to were the making of a new set of social relationships and the creation, in an important sense, of a new social identity. This is the critical evolution of Blair into Orwell.³⁶

Rejecting, as Williams puts it, "the system and the ideology in which he had been educated and in which he had served"³⁷, Orwell's drive to "get out of the respectable world altogether" on his return to England, was the initial spur which caused him to become one of the only writers to have "gone native in his own country." as V.S. Pritchett put it ³⁸. Williams warns against the tendency to look on Orwell as "the archetypal Englishman, the most native and English of writers", and highlights the extent to which Orwell's view of England is affected and sometimes determined by his own history:

born, educated, and taking his first job in a ruling-class network that was in some deliberate ways cut off from ordinary England; rejecting this network and setting out on his own to discover the country for himself. Similarly, many of the ways in which he values English life are affected and determined by this kind of journey. His notable attachment to what he saw as ordinary England is an act not so much of membership as of conscious affiliation.³⁹

However, Williams also sees one special advantage in Orwell's history:

he came to look at England within a knowledge of its Empire: a point of view on this insular society which was in many ways penetrating.⁴⁰

His formative years in Burma gave him a head start in this.⁴¹ His subsequent experiences in Paris, Spain and Morocco would also lend him new perspectives from which to see Britain and its Empire.

Initially Orwell's anti-imperialism had been relatively apolitical,

certainly deriving more from a humanitarian rather than a socialist viewpoint. As Crick points out:

Others beside socialists have hated imperialism, British and North American radicals for instance.⁴²

Conversely, Orwell was keenly aware that many socialists paid only lip-service to anti-colonialism and some not even that - this is one of his consistent critiques of British socialism from Burmese Days through to essays like Marrakech and Not Counting Niggers, and Nineteen Eighty Four where the rough quadrilateral of the brown skinned races is simultaneously fought over, exploited, and disregarded by all three superpowers. Orwell himself wrote:

Up to 1930 I did not on the whole look upon myself as a Socialist. In fact I had as yet no clearly defined political views. I became pro-Socialist more out of disgust with the way the poorer section of the industrial workers were oppressed and neglected than out of any theoretical admiration for a planned society.⁴³

Indeed, even in the early Thirties, Orwell used to talk of himself as a "Tory anarchist"⁴⁴ a label which he was later to apply to Swift.⁴⁵ While to some extent this may have been merely a mechanism for providing a platform from which he could disagree with the doctrinaire socialists around him, this is a description which fits deep traits in Orwell's character. Orwell was certainly conservative with a small "c"; "progress" was highly suspect and would remain so. He rails against the pairing of Socialism, "with a fat-bellied, godless conception of "progress" which revolts anyone with a feeling for tradition or the rudiments of an aesthetic sense..."⁴⁶. Yet, he acknowledges the inevitability of such progress:

You only have to look about you at this moment to realize with what sinister speed the machine is getting us into its power.[...] Even a bare-arse savage, given the chance, will learn the vices of civilization within a few months.

(The Road to Wigan Pier, pp.178-180)

Orwell's distaste for the products of the machine-age is a recurrent theme - manifested in his own life by his desire to live in the country - worked out in most detail in the tragi-comic horror of Coming Up

for Air in George Bowling's disgust at biting into a frankfurter - "a sausage that tastes of fish" - or finding the idyllic rural haunts of his youth turned into squalid suburbia⁴⁷.

It seems highly likely that Orwell was at least sympathetic to the aims of Socialism well before writing The Road to Wigan Pier, in which he at once publicly nailed his political colours to the mast and also played devil's advocate. At any rate he had come to the conclusion that traditional capitalist society had little or nothing to distinguish it or preserve it from Fascism, and only Socialism could preserve any notion of Justice and Liberty:

It is meaningless to oppose Socialism on the ground that you object to the beehive state, for the beehive state *is here*. The choice is not, as yet, between a human and an inhuman world. It is simply between Socialism and Fascism, which at its very best is Socialism with the virtues left out.

The job of the thinking person, therefore is not to reject Socialism but to make up his mind to humanize it. Once Socialism is in a way of being established, those who can see through the swindle of "progress" will probably find themselves resisting. In fact it is their special function to do so, in the machine-world they have got to be a sort of permanent opposition, which is not the same thing as being an obstructionist or a traitor. But in this I am thinking of the future. For the moment the only possible course for any decent person, however much of a Tory or an anarchist by temperament, is to work for the establishment of Socialism. Nothing else can save us from the misery of the present or the nightmare of the future. To oppose Socialism *now* when twenty million Englishmen are underfed and Fascism has conquered half Europe, is suicidal. It is like starting a civil war when the Goths are at the frontier.

(The Road to Wigan Pier, pp.192-193)

Given Orwell's experiences in Barcelona, this last statement was uncanny, if unconscious prophecy. This passage from the controversial *Part Two* of The Road to Wigan Pier is significant in that it is a statement of Orwell's political orientation - "Tory and Anarchist by temperament", Socialist by conviction but not by dogma, as Zwerdling puts it - "The Left's Loyal Opposition".⁴⁸

Orwell could no longer see the working class as simply "the symbolic victims of injustice, playing the same part as the Burmese in Burma." He wrote in the diary he kept of his trip north, that when he visited slum

housing in Barnsley from which families were about to be evicted, some of the people seemed to think he could do something to help.⁴⁹ After his years of personal hardship and poverty, the idea that Orwell was in a position where people could think he could do something to help seems to have been something of a novelty. He had moved on from the position of merely trying to expiate his own guilt. While acknowledging the difficulty of breaking down class barriers - as he wrote to Jack Common, "this business of class breaking is a bugger"⁵⁰ - he now felt that he had a more positive role to play. By writing books like The Road to Wigan Pier Orwell could do something to help those he was writing about, even if it was only bearing witness to their struggle. Whatever Gollancz's doubt about the second part of this book, it shows a social system in need of radical reform, and aims to act as a stimulus towards that. Certainly from a personal point of view, after the years of relative passivity and being something of a social outcast, Orwell had succeeded in his struggle to become at least a moderately successful writer and he now felt confident enough and stimulated enough to take on a more active role. Like Gordon Comstock in Keep the Aspidistra Flying, something was happening in his life - he was getting married and being published regularly, and when the Spanish Civil War broke out he felt this was a real opportunity to do his "bit" in the fight against Fascism.

The road from Wigan to Barcelona was surprisingly short and swift. Having travelled it Orwell could write :

I have no particular love for the idealized "worker" as he appears in the bourgeois Communist's mind, but when I see an actual flesh-and-blood worker in conflict with his natural enemy, the policeman, I do not have to ask myself which side I am on.

(Homage to Catalonia, p 119.)

Here Orwell goes on to say that the poorer classes in Barcelona looked upon the Civil Guard as something resembling the Black and Tans. Some years later he was to describe the force in which he had served for five

years, the Indian Imperial Police as: "an armed police, a sort of gendarmerie very similar to the Spanish *Guardia Civil* or the *Garde Mobile* in France."⁵¹ He had indeed come a long way from Mandalay.

If Crick felt compelled slightly to revise his categorical assertion that Orwell had come to Spain to fight not to write⁵², (of course, he certainly did write furiously in the trenches much to the inconvenience of his comrades who suffered the effects of the cigarettes of thick black tobacco which he chain-smoked in the dug-out while writing, though he never got his trench diary out of Spain)⁵³, he had succumbed to fighting remarkably swiftly. Having seen "what was happening" in Barcelona it took Orwell only two days to join the militia. The speed of his joining up with the *POUM* is reminiscent of John Cornford who visited the front with Franz Borkenau - while Borkenau went on to continue his study, Cornford joined the *POUM* militia, with the resultant disapproval from Harry Pollitt and his Communist colleagues. Alok Rai thinks there might have been:

some mysterious affinity between English literary intellectuals and *POUM*, since John Cornford also a Communist, also fought in the *POUM* militia.⁵⁴

Certainly the *POUM* was more open to foreigners and more appealing to foreigners precisely because it contained a far greater number of foreigners than say the *PSUC* militia; however most of the *POUM*'s foreign membership came from other anti-Stalinist Marxist parties like the German *SAP* and the British *ILP*. Rai also points out that:

the way Orwell tells it, it might almost be accidental that he joined the *POUM* militia [...] However, we can hardly fail to notice that Orwell's joining this relatively marginal and ultimately persecuted minority fits into an underlying pattern which recurs throughout his life.⁵⁵

There is certainly such a pattern to be detected, if one cares to detect it. However, in this case it was surely a fairly understandable combination of factors which drew Orwell to the *POUM*. Firstly, he had misgivings about the Communists long before he went out to Spain, and he was too long in the

tooth to sign up for something before he saw how the land lay. Secondly, in the years of the popular front, to take an anti-communist stance from within the left, as Orwell did, more or less ensured that you were dealing with the smaller parties. So there was a certain premeditated logic to Orwell's joining the *POUM*. Equally, there was an element of chance; Orwell was impressed by the effect the *ILP* letter to John McNair had on the Anarchist border guards; he also felt honour bound to look up McNair having been given a letter to him, so that once he had rapidly ascertained that this was "a state of affairs worth fighting for", it proved considerably easier to join the *POUM* than the International Brigade. Ironically, having joined the *POUM* militia he was to spend a considerable amount of time arguing against the *POUM* party line that the "war and the revolution were inseparable" and trying to get into the International Brigade to see more action at Madrid.

However, if Orwell had succeeded in this aim, he would not have seen the Barcelona fighting from the inside and he would not have been able to report on the Aragon front. It is also highly unlikely that the political commissars in the International Brigades would have tolerated the extent of Orwell's inevitable criticism and he may, as he says, have got "a bullet in the back for being politically unreliable". Laurie Lee's memoir, A Moment of War, gives an indication of just how this sort of thing could happen in the ranks of the International Brigade. Even if Orwell had managed to avoid the attentions of André Marty, "the butcher of Albacete", and the *SIM*, there would certainly have been a much greater chance of his being killed in action like Cornford and so many others - particularly given his almost reckless bravery in the limited action he saw on the Aragon Front - and we would not have had a Homage to Catalonia.

It is indeed hard to overstate the importance of Homage to Catalonia within the Orwell canon, in the historiography of the Spanish Civil

war, and in the wider and continuing debate on the nature of revolution and democracy, and political and intellectual freedom. As Raymond Carr comments:

The Spanish Civil War produced a spate of bad literature. Homage to Catalonia is one of the few exceptions and the reason is simple. Orwell was determined to set down the truth as he saw it. This was something that many writers of the Left in 1936-39 could not bring themselves to do.

Orwell comes back time and again in his writings on Spain to those political conditions in the late Thirties which fostered intellectual dishonesty: the subservience of the intellectuals of the European left to the Communist "line" especially, in the case of the Popular Front in Spain where, in his view, the party line could not be supported by an honest man⁵⁶.

Orwell's experience is particularly interesting in its variance from that of most of the other foreign writers who were involved in Spain. Most of these writers were either directly involved in the Communist Party like Arthur Koestler; were exalted fellow travellers like Malraux; belonged to the Communist-inspired International Brigades, like Gustav Regler; or were, like Hemingway, in a sphere of influence dominated by the Communists. Serving with the anti-Stalinist POUM, Orwell was not in Madrid but in Barcelona and on the Aragon front. His experience was different in several ways. Perhaps most importantly Orwell's exposure to Barcelona enabled him to see the Revolution as it had manifested itself in the early days - *L'illusion lyrique* which Malraux celebrates in *L'Espoir*. Orwell described the scene which greeted him thus:

The Anarchists were still in virtual control of Catalonia and the revolution was still in full swing. To anyone who had been there since the beginning it probably seemed even in December or January that the revolutionary period was ending; but when one came straight from England the aspect of Barcelona was something startling and overwhelming. It was the first time that I had ever been in a town where the working class was in the saddle. Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flag of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the hammer and sickle and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt. Churches here and there were being systematically demolished by gangs of workmen. Every shop and café had an inscription saying that it had been collectivized; even the bootblacks had been collectivized and their boxes painted red and black. Waiters and shop-walkers looked you in the face and treated you as an equal.

Servile and even ceremonial forms of speech had temporarily disappeared. Nobody said "*Señor*" or "*Don*" or even "*Usted*"; everyone called everyone else "*Comrade*" and "*Thou*", and said "*Salud*" instead of "*Buenos días*". Tipping was forbidden by law; almost my first experience was receiving a lecture from a hotel manager for trying to tip a lift-boy. There were no private motor-cars, they had all been commandeered, and all the trams and taxis and much of the other transport were painted red and black. The revolutionary posters were everywhere flaming from the walls in clean reds and blues that made the few remaining advertisements look like daubs of mud. Down the Ramblas, the wide central artery of the town where crowds of people streamed constantly to and fro, the loudspeakers were bellowing revolutionary songs all day and far into the night. And it was the aspect of the crowds that was the queerest thing of all. In outward appearance it was a town in which the wealthy classes had practically ceased to exist. Except for a small number of women and foreigners there were no "well-dressed" people at all. Practically everyone wore rough working-class clothes, or blue overalls, or some variant of the militia uniform. All this was queer and moving. There was much in it that I did not understand, in some ways I did not even like it, but I recognized it immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for.

(Homage to Catalonia, pp. 8-9)

This account of Orwell's arrival in Barcelona has become one of the most celebrated passages in the literature of the Spanish Civil War. It is also central to an understanding of Orwell's Spanish experience and his motivation. What so deeply attracted him was principally the fact that:

Above all, there was a belief in the revolution and the future, a feeling of having emerged into an era of equality and freedom. Human beings were trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.10)

While clearly a genuine reaction to a unique situation this passage echoes the accounts of other writers - including Cornford, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Cyril Connolly, and Philip Toynbee. Auden, whose own contemporary accounts of Valencia were so inappropriate⁵⁷, did not write about his experience of Barcelona until the 1950s and even then in a fairly short aside, as he explained he was:

upset by many things I saw or heard about. Some of them were described better than I could ever have done by George Orwell.⁵⁸

Cunningham justly asserts that Orwell's account of Barcelona in *Revolution* is "the most famous and powerful in this enthusiastic vein". It certainly picks

up from where Franz Borkenau left off in The Spanish Cockpit. In the section entitled "A Diary in Revolution", Borkenau recorded his surprise at getting into Spain relatively easily on the train from France and arriving in Barcelona on the 5th August just over two weeks after hostilities began:

Barcelona

11 p.m.

Again a peaceful arrival. No taxi-cabs, but instead old horse-cabs to carry us into the town. Few people in the Paseo de Colon. And, then, as we turned round the corner of the Ramblas (the chief artery of Barcelona) came a tremendous surprise: before our eyes, in a flash, unfolded itself the revolution. It was overwhelming. It was as if we had been landed on a continent different from anything I had seen before.

The first impression: armed workers, rifles on their shoulders, but wearing their civilian clothes. Perhaps 30 per cent. of the males on the Ramblas were carrying rifles, though there were no police, and no regular military in uniforms. Arms, arms and again arms. Very few of these armed proletarians wore the new dark-blue pretty militia uniforms. They sat on the benches or walked the pavement of the Ramblas, their rifles over the right shoulder, and often their girls on the left arm. They started off, in groups, to patrol out-lying districts. They stood as guards, before the entrances of hotels, administrative buildings and the larger stores...

They drove at top speed innumerable fashionable cars, which they had expropriated and covered in white paint, with the initials of their respective organizations: CNT-FAI, UGT, PSUC (United Socialist-Communist Party of Catalonia), POUM (Trotskyists), or with all these initials at once, in order to display their loyalty to the movement in general ...

The fact that all these armed men walked about, marched and drove in their ordinary clothes made the thing only more impressive as a display of the power of the factory workers. The anarchists recognizable by badges and insignia in red and black, were obviously in overwhelming numbers. And no "bourgeoisie" whatever! No more well-dressed young women and fashionable señoritos on the Ramblas! Only working men and women; no hats even! The Generalitat, by wireless, had advised people not to wear them, because it might look "bourgeois" and make a bad impression.⁵⁹

Orwell made no bones about his admiration for Borkenau's assessment of the situation in Spain and praised The Spanish Cockpit as "by a long way the ablest book that has yet appeared on the Spanish war".⁶⁰ It is interesting to see how things have changed even between Borkenau's first visit and Orwell's, but there are clear parallels between the two passages quoted above, both in general content and in particular detail. For example, Borkenau calls the Ramblas the "chief artery" of Barcelona, Orwell the "central

artery". Mayberry asserts that Orwell relied heavily on Borkenau's political analysis of the war⁶¹ though to some degree that was partly because it coincided with his own, if a little more informed. In this connection it is interesting that Orwell picks up on particular minor points made by Borkenau which emerge in strange places. For example, in Notes on the Spanish Militias, he assesses the question of whether effective training of troops in the line could be carried out, a point raised by Borkenau. Borkenau was to continue to influence Orwell's political thought, particularly after he came to England during the Second World War⁶². It is also interesting to look at the book reviews Orwell produced while writing Homage to Catalonia. These include Red Spanish Notebook by Mary Low and Juan Brea, who, as Orwell points out, were working for the POUM, "the most extreme of the revolutionary parties, since suppressed by the government". Orwell uses the review to summarise the background to the Spanish revolution, then states:

For several months large blocks of people believed that all men are equal and were able to act on their belief. The result was a feeling of liberation and hope that it is difficult to conceive in our money-tainted atmosphere. It is here that Red Spanish Notebook is valuable. By a series of intimate day-to-day pictures (generally small things: a boot-black refusing a tip, a notice in the brothels saying, "Please treat the women as comrades") it shows what human beings are like when they are trying to behave as human beings and not as cogs in the capitalist machine.⁶³

As the brief passage quoted earlier shows some of this finds its way into

Homage to Catalonia verbatim. Similarly in the review of Spanish Rehearsal by Arnold Lunn, the question of whether "the sawing off of a Conservative tradesman's legs" was a commonplace of Republican Spain reappears with other similar material such as the building of barricades with living children.⁶⁴

This somewhat symbiotic relationship between Orwell's reviews and his book at once reflects his well noted thrift and economy in the use of words and experiences and casts another light on his conception of book reviewing which he damned to Jack Common as "hack-work ... which I don't

count as writing"⁶⁵. Elsewhere he spoke of reviewing as dripping away a writer's talent, "half a pint at a time", whereas to Herbert Read he wrote :

The trouble is that if I am writing a book as I generally am I find it almost impossible to do any other creative work, but on the other hand I *like* doing reviews.⁶⁶

In this case one might see him treating the reviews rather as an artist might treat sketches while working on a painting.

In the same letter to Jack Common he also writes of the problem he is having with the book:

It seems only yesterday that nobody would print anything I wrote, and now I get letters from all quarters saying won't I write something, and except for the thing I actually have on hand I am as empty as a jug...This Spain business has upset me so that I can't write about anything else, and unfortunately, what one has to write about is not picturesque stuff but a blasted complicated story of political intrigue between a lot of cosmopolitan Communists, Anarchists etc.⁶⁷

One thing which Orwell doesn't emphasise which may perhaps have heightened his appreciation of the revolutionary scene unfolding before his eyes, was that he arrived in Barcelona on or before 26th December 1936 - such timing must have even more enhanced the strangeness of the scene. How far removed the burnt out churches and the red and black banners must have seemed from the holly and Christmas cards, how different the bustle in the streets and the blare of revolutionary songs from the carol singers and watchnight services of England. Not that Orwell had any real affinity for Christmas - once he had even attempted to spend it in prison.⁶⁸

Orwell was disappointed when he eventually realised that there were many bourgeois disguised as workers in Barcelona. He rounds off his description of the revolutionary city in Homage to Catalonia :

I believed that things were as they appeared, that this really was a workers' State and that the entire bourgeoisie had either fled, been killed, or voluntarily come over to the workers' side; I did not realize that great numbers of well-to-do bourgeois were simply lying low and disguising themselves as proletarians for the time being.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.9.)

As many Spaniards knew to their cost, how you dressed could be a matter of life or death:

It was common for well-to-do citizens to go about their business disguised as proletarians, perhaps in overalls, at any rate without collar, tie or hat. 35-year old Francisco Poyatos, a public prosecutor refused to conform: "I decided to dress even more correctly than before - stiff collar, white tie, well-cut suit - when one day in August I saw this long convoy of lorries the Mangada column [led by the eccentric Colonel Mangada, vegetarian and nudist], known as the Lions of Navalperal. The men were nearly naked, the women stripped to the waist, a dreadful sight. Afraid that they would tear me to pieces, I hid in a doorway and took my shirt off so that I was a bit more bare chested. Even magistrates and judges were trying to look as much like beggars as possible⁶⁹.

To a degree, it was not only Orwell's exposure to Barcelona and the Aragon front but his lack of exposure to the other areas of the war and the particular time in which he witnessed the events in Catalonia which make his viewpoint unique - he arrived in Catalonia when the Revolution was seemingly a *fait accompli*. One of the things which had changed by the time Orwell arrived in Republican Spain was any open manifestation of the "terror" of the early months of the war - his company spent some time at the village of Alcubierre on the way to the Aragon front:

When you had been to the Comité de Guerra and inspected the row of holes in the wall - holes made by rifle volleys, various Fascists having been executed there - you had seen all the sights that Alcubierre contained.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.19.)

It is of course highly doubtful whether all or even many of the "Fascists" executed at Alcubierre or elsewhere in the Republican zone were "Fascists" in any meaningful sense. In many areas, for every member of the *Falange* several bourgeois conservatives or religious minded people were killed.

As Thomas writes:

All who could conceivably be suspected of sympathy for the nationalist rising were in danger. As among the nationalists, the irrational circumstances of a civil war made it impossible to lay down what was or what was not treason. The worthy died, the unworthy often lived. In East Andalusia, lorries manned by the CNT drove into villages and ordered mayors to hand over their fascists. The mayors had often to say that they had all fled but the terrorists would often hear from informers which of the better off people were still there, arrest them and shoot them in a nearby ravine. In many cases, the dead were peasant farmers denounced by those who owed them money. Support for the CEDA or membership of the old Catalan constabulary, in the time of Martinez Anido, the Somaten, was enough to be shot in Sitges (Barcelona). To have been a member of the Falange was almost everywhere fatal, even though many escaped through the neglect or repentance of their captors.

Of course the blood-letting on the nationalist side was at least as brutal and certainly more thorough, as it was an integral part of the rebel generals' military strategy to avoid any troublesome rearguard actions. Thomas quotes Mola's instructions to mayors in Navarre on the 19th July :

It is necessary to spread an atmosphere of terror. We have to create the impression of mastery... Anyone who is overtly or secretly a supporter of the Popular Front must be shot.

The wholesale blood-letting gave rise to the concept of geographical loyalty so evident in the Spanish Civil war - and produced many confusing oddities. In the Nationalist zone, there were many "New shirts", those who joined the *Falange* after the outbreak of the war, often partly to divert attention from previous leftist or anarchist affiliations, so much so that the *Falange* became known as the *FAI-lange*, while other new shirts simply sought power and were attracted by the violence. It was almost always the *Falange*, and almost always the new shirts among them, who played the leading role in executing perceived opponents of Franco - anyone who had a union card, or who could be denounced as anti-clerical. If anything party groupings on the Republican side were more concerned with their own position and often welcomed support from rather dubious quarters. The CNT and the other Anarchist groups as well as the POUM had a relatively open door policy which infuriated the Socialists and Communists who claimed that many Fascists traded in their blue shirts for

red and black scarves. The Communists in turn capitalised on the fear amongst the urban middle classes and the small peasants, and cultivated the perception of their stance on winning the war before any talk of revolution and their association with the supply of weapons from Russia to enlist support from many who were amongst the most moderate republicans or even wholly apolitical.

In a way, the two descriptions of Barcelona by Borkenau and Orwell reveal the relative naivety or wishful thinking in Orwell. Borkenau is struck by the revolutionary atmosphere - particularly by comparing it with the previous faces of Barcelona - "No more well-dressed young women and fashionable señoritos on the Ramblas!" Orwell knows little or nothing of Barcelona except the Revolution. More significantly, Orwell sounds rather bitter about those who turned revolutionary "to save their skins" partly because they deceived him, partly because he hated hypocrisy in any form :

When I first reached Barcelona I had thought it a town where class distinctions and great differences of wealth hardly existed. Certainly that was what it looked like. "Smart " clothes were an abnormality, nobody cringed or took tips, waiters and flower-women and boot-blacks looked you in the eye and called you "comrade". I had not grasped that this was mainly a mixture of hope and camouflage. The working class believed in a revolution that had begun but never consolidated, and the bourgeoisie were scared and temporarily disguising themselves as workers. In the first months of the Revolution there must have been many thousands of people who deliberately put on overalls and shouted revolutionary slogans as a way of saving their skins.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.110.)

To a degree, this again reflects the fact that Orwell was not a witness of the terror in the Republican zone - at any rate the pre-Communist revolutionary terror. It is hard to imagine that if Orwell had witnessed the arbitrary nature of the Republican terror, or had been more aware of the complexity of Spanish society, he would have been so sanguine about the revolution. The contrast here is with his understanding of the British social class system and his awareness of the complex reality of British society which really refuses to be forced into the pigeonholes of Marxist dialectics:

Ideally, the worst type of slum landlord is a fat wicked man preferably a bishop, who is drawing an immense income from extortionate rents.

Actually, it is a poor old woman who has invested her life savings in three slum houses, inhabits one of them, and tries to live on the rent of the other two - never in consequence, having any money for repairs.

(The Road to Wigan Pier, p. 50)

As he himself became acutely aware, Orwell had initially only a vague notion of the complexity of the Spanish conflict and in particular of the inter-party antagonisms on the Republican side. As he says, the revolutionary atmosphere of Barcelona had attracted him deeply but "he had made no attempt to understand it", indeed he had had very little time in which to do so having joined the *POUM* militia two days after he arrived in Barcelona. He had spent a week in barracks "training" (in fact Orwell seems to have actually done most of the training of the raw recruits in his *centuria* himself⁷²) and then he was at the front until his first leave and the *May Days*. While Orwell thought that it looked at first sight as if Spain were suffering from "a plague of initials", he goes on to confess:

I did not realize that there were serious differences between the political parties. At Monte Pocero, when they pointed to the position on our left and said: "Those are the Socialists" (meaning the P.S.U.C.), I was puzzled and said: "Aren't we all Socialists?"

(Homage to Catalonia, p.47.)

At times the rivalry between different militias could be bitter - Borkenau records a *POUM* section killing two *PSUC* drivers on a slim suspicion that they might be spies or deserters. However, it has to be said that as a former key member of the Comintern, if disaffected, Borkenau was considerably more anti-*POUM* - considering the *POUM* to be at least quasi-Trotskyist - than anti-Communist.⁷³

Orwell was taken by surprise at the kind of war he found when he first arrived at the line. At least there was a front now, unlike when Borkenau had visited, but he could scarcely believe how far away the enemy trenches were; one can almost feel Orwell's dismay from this passage:

In front of the trench was the barbed wire, and then the hillside slid down into a seemingly bottomless ravine; opposite were naked hills, in places mere cliffs of rock, all grey and wintry, with no life anywhere not even a bird. I peered cautiously through a loophole, trying to find the Fascist trench.

"Where are the enemy?"

Benjamin waved his hand expansively. "Over zere."
(Benjamin spoke English - terrible English.)

"But where?"

According to my ideas of trench warfare the Fascists would be fifty or a hundred yards away. I could see nothing - seemingly their trenches were very well concealed. Then with a shock of dismay I saw where Benjamin was pointing; on the opposite hill-top beyond the ravine, seven hundred metres away at the very least, the tiny outline of a parapet and a red-and-yellow flag - the Fascist position. I was indescribably disappointed. We were nowhere near them!

(Homage to Catalonia, pp. 23-24)

"Benjamin" was to remember this half a century later⁷⁴. Indeed most volunteers seem to have thought about the war in terms of the static trench warfare of 1914-18, but this wasn't really what it was like at all. International Brigaders who fought at Jarama and the Ebro found it more like the Wild West.⁷⁵ Indeed the Aragon front was one of the few places where the line was fixed for over a year. Yet in terms of the war as a whole the Aragon front was something of a backwater, partly because the Nationalists were pressurising Madrid, and partly because of the desire of the Communists and the Republican government to keep weapons out of the hands of the Anarchists. "To take Saragossa, we must first take Barcelona", was a favourite tenet of the Madrid Communists. Inactivity tended to breed inactivity - individual militias were not keen to take heavy casualties and become depleted. The lack of military hardware meant that only costly full frontal assaults on the naturally defensive positions could be launched. On the whole section of the front where Orwell was initially stationed the only artillery was four trench mortars, with fifteen rounds apiece, so precious that they were kept behind the lines in Alcubierre. The militiamen had little in the way of personal equipment; rifles and cartridges were often antiquated or defective and they

didn't even have "tin hats". As Orwell puts it, "even a public school's OTC resembled a modern army more than the POUM Militia". Yet, the first, mainly Spanish, centuria Orwell was with at Monte Pocero bore some resemblance to an OTC in that the average age was "well under twenty". Orwell didn't think that there was any boy under fifteen there, but he knew of "children as young as eleven or twelve, usually refugees from Fascist territory who had been enlisted as militiamen as the easiest way of providing for them".⁷⁵ The young boys could not stand the lack of sleep:

At the beginning it was almost impossible to keep our positions guarded at night. The wretched children of my section could only be roused by dragging them out of their dug-outs feet foremost, and as soon as your back was turned they left their posts and slipped into shelter; or they would even in spite of the frightful cold, lean up against the wall of the trench and fall fast asleep. Luckily the enemy were very unenterprising. There were nights when it seemed to me that our position could be stormed by twenty Boy Scouts armed with airguns, or twenty Girl Guides armed with battledores, for that matter.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 28)

The inertia and stalemate partly inspired a lack of will to create casualties even on the other side. In Malraux's L'Espoir - Hernandez talks of the seige of the Alcazar and tells Garcia that the air doesn't smell of the enemy any more:

"In fact if we took drastic steps just now, we'd feel like murderers. Ever been on the Saragossa front?...When you fly over Saragossa, you see the country all around pitted with shell-holes. The strategic points - barracks and so forth - are hit ten times less than the open country. Why? It isn't just bad aiming or cowardice. But it's quicker work getting a civil war afoot than getting men to hate each other all the time. Duty is duty, I grant you, and those shell-craters round Saragossa don't give me any pleasure to see. Only... I'm Spanish - and I can understand."

(L'Espoir, p.120)

Orwell, normally a fairly implacable opponent, had his own experience of the difficulty of hating the enemy when, having gone out to snipe at the enemy trench, he found himself unable to shoot a man who jumped out of the trench and ran along the parapet in full view:

I did not shoot partly because of that detail about the trousers. I had come here to shoot at "Fascists"; but a man who is holding up his

trousers isn't a "Fascist", he is visibly a fellow creature, similar to yourself, and you don't feel like shooting him."

("Looking Back on the Spanish War"⁷⁷)

Again geographical loyalty, and particularly the fact that Franco's forces were largely conscripts, ensured that there were many fighting on either side who had misgivings about what they were fighting for; unlike the foreign volunteers, the Spaniards didn't have a choice. Another aspect which initially shocked Orwell was the trench propaganda which he encountered when he moved from Monte Pocero, where the trenches had been so disappointingly⁷⁸ far apart, to Monte Oscuro:

on this front and at this period of the war the real weapon was not the rifle but the megaphone...in the party militias the shouting of propaganda to undermine the enemy morale had been developed into a regular technique. In every suitable position men, usually machine-gunners, were told off for shouting-duty and provided with megaphones. Generally they shouted a set-piece, full of revolutionary sentiments which explained to the Fascist soldiers that they were merely the hirelings of international capitalism, that they were fighting against their own class ,etc, etc., and urged them to come over to our side. This was repeated over and over by relays of men; sometimes it continued almost the whole night. There is very little doubt that it had its effect; everyone agreed that the trickle of Fascist deserters was partly caused by it. if one comes to think of it, when some poor devil of a sentry - very likely a Socialist or an Anarchist trade union member who has been conscripted against his will - is freezing at his post the slogan "Don't fight against your own class!" ringing again and again through the darkness is bound to make an impression on him. It might make just the difference between deserting and not deserting. Of course such a proceeding does not fit in with the English conception of war. I admit I was amazed and scandalized when I first saw it done. The idea of trying to convert your enemy instead of shooting him! I now think that from any point of view it was a legitimate manoeuvre. In ordinary trench warfare, when there is no artillery it is extremely difficult to inflict casualties on the enemy without receiving an equal number yourself. If you can immobilize a certain number of men by making them desert, so much the better; deserters are actually more useful than corpses, because they can give information. But at the beginning it dismayed all of us; it made us feel that the Spaniards were not taking this war of theirs sufficiently seriously. The man who did the shouting at the PSUC post down on our right was an artist at the job. Sometimes, instead of shouting revolutionary slogans he simply told the Fascist how much better we were fed than they were. His account of the Government rations was apt to be a little imaginative. "Buttered toast!" - you could here his voice echoing across the lonely valley - "We're just sitting down to buttered toast over here! Lovely slices of buttered toast!" I do not doubt that, like the rest of us , he had not seen butter for weeks or months past, but in the icy night the news of buttered toast probably sent many a Fascist's mouth watering. It even made mine

water, though I knew he was lying.

(Homage to Catalonia, pp. 42-43)

There were very few deserters from the militia who were all volunteers, though as Orwell remarked some boys had been "volunteered" so that their families could get bread. While Orwell had "British Army ideas" he was surprised at the extent to which "revolutionary" discipline in the militias worked:

They had attempted to produce within the militias a sort of temporary working model of the classless society. Of course there was no perfect equality, but there was a nearer approach to it than I have ever seen or than I would have thought conceivable in time of war.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.29)

Orwell saw for himself that it did "'work" in the long run" and improved as time went on:

In January the job of keeping a dozen raw recruits up to the mark almost turned my hair grey. In May for a short while I was acting-lieutenant in command of about thirty men, English and Spanish. We had all been under fire for months, and I never had the slightest difficulty in getting an order obeyed or in getting men to volunteer for a dangerous job.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.30)

The Spanish militia seemed to suit Orwell particularly well. Only in Spain and only in a revolutionary militia like the *POUM* could Orwell gain ascendancy over the bunch of young raw recruits he was initially enlisted with by a combination of his military experience from his school's OTC and his years as an Imperial Police officer, and his familiarity with the roughest red wines from his sojourn as a *plongeur* in Paris which enabled him to outdrink the young Catalans, and thus gain their respect. Three days after Orwell enlisted, McNair went round to the Lenin barracks to see how he was getting on:

there was George forcing about fifty young enthusiastic but undisciplined Catalonians to learn the rudiments of military drill. He made them run and jump, taught them to form threes, showed them how to use the only rifle available, an old Mauser, by taking it to pieces and explaining it. Gone was the drawling ex-Etonian, in his place was an ardent young man of action in complete control of the situation. When the two hours drill was over he chased the lads off to the bathing pool, jumped in first himself and they all followed him.⁷⁹

As Crick says, "Orwell was in his element". He had, "breathed the air of equality". For one thing, as Cunningham notes:

the insignia of class that demarcated one so irrefutably at home meant little or nothing to the Spanish proletariat or to other foreign volunteers. Old Etonian tones didn't offend many ears amid the polyglot babble of the Internationals. And this is clearly why the Italian soldier with whom Homage to Catalonia begins(and who is celebrated in the poem "The Italian soldier shook my hand") mattered so much to Orwell: he symbolized acceptance, in a common proletarian cause, of a kind Orwell had never found before.⁸⁰

Of course the bulk of the troops Orwell was with were Spanish or British. Indeed, John McNair recorded how his hackles were put up by Orwell's accent and manner when he first met him, though he soon got over this when he realised Orwell was in Spain to fight.

The *ILP* contingent were predominantly working class, coming from all over Britain, but they could doubtless tell Orwell's accent was an upper class accent even if they couldn't place it as Etonian. However, they were generally well politically educated and appreciated that they were all in the same boat. Besides this, Orwell had already been in the line for nearly a month before the British contingent arrived.

Shelden points out that Orwell was not quite as anonymous in the *POUM* militia as he makes out in Homage to Catalonia; he was featured in The Spanish Revolution, the English weekly paper of the *POUM* which was distributed internationally, under the headline "British Author with the Militia" and identified as Eric Blair, a "well-known British author whose work is so much appreciated in all left-wing circles of thought"⁸¹. Orwell - who had, of

course, enlisted under his own name Eric Blair - was also mentioned in the *ILP* newspaper, the New Leader, though not as a writer, but in dispatches. In an article written by the company commander Bob Edwards - Orwell is described as :

a fine type of Englishman, 6ft 3in. in height, a good shot, a cool customer, completely without fear. I know this because we have on numerous occasions crept over the parapet and have managed to get very close to the Fascist lines.⁸²

However, Edwards, who was company commander only by virtue of having been made an honorary colonel in the Red Army on a trip to Moscow, seems to have been rather envious of Orwell's military training and bravery, and argued with him over his desire to go to Madrid. He accused Orwell of merely wanting to get more material for a book and called him, a "bloody scribbler". As Crick tells us, "Others remember his exact words as "a bloody middle class little scribe"⁸³". Significantly, by the time Orwell received a more substantial mention in the New Leader for his part in the night attack on Huesca, Edwards was back in England - although a large photograph of him appeared at the top of the article identifying him as "Leader of the *ILP* contingent."⁸⁴ However, in Edwards's absence, Orwell was elected to replace him.

Orwell spent longer than any of the British contingent in the line before getting leave - at the time he thought the 115 days he'd spent there "one of the most futile of my life". But in retrospect, he "did not altogether regret it":

I wish, indeed, that I could have served the Spanish Government a little more effectively; but from a personal point of view - from the point of view of my own development - those first three or four months that I spent in the line were less futile than I then thought. They formed a kind of interregnum in my life, quite different from anything that had gone before and perhaps from anything that is to come, and they taught me things I could not have learned in any other way.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.101)

Isolated at the front, Orwell had:

dropped more or less by chance into the only community of any size in Western Europe where political consciousness and disbelief in capitalism were more normal than their opposites. Up here in Aragon one was among tens of thousands of people, mainly though not entirely of working class origin, all living at the same level and mingling on terms of equality. In theory it was perfect equality, and even in practice it was not far from it.[...] The ordinary class-division of society had disappeared to an extent that is almost unthinkable in the money-tainted atmosphere of England; there was no one there except the peasants and ourselves and no one owned anyone else as his master...However much one cursed at the time, one realized afterwards that one had been in contact with something strange and valuable. One had been in a community where hope was more normal than apathy or cynicism, where the word "comrade" stood for comradeship, and not as in most countries, for humbug. One had breathed the air of equality.[...] For the Spanish militias, while they lasted, were a sort of microcosm of a classless society. In that community where no one was on the make, where there was a shortage of everything but no privilege and no boot-licking, one got, perhaps, a crude forecast of what the opening stages of Socialism might be like. And after all, instead of disillusioning me it deeply attracted me. The effect was to make my desire to see Socialism established much more actual than it had been before. Partly, perhaps, this was due to the good luck of being among Spaniards, who, with their innate decency and their ever present anarchist tinge, would make even the opening stages of Socialism tolerable if they had the chance.

(Homage to Catalonia, pp.101-103)

Here of course is a distinct amelioration of Orwell's view that Socialism is a necessary evil - indeed it was as Benson puts it "the elevated moral quality" which Orwell discovered among the Spaniards which greatly reassured him. Orwell's politics are deeply bound up with morality - his friend Richard Rees once commented that he couldn't blow his nose without moralising on the conditions of handkerchief makers. Several critics - ranging from George Woodcock, Alan Sandison, and Patrick Reilly to Alok Rai - have noted the affinity Orwell has with fairly traditional liberal-christian moralists scrutinising their faith. Patrick Reilly likens Orwell's role in challenging

"the intellectual legatees of Christianity, whether liberal, humanist or socialist"⁸⁵, to the radical and uncompromising manner in which Nietzsche lay down the gauntlet to Christian thinkers. Reilly confirms Orwell's suitability as Nietzsche's counterpart:

He was superbly equipped for this role by virtue of his self-proclaimed, highly developed capacity for honesty, his reiterated insistence that straight thinking is the one thing needful, his refusal to found the Just City on a lie, however pious. In him the old Christian devotion to truth is trained relentlessly upon Christianity's chief doctrinal supplanter, explaining why his work is so offensively, scandalously subversive to the orthodox Left.⁸⁶

Hence, perhaps the most significant aspect of his whole Spanish experience was his recognition of the compatibility of Socialism and morality, and the dishonesty of politics, propaganda and Soviet Communism. Of course as Patrick Reilly points out, Orwell's position defies categorisation:

Denouncing the false socialism which did exist, he nevertheless continued to revere the visionary hope which had, at best, bloomed briefly for a tragically truncated interval in early revolutionary Barcelona. Orwell saw through the lie of progress without becoming either Conrad's Kurtz or the Benjamin of Animal Farm - he avoided both atrocity and cynicism.⁸⁷

Certainly Homage to Catalonia, like almost all of Orwell's work, has a political intent. John Wain has identified Orwell as a writer of polemic:

as *polemic* his work is never anything less than magnificent; and the virtues which the polemic kind demands - urgency, incisiveness, clarity and humour - he possessed in exactly the right combination.⁸⁸

While Crick comments:

Each of Orwell's documentary books and his essay or story "Such, Such Were the Joys" have posed a problem for the biographer. As with "Shooting an Elephant" and "A Hanging", they are a compound of fact and fiction, honest in intent, true to experience but not necessarily truthful in detail. Down and Out was far from a literal record of "what actually happened", and The Road to Wigan Pier was less a straight documentary than often supposed. Homage to Catalonia is, however closer to a literal record than anything he wrote; for in order to controvert the many existing false accounts (he was not breaking new ground, only in the way he wrote) he had to get the facts right and give himself no artistic licence. It poses no general problems of genre, only lesser problems of some particular questionable judgements; and while he warns his readers that Catalonia was not the whole of Republican Spain, he did not always take his own advice...the purpose of the book, to expose Communist folly and wickedness and to cry the conscience of

mankind to save the Republic, demanded that nothing in it could be faulted as fact, even if it was also "art". The names he gave of his comrades in the line and back in Barcelona are real names, and survivors have confirmed all of the main incidents he describes, whether of trench warfare or street-fighting.⁸⁹

Even so, Lynette Hunter has put the complexity of Orwell's supposedly simple style into focus, pointing out the presence of a considerable degree of narrative and rhetorical strategy, a lot of literary craft in even the most documentary of his works. Homage to Catalonia is no exception.⁹⁰ From the meeting with Italian soldier in the Lenin Barracks onwards, the story is carefully unfolded in just such a manner to show us Orwell's point of view when these events were happening to him, sometimes with a sense of dramatic irony, so that the reader can at once trace and live through the mental processes Orwell was going through and at the same time is left in no doubt about the political context and the rights and wrongs of it. Hunter asserts that Orwell's rhetorical stance is:

based on two differing narratorial voices - the movement from optimistic fervour to criticism alerts the reader to a duality of naïve commitment yet clear detachment in the narrative. The duality is primarily one of chronological difference. There are two narrative voices, the earlier, immediately experiencing voice of the past, and the older, more reflective voice of the present.⁹¹

Certainly in Homage to Catalonia, Orwell was trying to fuse several elements into a coherent whole. Possibly the most difficult problem was how to put across the hard politico-historical information essential to an understanding of his interpretation of events - indeed, this was one of his prime aims in writing the book. Orwell's solution was to intersperse the politics and history throughout the book with the biographical "action".⁹² In Chapter 5 when Orwell commences his account of how at the beginning of the war he had ignored the political side, yet found that it forced its way into his attention, he writes:

If you are not interested in the horrors of party politics, please skip; I am trying to keep the political parts of this narrative in separate chapters for precisely that purpose. But at the same time it would be quite impossible to write about the Spanish war from a purely military angle, it was above all things a political war. No event in it, at any rate during the first year, is intelligible unless one has some grasp of the inter-party struggle that was going on behind government lines.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.46.)

Indeed it would be hard to skip after reading that. This is reminiscent on the one hand of Scott's presentation of political history in Waverley, and on the other of the moralistic introductory chapters in Fielding's Tom Jones which are seemingly disposable but ultimately central to the book.⁹³ While Orwell's opposition to fascist and communist totalitarianism was unwavering, Patrick Reilly points to another similarity with Scott in trying to understand and present both sides of the argument:

Understanding promotes tolerance. Like Scott before him, Orwell seeks to reconcile hitherto antagonistic extremes, to harmonise cultural and class antipathies, to dispel enmity and further co-existence. In novels such as Waverley and Old Mortality, in short stories such as "The Two Drovers", Scott tries to explain what was formerly darkly repugnant, to construct a series of catwalks connecting hostile forces, to build bridges for adversaries who would otherwise meet only to slaughter. Orwell's innovation is to apply the strategy to class conflict, though here, too, Scott anticipates him.⁹⁴

There are also marked similarities in artistic intention and temperament between Orwell and Fielding, not least their mutual concern with the abuse and decline of language and the loss of the referent.

The depth of the propaganda on both sides astonished Orwell as he wrote in Looking Back in the Spanish War:

Early in my life I have noticed that no event is ever correctly reported in a newspaper, but in Spain, for the first time, I saw newspaper reports which did not bear any relation to the facts, not even the relationship which is implied in an ordinary lie. I saw great battles reported where there had been no fighting, and complete silence where hundreds of men had been killed.[...]
This kind of thing is very frightening to me because it gives me the feeling that the very concept of objective truth is fading out of the world.⁹⁵

Homage to Catalonia is in essence a counterblast to this worrying tendency, the facts as Orwell perceived them are all there, nothing is concealed, but

that is not to say that he does not take care to arrange these facts as carefully as a skilled barrister puts forward his evidence in order to press home his case. As Patrick Reilly notes:

Given, however, Orwell's assumption that we are all biased, the man who calls attention to his own prejudice is as near to honesty as being human allows. Orwell denies the possibility of a serious book on the Spanish War which is not also a work of propaganda, for no privileged, objective observer sits serenely above the battle. (*Homage*, p.153; CEJL, I, 26; III, 109-10). Since everyone is partisan, everyone should be openly so - that's honesty. The honesty of *Homage to Catalonia* is thus paradoxically linked to the frank admission of its "dishonesty", its refusal to pose as objective history when it is really an ideological warrior...

A good example of the depth of Orwell's narrative strategy in *Homage to Catalonia* is the transition between Chapters Eight and Nine. Chapter Eight has the discussion partially quoted above of the unique attractiveness of the "microcosm" of the Aragon militias and the hopeful message they manifested to Orwell. It ends on a more quotidian note with Orwell desperately looking forward to some leave:

On 25 April, after the usual mañanas, another section relieved us and we handed over our rifles, packed our kits, and marched to Monflorite. I was not sorry to leave the line. The lice were multiplying in my trousers far faster than I could massacre them, for a month past I had had no socks and my boots had very little sole left, so that I was walking more or less barefoot. I wanted a hot bath clean clothes, and a night between sheets more passionately than it is possible to want anything when one has been living a normal civilized life. We slept a few hours in a barn in Montflorite, [this serves as a sort of concrete re-emphasis of the abnormality of the life in the trenches and hence Orwell's understandable anticipation of a rest and civilization] jumped a lorry in the small hours, caught the five o'clock train at Barbastro, and - having the luck to connect with a fast train at Lerida - were in Barcelona by three o'clock on the 26th. And after that the trouble began.

(*Homage to Catalonia*, p.104-105.)

Having outlined the rigours of the journey, with detailed emphasis on the times of the trains - from which one can work out that even catching the "fast train" the train journey alone took ten hours - the last sentence skilfully undercuts the expectations raised by the surmounted difficulties of the journey and the attainment of much awaited leave after the long months

of trench warfare and Orwell's understandable anticipation of a rest. It then prepares us for the next chapter in which presumably we'll find out about "the trouble" - as Orwell's involvement in the street fighting in Barcelona has already been mentioned, the assumption is that it will be an account of this. However, Chapter Nine begins :

From Mandalay, in Upper Burma, you can travel by train to Maymyo, the principal hill-station of the province, on the edge of the Shan plateau. It is rather a queer experience. You start off in the typical atmosphere of an eastern city - the scorching sunlight, the dusty palms, the smells of fish and spices and garlic, the squashy tropical fruits, the swarming dark-faced human beings - and because you are so used to it you carry this atmosphere intact so to speak, in your railway carriage. Mentally you are still in Mandalay when the train stops at Maymyo, four thousand feet above sea-level. But in stepping out of the carriage you step into a different hemisphere. Suddenly you are breathing cool sweet air that might be that of England, and all around you are green grass, bracken, fir-trees, and hill-women with pink cheeks selling baskets of strawberries.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 105.)

A Kiplingesque resonance seems unavoidable in using the name "Mandalay" - at least to Western anglophones - and Orwell seems to have been fond of making it; as we have seen, he starts the Second Part of the Road to Wigan Pier with a mention of Mandalay. While this apparent *non sequitur*, a shift of scene from Spain to Burma, slows down the action, placing the events to come in context, and incidentally keeps up the suspense, perhaps on a wider, yet more personal, note it also reminds the reader of Orwell's previous experiences and sets us up to watch as carefully as Orwell for signs of the trouble beginning. More directly it is a parallel journey. He continues:

Getting back to Barcelona, after three and a half months at the front, reminded me of this. There was the same abrupt and startling change of atmosphere. In the train all the way to Barcelona, the atmosphere at the front persisted; the dirt, the noise, the discomfort, the ragged clothes the feeling of privation, comradeship and equality. The train, already full of militiamen when it left Barbastro, was invaded by more and more peasants at every station on the line; peasants with bundles of vegetables, with terrified fowl which they carried head-downwards, with sacks which looped and writhed all over the floor and were discovered to be full of live rabbits - finally with a quite considerable flock of sheep which were driven into the compartments and wedged into every empty space. The militia-men shouted revolutionary songs

which drowned the rattle of the train and kissed their hands or waved red and black handkerchiefs to every pretty girl along the line. Bottles of wine and of anis, the filthy Aragonese liqueur, travelled from hand to hand. With the spanish goat-skin water-bottles you can squirt a jet of wine right across a railway carriage into your friend's mouth, which saves a lot of trouble. Next to me a black eyed boy of fifteen was recounting sensational and, I do not doubt, completely untrue stories of his own exploits at the front to two old leather-faced peasants who listened open-mouthed. Presently the peasants undid their bundles and gave us some sticky dark-red wine. Everyone was profoundly happy, more happy than I can convey. But when the train had rolled through Sabadell and into Barcelona, we stepped into an atmosphere that was scarcely less alien and hostile to us and our kind than if this had been Paris or London.

(Homage to Catalonia, pp.105-106)

It is significant that Orwell chooses Paris or London, the democratic capitals, rather than say Rome or Berlin - partly to emphasise the difference in him and the real nature of the Revolution and its necessary opposition to Capitalism, partly also because whereas sartorial matters had been pretty well down the list at the front, being ragged in Barcelona felt rather like being "Down and Out in Paris and London".

Orwell was mystified and disappointed at the changes in Barcelona:

Once again it was an ordinary city, a little pinched and chipped by war, but with no outward signs of working class predominance.

The change in the aspects of the crowds was startling. The militia uniform and the blue overalls had almost disappeared; everyone seemed to be wearing the smart summer suits in which Spanish tailors specialise. Fat prosperous men, elegant women, and sleek cars were everywhere.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 106)

Orwell particularly noted the presence of many officers of the new Popular Army, who all had automatic pistols strapped to their belts - "we at the front, could not get pistols for love or money" - their elegant khaki uniform with a tight waist, "like a British Army officer's uniform, only a little more so"⁹⁷, contrasted sharply with the dirty tatters Orwell and his comrades wore. Rather ironically, in that he had at last got his own clothes into such a state by legitimate means rather than the elaborately obtained disguises of his tramping days, Orwell was:

conscious of looking like a scarecrow. My leather jacket was in tatters, my woollen cap had lost its shape and slid perpetually over one eye, my boots consisted of very little beyond splayed out uppers. All of us were in more or less the same state, and in addition we were dirty and unshaven, so it was no wonder the people stared. But it dismayed me a little, and brought it home to me that some queer things had been happening in the last three months.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 107)

He compared Borkenau's experience of two visits to Barcelona with his own, though without mentioning him by name:

Everyone who has made two visits, at intervals of months to Barcelona during the war has remarked upon the extraordinary changes that took place in it. And curiously enough, whether they went there first in August and again in January [like Borkenau], or like myself, first in December and again in April, the thing they said was always the same: that the revolutionary atmosphere had vanished. No doubt to anyone who had been there in August, when the blood was scarcely dry in the streets and militia were quartered in the smart hotels, Barcelona in December would have seemed bourgeois; to me fresh from England, it was liker to a worker's city than anything I had conceived possible.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 106)

The change in the Hotel Continental is noted by Borkenau as a specific illustration of the changes in attitude between his two visits:

The Hotel Continental, where I had stayed in August, one of the few journalists among a large crowd of billeted militia, had entirely resumed its pre-revolutionary aspect. The militia had been removed, the rooms were full of paying and fairly well-dressed guests, and business in this particular hotel seemed to be excellent.⁹⁸

This must have made a deep impression on Orwell as this was where his wife was staying and from where he had had such a narrow escape.

Again, Orwell follows Borkenau in noting the lack of interest in the war and in ascribing the lack of enthusiasm for it to the Republican Government's rolling back the Revolution. It was also a result of the sheer distance between Barcelona and the front which:

had come to be thought of as a mythical far-off place to which young men disappeared and either did not return or returned after three or four months with vast sums of money in their pockets (a militiaman usually received his back pay when he went on leave)...To be in the militia was no longer fashionable.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 108-109)

Most disappointingly to this former dishwasher, servility was returning in

shops and restaurants.

Orwell had been seriously considering joining the International Brigade as a necessary first step to getting to Madrid - although as he states his personal preference would have been to join an anarchist militia. However, he wanted to make the most of his leave, and so he was still in Barcelona and still in the *POUM* militia when the fighting broke out. Rather like a re-run of the lead up to the General's revolt, there had been tit-for-tat killings, shows of force and growing tension - to the extent that on the 1st of May:

Barcelona, the so-called revolutionary city was probably the only city in non-Fascist Europe that had no celebrations that day.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 116)

The anticipated fighting wasn't long in starting. It was triggered by an attack on the main telephone exchange led by the Communist police commissioner Rodireguez Salas. The *POUM* leaders resisted calls from their militants and militant anarchists, "The Friends of Durrutti" to take the lead in what was, at least on the Anarchist side, really a spontaneous outbreak and was largely resistance to the communist-led police corps and *PSUC* members. However, it was the *POUM* who eventually took the blame as Orwell discovered to his cost. The May fighting broke the power of the *CNT* and the anarchists and effectively ended the autonomy of Catalonia - both desired outcomes of the *PSUC* Communists. From a Stalinist point of view, the dissolution of the *POUM* - perpetual critics of communist policies who never ceased to try to spread the truth about the Moscow trials - was if anything an even sweeter victory.

Orwell has been taken to task on many occasions for his apparent naivety in writing of the Barcelona fighting and the subsequent suppression of the *POUM*. In the late 1960s, Kingsley Martin remained unrepentant about refusing to publish Orwell's articles on Spain on the rather questionable

grounds that :

nearly all the papers were full of attacks on Negrín, the humane and liberal Prime Minister, and I objected to adding my venom for much the same reasons as I should have hesitated about doing propaganda for Goebbels in the war against Germany.⁹⁹

Herbert Matthews thought that Orwell had written Homage to Catalonia:

in a white heat about a confused, unimportant, and obscure incident in the Spanish Civil War... If people read it for its literary value, they will have a rewarding experience. If they read it as history they will be either misled or confused. Orwell went to Spain thoroughly ignorant of politics; he came away still ignorant, but with one priceless piece of wisdom - that communism is a counter-revolutionary movement. Unfortunately, for today's readers, he reached this valid conclusion from false premisses.¹⁰⁰

Essentially, Matthews's argument is that because Orwell had no overview of the war or of the *POUM*'s position, he could not correctly interpret what he had seen:

He was a passionate rebel at heart who was convinced victory could be attained only by a working-class revolution against feudalism, reaction and conservatism. In fact, it was a civil war with profound and explosive international ramifications; he wanted to fight it as an internal class struggle.

From the beginning Orwell was doomed, and anyone who knew what was at stake and what problems were involved could have told him so the day he appeared in Barcelona.

... Orwell put the *POUM* programme into one sentence - and thereby inadvertently condemned it: "The war and the revolution are inseparable". The fact was that the war - that is victory in the war - and the revolution were incompatible. The Loyalists were losing the war because of the revolution. The great popular uprisings of the early months... had saved the Republic. However, by the time Orwell reached Barcelona the vital need was for unity, discipline and efficiency."¹⁰¹

Matthews takes the view that the Communist ascendancy was advantageous for Spain:

because the Communists were the best soldiers, the best administrators, and - this was a paramount consideration - because they were out to win the war first and worry about the revolution afterward, if at all. There was no use saying then, or now, that they were wrong because their motives were crooked and their final aims evil.... Which did not alter the fact that Communist tactics were probably right during the war.¹⁰²

Matthews feels that Orwell overemphasised Communist control of the Government. However, in his analysis Matthews underestimates the control

and influence the Communists wielded and the extent to which it infiltrated the Government, the Catalan Government and the armed forces.¹⁰³ He talks of the May fighting as:

a quarrel arising from a misunderstanding between the central authorities and the Anarchists. The powerful P.S.U.C. immediately jumped to the government side and the puny P.O.U.M. got itself involved on the Anarchist side. Within three days at least four hundred and perhaps twice that many people were killed, which made it one of the most sanguinary cases of street fighting in history. It ended when the government sent in detachments of soldiers to restore and maintain order.¹⁰⁴

As we have seen the *PSUC* were directly involved with the Catalan government and in charge of its police. The continuing presence of the Communist Police chiefs was the prime cause of the fighting. The Anarchist leaders went to great lengths to stop their members fighting - even at this stage the anarchists were the most powerful force in Catalonia - and García Oliver personally made sure that the contingent of what he described as "impartial" Assault Guards got to Barcelona unmolested by Anarchist forces.

Matthews is on even shakier ground when asserting that the suppression of the *POUM* afterwards was not purely a communist plot - only to the extent that they provided a handy scapegoat. While details never fully emerged, it was certainly the communists who kidnapped tortured and killed Nin, and held so many of their political enemies, including *POUM* members, in unauthorised, technically illegal prisons. The *POUM*, as Borkenau noted was not a well liked party - like the Communists it had no roots in Spain - however, despite intense communist pressure the *POUM* leaders were eventually cleared of treachery and the charges of being in the pay of fascism. Matthews also asserts of the Barcelona fighting that:

Nobody - and this goes for George Orwell - ever knew in detail what happened or why it happened.¹⁰⁵

It was precisely this sort of cover-up which Orwell was incensed about. It is interesting that even writing in 1952, Matthews tries to make Orwell's

information suspect, because he got some of it "from his POUM friends"¹⁰⁶ - as if convinced that all his information was from Trotsky-fascist spies rather than people he had absolutely no reason to doubt, like his wife Eileen Blair and John McNair.

Indeed, the fact the Eilcen had been working for the *ILP* in the *POUM* offices in Barcelona meant that Orwell was particularly well briefed on the political undercurrents away from the front and well aware of the violent reality which lay behind the Communist threat in Barcelona. This is clearly and memorably reflected in Homage to Catalonia where in some sense, as Reilly notes, "Barcelona is the central character, and the spine of the book is the three encounters between Orwell and a city tragically altered at each return".¹⁰⁷ Reilly also notes that on his final and most demoralising encounter:

Only recourse to the Joyce of Dubliners can do justice to Orwell's repugnance for this once paradisaical place: "it was as though some huge evil intelligence were brooding over the town". (*Homage*, p. 189). Sitting in a café trying to escape detection, Orwell experiences "a hateful feeling that someone hitherto your friend might be denouncing you to the secret police" (*Homage* p.141). In this, as in so much else, Spain is a rehearsal for Oceania, and human nature chooses the same stage on which to be as corrupt as it had once been sublime.¹⁰⁸

Richard Rees saw for himself the effects of the disturbing atmosphere in Barcelona at this time:

When I passed through Barcelona in April 1937, just before the street fighting and the liquidation of the P.O.U.M., I called on Orwell's wife, Eileen, at the P.O.U.M. office, where she was working, and found her in what struck me as a very strange mental state. She seemed absent-minded, preoccupied, and dazed. As Orwell was at the front I assumed that it was worry about him that was responsible for her curious manner. But when she began talking about the risk, for me, of being seen in the street with her, that explanation no longer seemed to fit. In reality, of course, as I realised afterwards, she was the first person in whom I had witnessed the effects of living under a political terror.

What made this so hard to believe was the fact that one associated the Blairs with their cosy little village shop at Wallington and with his parents' quiet home in provincial Southwold. The fact that they had suddenly transplanted themselves to the front line of militant working-class resistance against Fascism, thereby also exposing themselves to a Communist reign of terror, brought home to one the realities of twentieth-century European politics in a way that all the demonstrations

and meetings, and Book Clubs and intellectual Marxist poems entirely failed to do.¹⁰⁹

While Rees had known Orwell for some years, it was his unexpected decision to go to Spain and join the militia which made him realise that Orwell was "extraordinary". For all that he was relatively unaware of the serious divisions on the Republican side, Orwell was no twenty year old oblivious to the potential dangers he was facing, there is no denying the reality of the sacrifice which he and his wife made in the cause of freedom. Although, as Rees comments:

No one who reads his account in Homage to Catalonia of his life as a militia corporal on the Aragon front or of the street fighting in Barcelona can doubt that he, in some sense enjoyed this kind of thing; but I believe his readiness to expose himself to it was also connected with his respect for men burdened with practical responsibilities and with his contempt for sentimental uplift and armchair idealism. And it is easy to connect his sense of guilt with his unrelenting awareness of the injustices and degradations which men suffer as the result of other men's selfishness and callousness.¹¹⁰

While he considers it the best book to come from the Spanish Civil War, Hugh Thomas asserts that Homage to Catalonia is a better book about war itself than it is about the Spanish Civil War, about which it is "very misleading".¹¹¹

However, this analysis itself is part of a wider historiographical debate in which there was a trend for liberal historians to write the history of the war very much from the point of view of the Republicans and their Communist allies. In an important essay in which he uses Spain as an parallel for American involvement in Vietnam, Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship, Chomsky questioned the negative stance of the major historians of the Sixties, like Gabriel Jackson on the revolution in Spain. He felt that they tended to accept the picture of the Popular Front too easily, but were predisposed to deny the revolution a fair hearing because it didn't fit in with their political or historiographical ideas. Chomsky draws our attention to a contemporary

Marxist analysis which he feels provides an accurate and succinct summary of the liberal-Communist reaction to the Spanish Civil War:

With their empty chatter as to the wonders of Bolshevik discipline, the geniality of Caballero, and the passions of "La Pasionaria", the "modern liberals" merely covered up their real desire for a destruction of all revolutionary possibilities in the Civil War, and their preparation for possible war over the Spanish issue in the interest of their diverse fatherlands...What was truly revolutionary in the Spanish Civil War resulted from the direct actions of the workers and pauperized peasant, and not because of a specific form of labour organization nor an especially gifted leadership. ¹¹²

Chomsky continues :

I think that the record bears out this analysis, and I also think that it is this fact that accounts for the revolutionary phase of the Civil War and its neglect in historical scholarship. ¹¹³

Indeed the tendency to see this war in terms of favourite leaders, from Azaña to Prieto and Largo Caballero, or even Négrin, or solely in terms of military strategy - combined admittedly with the continuing presence of the Franco regime - ensured that for a long time the true domestic complexity of the Spanish Civil War with all its highly significant regional and political dynamics was subordinated to a seemingly straightforward account centring around the battlefields and the role of foreign intervention. From this perspective the revolution seemed like an irrelevance, but from the perspective of the anarchists in Barcelona, the war without the revolution also seemed an irrelevance. To the anarchists, Azaña, the man responsible for the massacre of Casa Viejas, was only a degree better than Franco, if that. Burnett Bolloten records how Azaña's annoyance at the Communist move which fomented the Barcelona fighting, was due solely to the fact that they might not be strong enough to crush the Anarchists. Indeed during the fighting Azaña remained in his palace sending hysterical messages to Valencia to try and guarantee his own personal safety, heedless of the wider tragedy. The failure of historians to address the reality of the revolution is, Chomsky contends, an instance of what Conor Cruise O'Brien describes as "counter-revolutionary subordination"

which provides just as much of a threat to scholarly integrity (and what Orwell would describe as the "notion of objective truth") as "revolutionary subordination".¹¹⁴

This affects the literary world just as much as the historical world - a good instance of precisely the issues Chomsky raises is a Review of Homage to Catalonia by George Mayberry. While commending Orwell's "integrity, humanity, and his love and mastery of the English Language", (as indeed do Thomas and Matthews), Mayberry contends Orwell's analysis is flawed. Orwell's view was:

that the needs of Soviet foreign policy dictated the necessary line be the one "the war must come first and then we'll see about the revolution." To accomplish this meant the suppression of the revolutionary forces, courting the middle class and pious talk about how respectable and democratic the Republic was.¹¹⁵

To accept this view, according to Mayberry:

one would have to appraise such men as Alvarez del Vayo, Juan Négrin, Dr. Walter B. Cannon - the list could be expanded forever - as either fools or knaves.¹¹⁶

Mayberry would rather put Orwell down as an "idealistic socialist" who chose to "ignore the rudiments of politics in times of crisis." However, he concedes that:

In fairness to Orwell and to recorded history, the Government's policy led to disaster, but only because of the active intervention of the Fascist nations and, of equal importance, the active non-intervention of the Western democracies.¹¹⁷

Yet it can also be argued that the Republican Government's counter-revolutionary policies directly contributed to the defeat of the Republic. They went along with the Communists in brutally repressing their own side rather than trying to fuse together the forces on the Republican side (admittedly a difficult task); while in denying the revolution the Republican government removed the cause for which the Spanish people were fighting, and so reduced both their will and capacity to resist Franco. The counter-

revolutionary approach taken by the Republic also manifested itself at the level of military strategy, in that, rather than fight a revolutionary war based on guerilla tactics using their superior manpower to good effect, the Republic chose to meet Franco on his own terms, hurling their men into doomed offensives like Brunete and the Ebro, thus losing the opportunity to launch a major offensive on the Aragon front and perhaps relieve the Basques. These internal decisions, albeit conditioned by the desire to conform to the counter-revolutionary expectations of both the Western democracies and the Soviet Union, also played a major part in the Republic's defeat.

While Orwell was to write that he had perhaps treated the *POUM* a little leniently, and was to grow rather tired of the controversy, there is no denying his assessment of the importance of the episode. As Spender put it:

Politically, the liquidation of the *POUM* was not an event of great importance; humanly speaking it was a greater failure for the Republic even than the defeat.¹¹⁸

As the passage quoted at the head of this chapter shows, even if he didn't "feel like a historical character" at the time, Orwell was particularly conscious of the historical significance of the events he was taking part in, especially the Barcelona fighting. His principal concern and one which remained with him long after Spain was that he had witnessed events which were at least a footnote to the history of the Twentieth Century, but which had been so widely misrepresented that they were likely to enter the history books in a falsified manner. As Rees comments:

Orwell thus found himself in the position of being one of the very few articulate people who were able to disprove from personal knowledge the slanderous lies written about his fellow militiamen by Communist journalists in newspaper offices thousands of miles from Spain. No doubt his experience in Barcelona in 1937 contributed importantly to the preoccupation about the falsification of history which he developed so elaborately in 1984.¹¹⁹

Orwell felt that if such gross misrepresentation could happen once it could

happen anytime; he had a real concern that the principles of historical objectivity had been thrown out and replaced by party loyalties. He wrote:

It will probably never be possible to get a completely accurate and unbiased account of the Barcelona fighting, because the necessary records do not exist. Future historians will have nothing to go on except a mass of accusations and party propaganda.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.144)

In fact Orwell's account has effectively counteracted this. Even historians who quarrel with him at least have to raise the pertinent questions. Indeed few historical books on the Spanish Civil war - at least from an Anglo-Saxon viewpoint - do not utilise Orwell's experiences as recounted in Homage to Catalonia in one way or another - it is almost *de rigueur* to quote him on Barcelona as a revolutionary city, and on the street fighting in Barcelona and life on the Aragon front.

Of course, Orwell himself had little idea that Homage to Catalonia would eventually gain such a wide audience and prove so influential, as the difficulties he had in getting it published and the unsympathetic reception it received from the literary establishment who were still inclined to take the "Popular Front" view of Spain. In "Looking Back on the Spanish War" Orwell wrote:

I remember once saying to Arthur Koestler, "History stopped in 1936", at which he nodded in immediate understanding. We were both thinking of totalitarianism in general, but more particularly of the Spanish civil war.¹²⁰

Sadly the conclusions which Orwell drew from his experiences in Spain, were all too similar to many of those who continued to live in Spain after Franco's victory. One of these Spaniards was Carmen Martín Gaité, who recalled:

Franco was the first real ruler in my life because from the beginning it was clear that he was the one and only, that his power was indisputable and omnipresent, that he had managed to insinuate himself into every house, school, cinema and café, do away with spontaneity and variety, arouse a religious, uniform fear, stifle conversations and laughter so that no one's voice was louder than anyone else's. Remember

that I was nine years old when I began to see his picture everywhere, in the newspapers and on the walls, smiling beneath that military beret with the tassels, and then later on in the school classrooms, on the newsreels, and on stamps. And the years went by and there was always his effigy, and nothing but his effigy. The others were satellites; his reign was absolute. If he were ill, no one knew it. It was as if sickness and death would never overtake him. So when he died I reacted in the same way as other people - I couldn't believe it. [...] All the years of his reign came tumbling down on top of me. To me they felt like a homogenous block, like a dark brown mountain range such as the ones you see on geophysical maps. The only thing I realized[...] was that I am incapable of discerning the passage of time during that period, or of differentiating the war years from the post war ones. It struck me that Franco had paralyzed time.¹²¹

Orwell did not of course, always make the correct historical analysis - Averil Gardner points out that he thought the anarchist leader Federica Montseny was a man - Federico;¹²² another minor point is Orwell's assessment of the treatment of wounds.¹²³ He was quite wrong about the efficacy of the system of casualty clearing stations and the technique of encasing the wounds in plaster of Paris. In fact this broke new ground - to such an extent that when there were no cases of gas gangrene, foreign specialists at first tried to make out that the air in Catalonia must be free of the bacteria which caused the condition. Of course, Orwell was rather too much at the sharp end of this piece of ground-breaking medical practice to appreciate it.

Yet, whether or not one takes Orwell's account at face value it is largely due to his efforts that such protracted debate on the May fighting and the suppression of the *POUM* has taken place. Thanks to Orwell's initiative we do now have at least a reasonable idea of the factors behind the Barcelona fighting and the suppression of the *POUM*. While pointing out that, "No historical episode has been so diversely reported or defined."¹²⁴ Bollotten gives a very full account with much evidence from primary sources and it cannot now be said that: "Nobody...ever knew in detail what happened or why it happened."

Unlike Winston Smith, Orwell did not put the piece of paper in the memory hole, he could not forget or forgive the pointless death of men like Bob Smillie, so he took the "header into the cess pool" to try and get at the truth. It is clear from the letter Orwell wrote to Jack Common in October 1937, that he did not particularly enjoy writing the politico-historical parts of Homage to Catalonia - nor trawling through the files of British newspapers, often only to find his comrades vilified. He also told Common that while he was sorry he had not been in Madrid, he was glad that he had been more involved with Spaniards.¹²⁵

Orwell found the Spaniards and Catalans with their simple, more human, way of life, their friendliness, openness and enthusiasm, greatly appealing. The old-fashioned gallantry and manners, generosity and the devotional zeal - even the anticlericalism of the Anarchists - echoed elements of Orwell's own character. Garcia Oliver was talking his language when he told Cyril Connolly that the Anarchists sought "to eliminate the beast in man".¹²⁶

Indeed Orwell had cause to thank the old fashioned manners of the Spaniards, and the *mañana* culture of Spain, for his life - the police never searched Eileen's bed when they were looking for incriminating evidence among his papers after the suppression of the *POUM*; while it is, as Orwell himself felt, rather doubtful if, as apparent enemies of the state, the Blairs would have escaped in Russia or Germany.

As the following passages show, the longer he was in Spain the more Orwell came to feel the inevitable poignancy war, particularly civil war, creates:

As the yellow dawn comes up behind us, the Andalusian sentry, muffled in his cloak, begins singing. Across no-man's land, a hundred or two yards away, you can hear the Fascist sentry also singing.

(Homage to Catalonia p.104)

The friendliness of the peasants towards ourselves never ceased to astonish me. To some of the older ones the war must have seemed meaningless, visibly it produced a shortage of everything and a dismal

dull life for everybody, and at the best of times peasants hate having troops quartered upon them. Yet they were invariably friendly - I suppose reflecting that, however intolerable we might be in other ways, we did stand between them and their one time landlords. Civil war is a queer thing. Huesca was not five miles away, it was these people's market town, all of them had relatives there, every week of their lives they had gone there to sell their poultry and vegetables. And now for eight months an impenetrable barrier of barbed wire and machine guns had lain between. Occasionally it slipped their memory. Once I was talking to an old woman who was carrying one of those tiny iron lamps in which the Spaniards burn olive oil. "Where can I buy a lamp like that?" I said. "In Huesca," she said without thinking and then we both laughed.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 78)

Spain itself was deeply attractive to Orwell, and to many others - as Herbert Matthews put it:

Spain worked its magic on Orwell, as it did on all of us¹²⁷.

Indeed, in describing the brief interlude he enjoyed while returning from the front having secured his medical discharge, Orwell owned to a long standing fascination with Spain:

For almost the first time I felt that I was really in Spain, in a country that I had longed all my life to visit. In the quiet back streets of Lerida and Barbastro I seemed to catch a momentary glimpse, a sort of far off rumour of the Spain that dwells in everyone's imagination. White sierras, goatherds, dungeons of the Inquisition, Moorish palaces, black winding trains of mules, grey olive trees and groves of lemons, girls in black mantillas, the wines of Malaga and Alicante, cathedrals, cardinals bull-fights, gypsies, serenades - in short, Spain. Of all Europe it was the country that had had most hold upon my imagination. It seemed a pity when at last I had managed to come here I had seen only this north eastern corner, in the middle of a confused war and for the most part in winter.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 78)

Some aspects of Spain seemed just too primitive and poverty stricken even for Orwell - he describes his horror at seeing how the peasants farmed:

All the agricultural implements were pitifully antiquated, everything being governed by the expensiveness of metal. A broken ploughshare, for instance, was patched, and then patched again, till sometimes it was mainly patches. Rakes and pitchforks were made of wood. Spades, among a people who seldom possessed boots, were unknown; they did their digging with a clumsy hoe like those used in India. There was a kind

of harrow that took one straight back to the later Stone Age. It was made of boards joined together, to about the size of a kitchen table; in the boards hundreds of holes were morticed, and into each hole was jammed a piece of flint which had been chipped into shape exactly as men used to chip them ten thousand years ago. I remember my feelings almost of horror when I first came upon one of these things in a derelict hut in no man's land. I had to puzzle over it for a long while before grasping that it was a harrow. it made me sick to think of the work that must go into the making of such a thing, and the poverty that was obliged to use flint in place of steel. I have felt more kindly towards industrialism ever since. But in the village there were two up-to-date farm tractors, no doubt seized from some big landowner's estate.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 78)

Yet, while Orwell and many others were aghast at the poverty of the peasants which seemed a continual reminder of what they were fighting for, to James Yates, a black Lincoln Brigader from the Mississippi, the poverty of the Spanish villages seemed akin to the conditions of his own people which had barely changed from the days of slavery. He felt that :

Our villages were right in the field with corn and cotton growing at our doorsteps. In Spain the tillers of the earth had, if little else, some traditional communal life after a day in the fields.¹²⁸

While Orwell had only seen one corner of Spain, and had little chance for sight-seeing, he does provide a lot of interesting observation and description of the country. Again despite his relatively limited military action, Homage to Catalonia ranks with some of the best First World War memoirs as a book about war. Orwell's slightly urbane yet direct style delivers a surprisingly engrossing account of life on "a quiet front" which wasn't so quiet, as Orwell was always trying to get embroiled in whatever action was going.¹²⁹

Many lessons from Spain were to stay with Orwell for the rest of his life. Fenner Brockway, the leader of the Independent Labour Party found Orwell "Far more mature as a Socialist" on his return.¹³⁰ However, his experiences in Spain had a more fundamental effect on Orwell's "World-view" and his writing - in particular, his involvement, as a member of the *POUM* militia, in the May fighting in Barcelona, and the subsequent purge of the

POUM which forced him to flee Spain. This brought home to Orwell, who had already had his doubts about Communist involvement in the Popular Front movement, the true nature of Stalinist *realpolitik* and the real danger of totalitarianism. It also provided an unforgettable illustration of the power of propaganda, and committed Orwell to an exploration of notions of objectivity and truth which would have its ultimate expression in the "Doublethink" and "Newspeak" of Nineteen Eighty-Four. As Ian Slater puts it:

The purge in the Catalan capital, the time of "secret prisons", when old comrades walked in fear "past one another as though we had been total strangers," marked the height of Orwell's political consciousness in Spain; but the purge's effect would go far beyond his experiences there, haunting the daylight hours of *Animal Farm*, and finally overwhelming Winston Smith in the darkness of Nineteen Eighty-Four. Orwell had learned that the leftist could be shot as easily by someone from the Left as by someone from the Right. It was a turning point in his life.¹³¹

This echoes the comment of John Wain :

Up to 1937, Orwell saw the world struggle as between Left and Right, with the goodwill and the good arguments on the side of the Left... After 1937, he saw it in terms of democracy versus totalitarianism, and he no longer cared whether the totalitarianism called itself Left or Right. What changed his outlook was his Spanish experience. Homage to Catalonia is the most important book for anyone who wants to understand Orwell's mind. It is a book that describes the hinge of a man's life.¹³²

In their biographical study, Stansky and Abrahams have no doubt that Spain was the key stage in "the transformation" of Eric Blair into George Orwell.

His six months in Spain proved the most decisive experience of his life, and released within him the energy and insight - the transformation - to accomplish the work by which he is best remembered : the two most significant (and popular) of his novels, Animal Farm and 1984; the greater number of literary and political essays; and, of course, his memoir-analysis of his war experience and the war itself, Homage to Catalonia.¹³³

Alan Sandison feels that this places rather too much emphasis on Spain and politics, but nonetheless states of Orwell's involvement in Spain, *pace* Stansky and Abrahams:

I do not think that one can say that "Spain transformed him". That it had a profound effect is undeniable, focusing his mind on political and moral realities with a sharpness and a clarity from which his polemical

writings in particular gained enormously, both in style and content. But I do not believe the war transformed him. For if politics could be seen in one sense, to be at the centre of his life, something much more seminal in its effects both upon his life and his art was his unremitting struggle to resolve an identity-crisis which stayed with him all his life.¹³⁴

Apart from his contrasting experiences of political solidarity and betrayal in Barcelona, Orwell's experience of war allowed him to answer a set of deeply felt questions which had in some sense always been with him as one of a generation which had so narrowly missed out on participating in the First World War. One of these was how would he behave under fire, something he seems to have always considered as more than a possibility. As has been noted, Orwell thought that the enemy position on his first posting at Monte Pocero was really too far away for accurate sniping. At first he made no attempt to keep his head below the level of the trench, which would probably have been fairly uncomfortable in any case, given Orwell's height:

A little while later, however, a bullet shot past my ear with a vicious crack and banged into the parados behind. Alas! I ducked. All my life I had sworn that I would not duck the first time a bullet passed over me; but the movement appears to be instinctive, and almost everybody does it at least once.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.24)

At Monte Oscuro, Orwell found himself under much heavier fire when the Nationalists launched an attack on the *POUM* position:

to my humiliation I found that I was horribly frightened. You always, I notice, feel the same when you are under heavy fire - not so much afraid of being hit as afraid because you don't know *where* you will be hit. You are wondering all the while just where the bullet will hit you, and it gives your whole body a most unpleasant sensitiveness.

(Homage to Catalonia, p.44)

This physical fear, endemic to life in the trenches, is directly transposed to Nineteen Eighty-Four where war is an ever-present cornerstone of society:

All he had eyes for was the truncheon in the guard's hand. It might fall anywhere: on the crown, on the tip of the ear, on the upper arm, on the elbow - The elbow! He had slumped to his knees, almost paralysed, clasping the stricken elbow with his other hand. Everything had exploded into yellow light. Inconceivable, inconceivable that one blow could cause such pain!

(Nineteen Eighty-Four, p. 192)

Of course Orwell's experience of being shot through the throat in Spain had made him something of an authority on sudden and extreme physical pain, while by the time he wrote Nineteen Eighty-Four he was only too well acquainted with the gradual tortuous pain associated with his advanced tuberculosis.

If Spain was a significant milestone in his "Road to Airstrip One", Orwell's experiences recounted in Homage to Catalonia and a host of articles and book reviews, have played an important role in our understanding of the Spanish Civil War. Homage to Catalonia was also the final straw for many fellow-travelling left-wing intellectuals, as John Lehmann records:

George Orwell was not the only disillusioned revolutionary, but the most clear-sighted and the most articulate; and his account of what happened in Catalonia and of the fate of the P.O.U.M. broke the last resistance of many who had been desperately holding out against the shock of the truth. But though truth might be unpleasant, it was better than the twisted logic that condoned crimes in the name of progress and freedom; it was better late than never to realize that we had been walking beside someone whose features we had never discovered until then.¹³⁵

Of course, Orwell himself was most deeply affected by his experiences in Spain which left an indelible mark on his writing. He acknowledged this ten years later in "Why I Write":

The Spanish war and other events in 1936-37 turned the scale and thereafter I knew where I stood. Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic Socialism, as I understand it.¹³⁶

Yet, the lessons of Spain were not all negative. While Trilling must be applauded for his important role in resuscitating Homage to Catalonia - (its commercial failure was a great disappointment to Orwell, yet its survival would meet his criteria for a successful book) - Williams is correct in pointing out that as much emphasis should be placed on Orwell's positive appreciation of the struggle of the Spanish people towards revolutionary Socialism, as on his fear and hatred of totalitarianism. The use of Orwell as a "Cold Warrior"

denied the reality of his socialism. Closely related to his moral sense, Orwell's socialism - however problematic and heterodox it might at times appear - was unfaltering. As Rees comments, Orwell had a "hyper-active conscience, amounting almost to a guilt complex, which drove him to extremes of expiatory self abasement for crimes not his own"¹³⁷. Instead of fulfilling his designated social role as a member of the lower-upper-middle class "the shock-absorbers of the bourgeoisie"¹³⁸ as he put it himself, Orwell aimed to use his life and work to highlight the need for social change and to help to effect such change by fully revealing and transmitting the realities of social injustice and laying bare the scaffold of injustice, deception and misconception supporting the British class system.

As Raymond Williams notes, this need not have been the case:

Eric Blair, indeed, might have become somebody else, not Orwell but X. The choice of Orwell - not the name but the actual work - was made within a very pressing general and personal history. He developed as a writer through the years of depression and of fascism. At every point in these years he exposed himself to these facts in their most direct form. He became unemployed and penniless: partly because of the early difficulties of being a writer, but also deliberately, as a way of cutting his connections with an established and unacceptable social position. He went to Spain to fight fascism; partly, to begin with, as a way of being a writer, but then deliberately, as a way of setting his life against an evil and destructive social force. His courage and persistence in this repeated exposure to the hardest facts of his time are by any standard remarkable.¹³⁹

Given the reality of Orwell's enduring socialist commitment, the reinterpretation of Homage to Catalonia through Animal Farm and Nineteen-Eighty Four is far less illuminating than tracing the factors which led from Homage to Catalonia to these works. One of these is that Orwell never lost his hope, however vague, in the common people. Winston Smith's belief that hope lies in "the proles" is a fictional realisation of Orwell's own hope. In a letter to Humphrey House, in 1940, he wrote :

My chief hope for the future is that the common people have never parted company with their moral code. I have never met a genuine working man who accepted Marxism, for instance. I have never had the slightest fear of the dictatorship of the proletariat, if it could

happen, and certain things I saw in the Spanish war confirmed me in this. But I admit to having a perfect horror of a dictatorship of theorists, as in Russia and Germany¹⁴⁰.

Rai thinks Orwell ultimately succumbed to despair, when Borkenau's prediction and his own hope that the Second World War would lead to social revolution in Britain proved to be wrong. This however, depends on taking Nineteen Eighty-Four - a work of satirical fantasy, and a warning - as a literal setting out of Orwell's political beliefs. Just as Spain set Orwell's political compass, so too, Homage to Catalonia marked a departure in his literary aims. As he says in Why I Write:

What I have wanted to do throughout the past ten years is to make political writing into an art.¹⁴¹

This Orwell accomplished to an extent that few other writers will ever match; particularly in Homage to Catalonia, which is, as Raymond Williams puts it:

in some ways Orwell's most important and most moving book.¹⁴²

1. George Orwell, The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell, Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus (eds.), (London, 1968) 4 vols, (hereafter referred to as CEJL); I, p. 268.
2. Party newspaper of Independent Labour Party, (I.L.P.)
3. Liston Oak, "Behind Barcelona's Barricades", New Statesman & Nation, 15th May 1937.
4. George Orwell, Homage to Catalonia, (London, 1938); edition consulted and to which page numbers refer - Penguin; Homage to Catalonia & "Looking Back on the Spanish War" (Harmondsworth, Middx. 1966, reprint)
5. Michael Shelden, Orwell: The Authorised Biography, (London, 1991); Minerva editon consulted, (London, 1992), p. 296.
6. Ibid., p. 296.
7. CEJL I, 102. Letter to Rayner Heppenstall, pp. 278-280; p.279.
8. Ibid., p. 279.
9. Ibid., p.279.
10. Letter from Kingsley Martin to Orwell, 29 July 1937, reproduced in Bernard Crick, George Orwell: A Life (London, 1980),
Penguin edition with new Preface and new Appendix consulted (Harmondsworth, Middx. 1992), pp. 341-2.
11. Mortimer was to apologise profusely to Orwell when he sent him a copy of Kingsley Martin's letter. CEJL I. pp. 299-302.
Letter to Raymond Mortimer, note p. 299.
12. Letter to the Editor of Time and Tide, CEJL I, pp. 297-298; see also Letter to Geoffrey Gorer, 16 Aug 1937, CEJL, I, pp. 280-282.
13. "Inside the Whale", CEJL I, (pp. 493-527); pp. 517-518.
14. Shelden, p.295.
15. Letter to Raymond Mortimer, CEJL I, pp. 299-302; pp.300-302.
16. Letter to the Editor of Time and Tide Feb 5th 1938, CEJL I, p. 297-298.
17. T.A.R. Hyndman - see contribution to Philip Toynbee (ed.) The Distant Drum (London, 1976); Hyndman is given the *nom de guerre* Jimmy Younger in Stephen Spender's World Within World.

18. Bernard Crick, George Orwell: A Life, (London 1980), Penguin edition with new Preface and new Appendix consulted, (Harmondsworth, Middx., 1992), p. 314.
19. Ibid., pp. 314-315.
20. Ibid, p.311.
21. Ibid., pp. 311-312. Jack Common's quote from "Orwell at Wallington", undated MS in Common's papers in the University of Newcastle Library. Philip Mairet's from a letter to Ian Angus, 9 Jan 1964 repeated "almost word for word" in interview with Crick, 10th Nov 1974.
22. Sheldon, p. 273.
23. "Notes on the Spanish Militias", CEJL I pp. 316-328; pp. 317-318.
24. Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, Orwell: The Transformation (London, 1979), p. 176.
25. Stansky and Abrahams, Orwell: The Transformation, p. 175.
26. Patrick Reilly, George Orwell, The Age's Adversary, (London, 1986) p.15.
27. CEJL II, p. 347. Orwell also had his own private bad news at this time as his brother-in-law, Laurence O'Shaugnessy had been killed on active service at Dunkirk. See also his entry for 30 June 1940, where Orwell recalls news of the *Thetis* disaster when the crew of the British submarine *Thetis* perished in June 1939, when it failed to resurface on its first dive; this upset Orwell, "actually to the point of interfering with my appetite". (CEJL II, p. 360.)
28. Stansky and Abrahams, Orwell: The Transformation, p.162 ff.; Crick, George Orwell: A Life p. 295.
29. Crick., A Life, p. 278.
30. CEJL III, p. 403. No original survives of this which is a retranslation from the Ukrainian - it is possible that shades of emphasis have been lost. Sheldon points out that there is a slight exaggeration in Orwell's claim to have "spent many months" making a systematic study of the conditions of miners in the North of England, on the other hand his work on The Road to Wigan Pier had only begun when he left the North.
31. Stansky & Abrahams, Orwell: The Transformation, p.117.
32. Crick, A Life, p. 278.

33. Bernard Crick, "Orwell and English Socialism" in Peter Buitenhuis and Ira B. Nadel (eds.) George Orwell: A Reassessment (Houndmills, Basingstoke/London, 1988); p.4.
34. The Road to Wigan Pier, p.129.
35. Eric Blair, review of E.R. Curtius's The Civilisation of France, in the Adelphi, May 1932, p. 554, quoted in Crick, A Life, p.175.
36. Raymond Williams, Orwell (London, 1971) - Third edition consulted, (London, 1991), p.8.
37. Ibid., p.19.
38. V. S. Pritchett - Obituary in New Statesman and Nation - reprinted in Jeffrey Meyers, George Orwell: The Critical Heritage (London, 1975), pp.294-296; p. 295.
39. Williams, pp. 16-17.
40. Ibid., p.17.
41. Contemporaries recalled Orwell keeping ramshackle quarters - a menagerie of domestic animals, speaking to Burmese priests in "very high flown Burmese" etc. (Crick, A Life, p. 148). Alok Rai makes the point that the *Pwe* drama which Flory takes Elizabeth to, was perceived by the colonial authorities as a dangerous focus for nationalist sentiment.
42. Bernard Crick, "Orwell and English Socialism" in Buitenhuis and Nadel (ed.) George Orwell: A Reassessment, p.5.
43. Author's Preface to the Ukrainian Edition of *Animal Farm*. CEJL III, pp.402-406; p.403.
44. Crick, A Life, p. 205, n. 48.
45. Crick in "Orwell and English Socialism", identifies this as a specific type of Toryism - close to the "Little Englander" philosophy seen at the time of the Boer War. Orwell was well acquainted with this. See for example his portrait of Bowling's Uncle Ezekial in Coming Up For Air, an unashamed "Little Englander" who argues about the Boer War with Bowling's father, telling him: "Far flung Empire - you can't fling it too far for me". Coming Up For Air, (London, 1939), Penguin edition consulted, (Harmondsworth, Middx., 1962), p. 44.
46. The Road to Wigan Pier, p.191.

47. John Wain makes the point that the "grisly catalogue" of Bowling's disappointments "would almost convict Orwell of exaggeration if it were not so manifestly a true account of what has happened to virtually the whole of south-east England." John Wain, "In the Thirties", in Miriam Gross (ed.) The World of George Orwell, (London, 1971), pp.75-90; p.87.

48. Alex Zwerdling, Orwell and the Left (New Haven/London, 1974) p.4, (Chapter heading).

49. "Road to Wigan Pier Diary", CEJL I, pp.170-214; p. 213. Ian Hamilton, takes a more cynical view of this:
is it possible to wonder if here was one instance in which (without ensuing complications) he might in fact have "helped"? He does not seem even to have thought of doing so. As usefully as anything in Wigan Pier itself, this diary entry demonstrates the extent to which Orwell's impartiality took its strength from his impersonality.

Ian Hamilton, "Along the Road to Wigan Pier" in Miriam Gross, (ed.) The World of George Orwell, pp.54-61; p. 61.

50. Letter to Jack Common, c. 16 April 1936, CEJL I, p.216.

51. Author's Preface to the Ukrainian Edition of Animal Farm; CEJL III, p.403.

52. Crick, A Life, Appendix to 1992 Edition, pp.591-592.

53. Crick, A Life, p.326; Shelden, pp. 289-290.

54. Alok Rai, Orwell and the Politics of Despair: A critical study of the writings of George Orwell, (Cambridge, 1988); Paperback edn. consulted, (Cambridge, 1990), p.79.

55. Ibid., p.79.

56. Raymond Carr, "Orwell and the Spanish Civil War" - in The World of George Orwell, edited by Miriam Gross, (London, 1971), p. 64.

57. Valentine Cunningham, The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse, Introduction, p. 68.

58. Ibid., p.72.

59. Franz Borkenau, The Spanish Cockpit, (London, 1937), pp.69-70.

60. Homage to Catalonia, note on p. 57.

61. George Mayberry, review of Homage to Catalonia in Jeffrey Meyers, George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, (London, 1975) p.142.

62. Rai sees Borkenau as a decidedly negative influence on Orwell encouraging him to millenarian prophecy; p. 97.
63. Review of Red Spanish Notebook, & Heroes of the Alcazar Time and Tide, 9 October 1939, CEJL I, p.107.
64. CEJL I, p. 291
65. CEJL I, p. 289.
66. CEJL I, p. 385.
67. CEJL I, p. 289.
68. Crick , A Life, p. 204. & pp.217-218.
69. David Mitchell, The Spanish Civil War: Based on the Television Series, (London, 1982) p. 48.
70. Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p. 274.
71. Ibid., p. 260.
72. Shelden, pp. 276-278; Crick, A Life, pp. 319-320.
73. Borkenau, p.108.
74. Shelden, pp. 279-280.
75. Personal Comment: interviews and discussion with Phil Gillan, Davie Stirrat and Eddie Brown, International Brigaders from Glasgow - 1985.
76. Homage to Catalonia, p. 28.
77. Homage to Catalonia & "Looking Back on the Spanish War", p.231.
78. Ibid. p.231
79. Crick, A Life, p. 319.
80. Valentine Cunningham, Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse, Introduction, p.63.
81. Shelden, p.278.
82. Shelden, p.282.
83. Crick, A Life, p.326.
84. Shelden, p.290.
85. Patrick Reilly, The Age's Adversary, p.5.

86. Ibid., p.5.

87. Ibid., p.5.

88. John Wain, "George Orwell as a Writer of Polemic", in Raymond Williams (ed.) George Orwell: A Collection of Essays, (Twentieth Century Views), (New Jersey, 1974), p. 90.

89. Crick, A Life, pp. 318-319.

90. Lynette Hunter, George Orwell: The Search for a Voice (Milton Keynes, 1984), p.70 ff.

91. Ibid., pp. 70-71.

92. Orwell was always dismayed at the lack of success of Homage to Catalonia and was unsure of the literary success of interspersing the chapters of politics and personal experience; in "Why I Write", he expresses the opinion that the long chapter full of newspaper quotations etc. "must ruin the book", (CEJL I, p.6) Later on, he considered changing the order of the chapters so that the politics were less integrated. This has been done in certain later editions; however, his second thoughts were largely a result of the perceived commercial failure of the book, and it should undoubtedly remain as originally conceived.

93. Henry Fielding, Tom Jones, Book V, Chapter 1.

94. Patrick Reilly, The Age's Adversary, p.135.

95. Homage to Catalonia/ Looking Back on the Spanish War, pp. 234-235.

96. Patrick Reilly, The Age's Adversary, p.37.

97. Homage to Catalonia, p. 107.

98. Borkenau, The Spanish Cockpit, pp. 175-176.

99. Kingsley Martin, Editor (London, 1968) - quoted in David Pryce-Jones, "Orwell's Reputation" in Miriam Gross (ed.) The World Of George Orwell, p.145.

100. Herbert Matthews, Review of Homage to Catalonia, Nation, 27 December 1952, pp. 597-9; reprinted in Meyers (ed.) George Orwell : The Critical Heritage, pp.143-149; p.144.

101. Ibid. pp.145-146.

102. Ibid. p. 146.

103. See Burnett Bollotten, The Spanish Civil War: Revolution and Counterrevolution, (Hemel Hempstead, Herts., 1991), in particular pp. 386-461, for an exhaustive account of these events.

104. Herbert Matthews, Review of Homage to Catalonia in Meyers, George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, p. 147.
105. Ibid., p.147.
106. Ibid., p.147.
107. Patrick Reilly, The Age's Adversary, p. 169
108. Ibid., p. 175.
109. Richard Rees, George Orwell: Fugitive from the Camp of Victory, (London, 1961), p. 147.
110. Rees, p. 11.
111. Hugh Thomas, Review of Homage to Catalonia, New Statesman 20 April 1962, p. 568; reprinted in Meyers (ed.) George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, pp.150-151. Thomas slightly softens his opinion of Orwell's book by the time he produces his second edition of The Spanish Civil War, p. 653 n. 2.
112. Living Marxism, Vol. 4 (April 1939), pp. 170-71, quoted in Chomsky, American Power and the New Mandarins, "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship", n. 60, p. 138.
113. Ibid., n. 60, p. 138
114. Noam Chomsky, "Objectivity and Liberal Scholarship" in American Power and the New Mandarins, (New York, 1969) pp. 23-158.
115. George Mayberry, Review of Homage to Catalonia, New Republic, 23 June v1952, pp.21-2. ; reprinted in Meyers (ed.), George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, pp. 141-143; p. 142.
116. Ibid. p.142.
117. Ibid. p.143.
118. Stephen Spender, Review of Homage to Catalonia, World Review, June 1950, pp. 51-4; reprinted in Meyers (ed.) George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, pp. 134-137; p.137.
119. Rees, p.65.
120. Homage to Catalonia/Looking Back on the Spanish War, pp.233-234.
121. Carmen Martín Gaité, El cuarto de atrás, 1983, in Alun Kenwood, The Spanish Civil War: A Cultural and Historical Reader [excerpt translated by Alun Kenwood]. pp. 158-159.
122. Averil Gardner, George Orwell, (Boston, Mass. 1987), p. 142. n. 24., (from p.75.).
123. Homage to Catalonia pp.181-182.

124. Burnett Bolloten, The Spanish Civil War: Revolution and Counterrevolution, p. 429, (see Chapters 42 & 49 for detailed account of May fighting in Barcelona).
125. Letter to Jack Common, CEJL I pp. 288-290.
126. Cyril Connolly, "Barcelona" in The Condemned Playground: Essays 1927-1944, (London, 1945), Edition consulted, Hogarth Press, (London, 1985); p. 195.
127. Herbert Matthews, Review of Homage to Catalonia, in Meyers, (ed.), George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, p.147.
128. James Yates, Mississippi to Madrid: Memoir of a Black American in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, (Seattle, 1989), p. 140.
129. Sheldon, p. 282, quotes John "Paddy" Donovan a fellow member of the POUM militia: "Orwell always wanted to be in action, he never wanted to lie down and take things easy, but wanted always to carry on." See also Crick, A Life, pp.325-327.
130. Crick, A Life, p. 339.
131. Ian Slater, Orwell: The Road to Airstrip One, (New York/London, 1985), p. 151.
132. John Wain, "In the Thirties" in Miriam Gross (ed.) The World of George Orwell pp.76-90; p. 79.
133. Stansky and Abrahams, Orwell: The Transformation, p. 187.
134. Alan Sandison, George Orwell: After 1984 (Houndmills, Basingstoke / London, 1986), p.201.
135. John Lehmann, The Whispering Gallery, (London, 1955), p. 333.
136. CEJL I, p. 5.
137. Rees, p. 11.
138. Road to Wigan Pier, p.124.
139. Williams, pp. 33-34.
140. Letter to Humphrey House, 11 April 1940, CEJL I, pp. 529-532; p. 532.
141. CEJL I, p. 6.
142. Williams, p. 59.

CHAPTER 6 Truth Under Fire - Hemingway in Spain

Hemingway, Ilya Ehrenburg, Claud Cockburn and I drove up to the front in a taxi painted in anarchist colours. The olive trees stood motionless like sentries against the grey of the sierra. We gave the password - *dignidad* - to a bronzed and smiling militiaman, and were shown to Major Martinez's command post. Martinez, peasant son of a long line of peasants, was of the stuff of Goya, Pissarro, Lope de Vega, Cortes. Pointing overhead to where Mussolini's Capronis were beginning once more to circle in a blue sky reminiscent of the background of Velasquez portraits, Martinez remarked: "We are, I fancy, the only European nation who have committed suicide at the hands of others."¹

Hugh Thomas - Review of Homage to Catalonia

Hugh Thomas wrote this pastiche of a Spanish Civil War memoir, partly to emphasise the extent of this corpus and to distinguish Orwell's Homage to Catalonia from it. It is significant that Thomas should start by mentioning Hemingway, who was arguably the most celebrated of all the foreign writers to go to Spain - certainly in the Anglo-Saxon world. Indeed, Hemingway was foremost amongst the celebrities of any sort to do so; and the huge success of For Whom the Bell Tolls, has ensured that his name probably remains the most commonly associated with writing of the Spanish conflict. One might echo Hugh Macdiarmid's encapsulation of the Spanish Civil War in his poem The Battle Continues with the words, "Spain! The International Brigade!", with the common perception of this war in literary history as: "Spain! Ernest Hemingway!".²

Another interesting point about the above passage is how hard Thomas has to work to make it sound unconvincing: the fictional Martinez, is

the stuff of Goya, Pissarro, Lope de Vega, and Cortes, and Thomas throws in Velasquez as well a sentence later. Similarly, writing for a primarily British audience, Thomas numbers Claud Cockburn amongst Hemingway's companions - if he had substituted Herbert Matthews or Sefton Delmer for Cockburn, and possibly Mikhail Koltsov, Gustav Regler or General Walter for Ehrenburg, (Hemingway knew them all) the passage would almost ring true. Change the names, cut down the famous historical Spaniards and take out the novelesque "I fancy" in Martinecz's apothegm and it probably does.

Of course, Thomas is able to construct such a passage so easily, precisely because of the depth of his reading on the Spanish Civil War, and also because such a mass of material exists. This includes a considerable portion of Hemingway's *oeuvre*: his journalism, despatches and propaganda work - (such as his involvement in the films Spain in Flames, for which he wrote the commentary, and The Spanish Earth, for which he not only wrote but also recorded the commentary); several short stories - "The Old Man at the Bridge", "The Butterfly and the Tank", "Night before Battle", "Under the Ridge", "The Denunciation", "Nobody Ever Dies", and "Landscape with Figures"³; a play, The Fifth Column, centred around the lives of the international community of journalists reporting and participating in the war; and, of course, the novel For Whom the Bell Tolls - by far the most commercially successful book to emerge from the Spanish conflict, and which many would also see as the greatest artistic success.

As painstaking research by Michael Reynolds shows, Hemingway supplemented his first hand experience by reading extensively about most topics he wrote about⁴; the Spanish Civil War was no exception. The inventory of books Hemingway took when he moved from Key West to Cuba in 1940 shows that:

He took almost every book on the Spanish Civil War. With two-thirds of For Whom the Bell Tolls already in draft, there were still details to

check.⁵

Among Hemingway's books on the Spanish war were copies of Malraux's Days of Hope⁶ and Orwell's Homage to Catalonia⁷, both represented in For Whom the Bell Tolls by well concealed borrowings.

Hemingway's involvement in the Spanish Civil War may have seemed unlikely to some, as this most celebrated representative of what Gertrude Stein had dubbed the "*Lost generation*" had hitherto gone out of his way to avoid aligning himself with any particular cause. His lifestyle - drifting around Europe in the company of people like the Fitzgeralds and Gerald and Sara Murphy, moving from the role of artistic émigré in Paris to that of *aficionado* at the bull-rings of Spain, an all-round sportsman moving from boxing to skiing, fishing and big-game hunting - did not seem terribly relevant to those facing the harsh social and economic realities of the Thirties. As Carlos Baker comments :

The leftist writers of the middle 1930s were variously baffled, angry, and scornful over Hemingway's refusal to enter their camp. In the years of the Great Depression it struck them as reprehensible that a writer of his fame and stature should give his days to bull-fighting, lion hunting, marlin fishing and globe-trotting instead of joining them in the great task of saving the world.

However, it would be misleading to dismiss Hemingway as an entirely apolitical animal - the very rejection of politics is in itself a political act. In fact, as the standard-bearer of the *Lost generation*, Hemingway went beyond this, rejecting his country and the values of his society as a whole. In joining the exodus of thinking people across the Atlantic, Hemingway was not merely trying to escape the effects of the Prohibition laws or taking advantage of the strength of the dollar in Europe; along with many others he was registering his disgust at the climate of violence, ignorance, corruption and greed which had overtaken his native land.

Hemingway is invariably regarded as writing of the individual - generally, some critics contend, one particular individual - himself. As Philip

Young writes :

There cannot be many writers who stuck so rigorously to writing of themselves, and - in a way - for themselves; asking at the same time that an audience take an interest in what they were doing and at the same time succeeding with a very large part of the reading public as Hemingway did.

Yet, pressures on the individual come from without as well as within. For those who had come through the "war to end all wars" - whether physically wounded like Hemingway or like his friend Fitzgerald, simply disappointed - life could never be the same. They saw their homeland with fresh eyes and they did not like what they saw: the land of liberty had become all too clearly a haven for the small-minded, the bigot and the boot-legger. Isolationism took the place of Woodrow Wilson's failed vision of the post-war world with the USA at the head of a League of Nations united in peace and democracy. Social justice had become a remote abstraction which few had the strength or enthusiasm even to hope for.

The 18th Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the manufacture, transport and sales of alcoholic beverages, was passed on 10th January 1920 and America was thrown into the hands of gangsters and boot-leggers. Corruption permeated all levels of society; hedonism and materialism had become the only creeds which had any relevance. Ironically, Prohibition flung open the doors on the wildest party the world had ever seen as the Jazz Age came into its own in the boom years of the Roaring Twenties; a party that was to last almost exactly a decade until the Wall Street crash on 24th October 1929.

In retrospect, F. Scott Fitzgerald, that rather unwilling guru of the Jazz Age, explained the irrepressible tide of hedonism which swept America in the Twenties as the result of: " all the nervous energy stored up and unexpended in the war".¹⁰ Fitzgerald came to see this as:

A children's party taken over by the elders...

A whole race going hedonistic...the most expensive orgy in history.¹¹

Unfortunately, the "*Jazz Age*" was also the "*Aspirin Age*" and the reckoning was paid in terms of the irreparable rents in the social fabric of the United States, which the violence and corruption of these years occasioned. As Bernard Wilhelm comments in his comparative thesis of Hemingway and Malraux in the Spanish Civil War, for writers like Fitzgerald, Dos Passos and Hemingway, the heady atmosphere of the Twenties was no compensation for:

the sinister times of Prohibition, speakeasies, strikes and Isolationism following the failure of the Wilsonian crusade.¹²

The biggest hangover in history - the Depression - was yet to come.

Wilhelm stresses the importance of understanding the extent of the social turmoil which writers like Hemingway were leaving behind. As he asserts, the spectacular growth of the Ku Klux Klan from several thousand members in 1920 to more than two million in 1924 is not far removed from the growth of fascism in Europe :

Wasn't an extremist like Huey Long of the same stamp as an Adolf Hitler or a Mussolini? The Ku Klux Klan in the Twenties was an instrument in the hands of ambitious men cleverly directing the fears and hatreds of the white population against blacks, immigrants, catholics and jews.¹³

Racial intolerance, aggravated by economic considerations, reached new heights in these years. Thousands of blacks moved to the outskirts of the large northern cities from the South where "*white trash*" had taken the menial jobs normally designated for blacks. 1919 saw some of the worst race riots in American history. In Chicago, 23 blacks were killed, hundreds wounded and more than a thousand families left homeless following bloody riots - events which could hardly have escaped the notice of Hemingway in the comfortable Chicago suburb of Oak Park, Illinois, even if he never actually saw a lynching at the age of seven as his protagonist Robert Jordan has. There were seventy lynchings in the South in this year.

Blacks were not the only victims of racial intolerance. Most of the

big cities had racial problems with various immigrant minorities - more the Italians and other Southern and Eastern European groups than the Irish who had by now become fairly assimilated. These were aggravated by the Klan and other racist organisations. Racial segregation applied in varying degrees in different states; it was virtually universal when it came to schools, universities, hotels and holiday resorts - Jews were among the proscribed races.

Perhaps the most worrying thing of all was that these manifestations of racism were really only manipulative developments of existing prejudice - something which can be gauged by the production and public acceptance of D.W. Griffiths's Birth of a Nation in 1915. Hemingway claimed his grandfather Anson Hemingway - who like his maternal grandfather Ernest Hall, was a veteran of the Civil War - took him to see this film some thirty times.¹⁴ Birth of a Nation was a milestone in the development of the Cinema, yet its embedded racism, virulently present in Thomas Dixon's novel The Clansman upon which it was based, was hardly an appropriate account of the genesis of a land whose national monument proclaims to the rest of the world:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. (Emma Lazarus)

In fact, these words were becoming more and more of a myth. Hand in hand with the rise of the Klan was the growing acceptance of the "Eugenics" school of thought. Popularised by C.B. Davenport and deriving from works by Le Comte de Gobineau, Essai sur L'Inegalite des Races (1854), and those of a naturalised German, Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1911), this cult of "Eugenics" proclaimed the superiority of the "Anglo-Saxon" or "Aryan" race. Wilhelm claims that this found widespread acceptance in American universities and intellectual circles. So much so, that Eugenic theories were at the root of American immigration policy in the 1920s. The "Johnson Act" of 1921 established a quota system which restricted the number of immigrants admitted

every year from each nation to three per cent of the number of people of each nationality living in the United States in 1890 - when immigration was still essentially Nordic. Annual immigration was thus reduced to a total of 150,000 - the quotas from the countries of Northern Europe rarely being attained, while would-be immigrants from the South had to wait many long years before they could set foot on American soil, generally beneath the impassive gaze of the Statue of Liberty.

The prevalence of a political climate that was to lead to the judicial murder of Sacco and Vanzetti provided good enough reasons for quitting America. In later years, Hemingway was to write of his desire to escape from the crime and violence to which he had been exposed in Chicago and when working for the Kansas City Star where he had consorted with some "fairly tough characters":

As a reporter, covering police, it is necessary. As a writer if you don't know the boys how would you be expected to write about them? If you were around with fighters how could you not know the mob? [...] My father did most of the surgery for the boys in Maywood and Cicero and Harlem (our Harlem; not yours) [...] When I went away from Chicago I wanted to go just about as far away from there as I could go. Kansas City the same.¹⁵

Yet, perhaps the most significant disillusioning factor for many Americans was that exposure to Europe during the War led to the conclusion drawn by Nick Carraway in The Great Gatsby :

Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edges of the universe.¹⁶

This seems particularly apposite in Hemingway's case - the countryside of North Michigan was a central part of his youth and the experiences he gathered there provided his initial stock-in-trade as a writer and remained with him for the rest of his life. Yet as Reynolds has shown, in literary terms, Hemingway's education was almost exclusively Anglo-Saxon and European in orientation¹⁷. After graduating from Oak Park High School on June 13th 1917, his father would not allow him to volunteer to serve in the First World War;

in any case, he would probably not have passed the medical due to a hereditary sight defect in the left eye. Hemingway declined to go on to higher education and instead undertook a stint as a reporter on the Kansas City Star which would certainly do him no harm as a writer. He was later to say that the 110 rules of the style book of the Kansas City Star were:

the best rules I ever learned for the business of writing. I've never forgotten them.¹⁸

However, Hemingway was determined to make it to the Old World. As he wrote to his sister Marcelline, "I can't let a show like this go on without getting into it."¹⁹ The role played by both of his grandfathers in the Civil War had fired the young Hemingway's interest. As Meyers says, the glorification of the Civil War by Ernest's paternal grandfather, Anson Hemingway:

was reinforced by Dr. William Barton, pastor of the First Congregational Church, who wrote numerous books about the war. Inspired by Anson and Barton, Ernest began in boyhood to read military histories and to study the photographs of Matthew Brady, whose morbid details stimulated his imagination. At Christmas 1914, Anson gave Ernest an inscribed copy of Lasalle Pickett's The Bugles of Gettysburg.²⁰

This interest became a pervasive interest in war and he had several more recent examples including the Spanish American War, the Russo-Japanese War and the Boer War to dwell upon. The logical conclusion of this interest was for Hemingway himself to go to war, which he did, but as a non-combatant. He joined the Home Guard in Kansas City and was recruited into the Italian Red Cross in 1918. He arrived in Milan on the 7th July where his first duty was to help deal with the bloody aftermath of an enormous explosion at a munitions factory just outside the city. After a month's service in the Dolomites and Piave river he was badly wounded in the legs while delivering cigarettes and chocolate to three Italian soldiers in a forward position beyond the front lines. Hemingway's wounds were serious but not life-threatening; however, they were very well reported in America, Hemingway even making a brief appearance in

a newsreel, which his family saw by chance in Chicago.²¹ When he returned to Oak Park he was acclaimed as a war hero.

Hemingway was not slow to respond to the interest in his wounds and his service in Italy. He felt encouraged to embellish his actions, claiming at times that he had served in the Italian army - which was fantasy - and that he had carried several of the wounded soldiers to safety; a feat that his own severe leg wounds made an impossibility. To put it crudely, one might say that he literally dined out on his wounding and his Italian experiences on his return to Oak Park, where he stalked around on stiff legs with a cane in his well tailored uniform surmounted by an Italian officer's cape. Yet, as Mellow points out:

The whole subject of Hemingway's wounding has precipitated a long critical and biographical debate about the validity of the evidence, the nature of his wounds, and the psychological effect they had upon his psyche and his career. But whatever the controversy - and the queer mystifications of self that prompt a writer as concerned about his image as Hemingway proved to be - it does not annul the fact that Hemingway, in Italy, had narrowly escaped death and had been wounded seriously enough to require extensive surgery and treatment. Common sense argues that the ordeal had an effect on his life. Nor is there any doubt that it influenced his work; the confrontation of death proved to be one of his most vital and obsessive themes.²²

There is no doubt that Hemingway himself saw his wounding as an experience central to his life and work:

In Italy, when I was at the war there, for one thing that I had seen or that had happened to me I knew many hundreds of things that had happened to other people who had been in the war in all its phases. My own small experiences gave me a touchstone by which I could tell whether stories were true or false and being wounded was a password.²³

However, as we have seen, Hemingway's own stories about his war exploits were not entirely true - not in a historical or factual sense at any rate. In "Soldier's Home", Harold Krebs (whose life bears a fair resemblance to Hemingway's post-war existence in Oak Park, even if the name comes from his acquaintance with Krebs Friend), lies to others about his experience overseas:

His lies were quite unimportant lies and consisted in attributing to

himself things other men had done or heard of, and stating as facts certain apocryphal incidents familiar to all soldiers. Even his lies were not sensational at the pool room.²⁴

Nostalgia for Italy would lead in time to other untruths as when he and Dos Passos convinced themselves that they had unknowingly met at Bassanto. Dos Passos had also been in the Italian Red Cross, but as Mellow has shown he left for France a week before Hemingway's arrival in Italy. Mellow also makes the point that the two writers might not have hit it off at this stage as Dos Passos disliked the Italian military style as much as Hemingway admired it.²⁵

Hemingway was swiftly homesick for Italy, not just because of his broken romance. The contrast shown in the parties the Italo-Americans had for him and the straight-laced suburban life of the Hemingways in Oak Park showed him that this was not the place for someone with his appetite for life - or his fear of responsibilities and obsession with the ultimate stricture of death. He would make his disgust for the small-minded meanness of America in the Twenties and Thirties clear in many short stories like "The Wine of Wyoming" .

Hemingway was to say to his sister when she was afraid to swallow some of the Kümmel liqueur he had brought home: "Sometimes I think we only half live over here. The Italians live all the way".²⁶ Returning to Italy had become more and more significant for Hemingway - he seriously considered an offer from his former Captain Jim Gamble - one of the Gambles of soap making fame - to return and spend a year in Italy with him at his expense. He decided against this but still aimed to make the trip with his new fiancée, Hadley Richardson.

In fact, the destination the Hemingways headed for after their marriage was Paris. That cultural lode-stone had first attracted, and deeply impressed, another Mid-western writer, Sherwood Anderson, who encouraged

the Hemingways to follow in his footsteps rather than head for Italy. Anderson provided Hemingway with letters of introduction to important literary expatriates such as Gertrude Stein, Sylvia Beach, James Joyce, Lewis Galantière, and Ezra Pound. The very favourable exchange rate for the dollar ensured that they were able to live on Hadley's trust fund and whatever earnings Hemingway brought in from journalism, primarily for the Toronto Star.

In Paris, Hemingway not only had to learn French swiftly, but found that he really needed a crash course in art and literature in order to hold his own with the exalted company he found himself in. He had certainly come to the right place, for, as Sherwood Anderson had realised, Paris in the Twenties was the centre of modern writing. Indeed, Hemingway was particularly fortunate to find such mentors as Pound and Stein, and such an exemplar as Joyce.

Although he resented the time and effort they took, Hemingway was also fortunate in receiving interesting and demanding journalistic assignments. These included the International Economic Conference in Genoa in March 1922, the first major summit meeting following Versailles. Here he first met the Italian *fascisti*, and came face to face with the political polarisation that was to scar Europe for the next two decades. Mellow points out that while Hemingway recognized that the Fascists represented "almost as great a danger to the peace of Italy as the Reds ever were."²⁷, he also admired them. His despatch to the Toronto Star contained this description:

The fascisti young, tough, ardent, intensely patriotic, generally good-looking, with the youthful beauty of the Southern races and firmly convinced that they are in the right. They have an abundance of the valour and intolerance of youth.²⁷

To some degree the fascisti reminded him of the tough Italian troops he had so admired and which back in Oak Park he had pretended to a closer

association with. There is undoubtedly admiration for the fascisti but it is grudging and while they are acknowledged as having more martial prowess than the disorganised "Reds", Hemingway is not as disparaging of the latter as Mellow implies; indeed the thrust of his argument is that the violent fascist response to "Red" demonstrations is brutal over-reaction. Hemingway makes the point that:

The North Italian Red is father of a family and a good workman six days out of seven, on the seventh he talks politics. His leaders have formally rejected Russian communism and he is Red as some Canadians are Liberal. He does not want to fight for it, or convert the world to it, he merely wants to talk about it, as he has from time immemorial.

The fascisti make no distinction between socialists, communists, republicans or members of co-operative societies. They are all Reds and dangerous. So the fascisti hear the reds meeting, put on their long, black, tasselled caps, strap on their trench knives, load up with bombs and ammunition at the fascio and march towards the Red meeting singing the fascist hymn "Youth" ["Giovenneza"].²⁰

Hemingway's real admiration is reserved for the contingent of fifteen hundred military police brought in to prevent any disturbance:

Italy is determined on order during the conference, and the carabinieri, as the military police are called, wearing their three-cornered Napoleon hats, with carbines slung across their backs, with their fierce upturned moustaches and their reputation as the bravest troops and the best marksmen in the Italian army, stalk the streets in pairs, determined that there shall be order. And, as the fascisti fear the carabinieri, when they have orders to shoot, as much as the Reds fear the fascisti, there is a pretty good chance that order will be kept.²⁰

Hemingway learnt a lot covering this conference and was keenly aware that he was chronicling "the dawn of a new era". Much of his political insight was acquired from older journalists, such as George Slocome of the British left wing paper, the Daily Herald, and several other left-wing journalists such as Max Eastman, Lincoln Steffens and George Seldes. Some weeks later Hemingway interviewed Mussolini, then on the verge of power, in Milan, and thought him more of an intellectual than a rabble-rouser, and "not the monster he has been pictured". At this meeting, Hemingway unfortunately bought a good deal of the carefully contrived legend that had grown up around Mussolini and produced, as Mellow puts it, "a glowing account of

Mussolini's rise to power".³⁰ This included, amongst many other misleading and erroneous details, Mussolini's prompt enlistment at the outbreak of war in the crack Bersagliere corps, and his severe wounding in the fighting on the Carso plateau. All this led Hemingway to the conclusion that Mussolini was "a patriot above all things" who had renounced Socialism because he saw the fruits of Italy's victory being swept away by a wave of Communism. At this stage Hemingway was aware of the terrorist tactics Mussolini's blackshirts were using and this interview was just after the fascist attack on Bologna. Yet, Hemingway's article did little to warn the reader against Mussolini's blandishment that his Blackshirts simply followed in the tradition of Garibaldi's Red shirts.³¹

However, as both Meyers and Mellow assert, Hemingway discovered the truth about Mussolini a lot sooner than many others, and when he did he was all the more ill-disposed to the Italian leader for having been taken in by him. His distaste for Mussolini and his Italy was augmented by the shock of disappointment he received when he took Hadley to see where he had been stationed during the war. Rather predictably, everything seemed a lot less impressive, and he could find no trace of the trenches and front where he had been wounded. This and some further realisation of the true nature of fascism made Hemingway violently opposed to Mussolini whose braggadocio in terms of his war record was perhaps a little too reminiscent of his own adjustments of the truth. Hemingway also had a tendency to be unmerciful, and often unreasonable, in his personal relationships with those who fell even slightly short of the type of behaviour he expected of them. Combined with his propensity for turning on those who assisted him, this made Hemingway a dangerous friend to have. Those whom he considered to have deceived him earned his undying enmity.

At any rate, Hemingway had completely revised his opinions of

Mussolini by the time he reported on the Lausanne Peace conference in November 1922. This conference sought to settle the dispute between Greece and Turkey which Hemingway had covered earlier; going to Constantinople and witnessing the Greek retreat from Thrace, from which experience he would distil one of the six powerful vignettes which featured in the Little Review, and which augmented by twelve others were published in In Our Time. At Lausanne, Hemingway met William Bolitho Ryall, a seasoned and intelligent correspondent for the Manchester Guardian. As Carlos Baker asserts:

It was Ryall's counsel in Lausanne that marked the real beginning of Ernest's education in international politics. [...] Under Ryall's tutelage, Ernest quickly revised his opinion of Benito Mussolini.³²

Mussolini was now established as Dictator after the Fascists' "*March on Rome*". Hemingway recorded his appearance at a Press Conference in his Lausanne hotel suite at which Mussolini sat at his desk reading a book - Hemingway claimed he tiptoed over to see what it was only to find that "it was a French-English dictionary held upside down."³³

Hemingway now called Mussolini "the biggest bluff in Europe", and compounded this by saying:

If Mussolini would have me taken out and shot tomorrow morning I would still regard him as a bluff. The shooting would be a bluff.³⁴

Given Mussolini's methods of dealing with political opponents this was as Mellow says, "a risky, if rhetorical challenge."³⁵ In the same dispatch, Hemingway questioned the viability of Fascism as a doomed coalition between capital and labour and warned that if Mussolini did not fulfil the patriotic and economic expectations of his supporters his rule would be short-lived:

A new opposition will rise, it is forming already, and it will be led by that old, bald-headed, perhaps a little insane but thoroughly sincere, divinely brave swashbuckler, Gabriele D'Annunzio.³⁶

Of course, Hemingway's one-time admiration for D'Annunzio also faded, he outlined his failings - the worst being ineptitude as an infantry commander another was his role as "phraser of the dialectic of fascism" - in Across the

River and into the Trees, but he retained his respect for him as a writer³⁷. For Mussolini, Hemingway had no vestige of respect left. Of course it is doubtful whether his opinion, or even that of the people of Canada for whom he was writing had as great an impact - if any at all - on the Italian dictator as Hemingway would have liked.

Mussolini told me at Lausanne, you know, that I could never live in Italy again.³⁸

So Hemingway wrote Ezra Pound, giving this as one of the several reasons for his delay in making a proposed visit to Rapallo. Were Pound's "fascist pals," he asked, "liable to give Hadley castor oil?"³⁹ However, Hemingway's real reluctance, it appears, was to accompany Pound on his walking tour in the footsteps of Malatesta. He had, "no desire to eat bad food and sleep in poor inns in Italy,"⁴⁰ although he and Hadley eventually did go to Rapallo at Pound's insistence.

Hemingway was to register his low opinion of Mussolini's Italy in a short account of a trip to Italy he made in 1927 with Guy Hickok, which made it into Men Without Women as "Che Ti Dice La Patria?". In this story he portrays Fascism as casting a brutal pall of ugliness and corruption over the beautiful country he had been so fond of: the fascist who more or less forces Hemingway and his companion to give him a lift on the running board of their coupé assumes they will want money, thanks them in a grudging and unfriendly manner then looks suspiciously after them; the restaurant they go to is doing "double duty" as a brothel; they come up against the corruption of fascist officialdom when a blackshirt extorts money on the pretext that their number plate is dirty. The ironic final sentence echoes the title -

Naturally, in such a short trip, we had no opportunity to see how things were with the country or the people.⁴¹

That has already been inversely summed up at the beginning of the last paragraph with their sentiments at crossing the border:

We drove for two hours after it was dark and slept in Mentone that night. It seemed very cheerful and clean and sane and lovely.⁴²

The anti-fascism to which Robert Jordan would lay claim had its origins in Hemingway's experience of Italy in the Twenties.

Hemingway also covered the trouble following the French occupation of the Ruhr in Spring 1923 - and found that there was as much trouble between the German political factions as directed at the French. He noted the antagonism between Communists and Nationalists:

they look each other in the face or look at each others clothes with a hatred as cold and final as the towering slag heaps back of Frau Bertha Krupp's factories.⁴³

As Meyers comments :

Hemingway's direct and vivid involvement with statesmen and historical events during 1922-23 determined his mature political ideas.[...] As a reporter in Kansas City, Hemingway consistently supported the underdogs and the oppressed: the persecuted Jew, the isolated smallpox case, the scorned prostitute. In Toronto in the fall of 1932, he described the plight of Japanese earthquake victims and advocated workers' rights. As a European reporter for the Star, he sympathized with exiled Russians, oppressed Greeks, mutilated Frenchmen, ruined Germans and victims of Italian Fascism.⁴⁴

Just as Sherwood Anderson had introduced him to Paris, where he was able to consolidate his art in a stimulating and sympathetic milieu, so in turn Gertrude Stein and a young artist Henry (known as Mike) Strater saw that Hemingway with his elemental attraction to violence and feeling for confrontation, and interest if not obsession with death, would benefit from a knowledge of Spain and its bullfights. Such a view obviously appealed greatly to Hemingway who had had brief glimpses of Spain on his voyages to Europe. The second encounter when his ship docked at Vigo with its fleet of tuna-fishing boats and the big brown mountains behind, impressed him deeply - the town was not particularly remarkable but it was sited on a "bright, blue chromo of a bay" which was "alive with fish"⁴⁵. It was the great tuna fish and the men who fished for them which impressed him most, in the article he despatched to the Toronto Star once he reached Paris, Hemingway wrote:

if you land a big tuna after a six-hour fight, fight him man against fish when your muscles are nauseated with the unceasing strain, and finally bring him up alongside the boat, green-blue and silver in the lazy ocean, you will be purified and be able to enter unabashed into the presence of the very elder gods and they will make you welcome.⁴⁶

In a letter to his friend Bill Smith, Hemingway wrote: "Vigo, Spain. That's the place for a male", and vowed to return.⁴⁷ Of course, both Spain and deep-sea angling would play a significant part in Hemingway's life and his art.

Indeed, Hemingway's glimpse of Vigo whetted his appetite so that the more he heard of Spain and its bull-fights, the more he thought of it as the place a man, and a writer should go. In fact he anticipated his arrival in Spain, writing one of the miniatures which appeared in the Little Review and then in In Our Time, on an imagined bullfight episode before he had ever witnessed a corrida. This was based on Strater's talk and that of Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas who had become *aficionados* of the bullring during earlier trips to Spain.

Hemingway's eager anticipation of Spain was heightened by his relative disillusionment with fascist Italy. Also, as Baker points out, Spain was the last Latin country which Hemingway could not claim to know from the inside⁴⁸; something he would soon rectify when in the Spring of 1923 he and his friends Bill Bird and Bob McAlmon, went on a trip to the *corridos* of Madrid, Seville, Ronda and Granada. The trip was largely paid for by McAlmon, or more accurately, McAlmon's wife - a wealthy heiress with whom the bisexual McAlmon had a marriage of mutual convenience. Hemingway became an *aficionado* at once. As Baker puts it:

By the time Bird caught up with his friends at a bullfighters' pension in the Calle San Jeronimo, Ernest was already behaving like a new initiate in a secret society, and laying plans to make a trip through Andalusia with a crew of matadors. When they went to see a novillada at one of the lesser bullrings of Madrid, he could talk of nothing but the courage of bulls and men. He said repeatedly that foreigners were wrong in thinking that the bullfights were brutal. Every corrida was "a great tragedy". Watching one was like having a ring side seat at a war.⁴⁹

For Hemingway, the bullfight with its "moment of truth" swiftly assumed a central place in both his life and his art. It also became something of a shibboleth. In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway records the reactions of McAlmon and several other of his acquaintances in some detail. He also came to this conclusion:

From observation I would say that people may possibly be divided into two general groups; those who, to use one of the terms of the jargon of psychology, identify themselves with, that is, place themselves in the position of, animals, and those who identify themselves with human beings. I believe, after experience and observation, that those people who identify themselves with animals, that is, the almost professional lovers of dogs and other beasts, are capable of greater cruelty to human beings than those who do not identify themselves readily with animals.

(Death in the Afternoon, p.10)

Mellow points out that McAlmon:

rather accurately suspected that Hemingway's "need to love the art of bullfighting came from Gertrude Stein's praise of it, as well as his belief in the value of "self-hardening".⁵⁰

Hemingway gives his own account at the beginning of Death in the Afternoon:

Once I remember Gertrude Stein talking of bullfights spoke of her admiration for Joselito and showed me some pictures of him in the ring and herself and Alice Toklas sitting in the first row of the wooden barreras at the bull ring in Valencia with Joselito and his brother Gallo below, and I had just come from the Near East, where the Greeks broke the legs of their baggage and transport animals and drove and shoved them off the quay into the shallow water when they abandoned the city of Smyrna, and I remember saying that I did not like the bullfights because of the poor horses. I was trying to write then and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced. In writing for a newspaper you told what happened and, with one trick and another, you communicated the emotion aided by the element of timeliness which gives a certain emotion to any account of something that has happened on that day; but the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be as valid in a year or in ten years, or with luck and if you stated it purely enough, always, was beyond me and I was working very hard to try to get it. The only place where you could see life and death, i.e. violent death now that the wars were over, was in the bull ring and I wanted very much to go to Spain where I could study it. I was trying to learn to write, commencing with the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death.....in the case of an execution by a firing squad, or a hanging, this is not true, and if these very simple things were to be made permanent, as say, Goya tried to make them in *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, it could not

be done with any shutting of the eyes....

(Death in the Afternoon, pp.7-8)

The significance of the bullfight for Hemingway was great. He associated it closely with writing - perhaps he saw both as solitary activities against eternity with an arbitrary and potentially hostile crowd (of readers and critics, rather than aficionados, in his case) which was very necessary and integral to the experience. Certainly, Hemingway saw writing as at once a very personal and a very personally challenging activity, essentially linked to his prowess as a man. In Death in the Afternoon, the Old Lady is a sort of sideways acknowledgement of Gertrude Stein's role as a long surpassed mentor on both writing and bullfighting, and perhaps also a way of getting at his mother. Hemingway was deeply moved by the Bullfight and saw in it both a metaphor of life and death and a warning of the brutality which lies hidden in peace time. A third of the sketches which punctuate the stories of In Our Time, helping achieve an overall cohesive unity, are on bullfighting; all after the pivotal story Soldier's Home and the account of the police killing of the two Hungarian cigar store-robbers, (possibly an allusion to the Sacco-Vanzetti case). In Hemingway's art as in his life, bullfighting was a substitute for war. He became truly fascinated with it and wrote much on it. Death in the Afternoon is certainly the best book on bullfighting from an anglo-saxon, and is even hailed as such by the Spanish writer Arturo Barea,⁵¹ (though it should be remembered that after his experiences in Morocco, Barea could not even stand the sight of raw meat, so his appetite for and interest in the bullfight may not have been typical).

Encouraged by Gertrude Stein, Hemingway returned to Spain in July 1923. This time he went to the Fiesta of San Fermin in Pamplona with his wife Hadley; they felt the vicarious experience would be good for the unborn child she was carrying. The Pamplona fiesta was to become almost an

annual pilgrimage for Hemingway for the next decade. This first, and probably most enjoyable visit was with Hadley alone. The next year they returned with friends, including "Chink" Dorman-Smith, Hemingway's British officer friend from Italy. The year after that saw the trip which would provide the bulk of the background for Hemingway's first novel, The Sun Also Rises, (published in Britain as Fiesta, Hemingway's original working title).

It is significant that bullfighting should feature so largely in Hemingway's first novel for as Mellow points out :

Hemingway associated his yearning to go to Spain with his ambitions as a writer - and with the need to escape from journalism. Bullfighting, his initiation into the ritual, was presented as a kind of epiphany in which much that had happened to him in Europe - his still unassimilated war experiences, his hard earned political education as a reporter, his apprenticeship as a creative writer - was profoundly involved⁵².

The world of the *corrida* was at once eternal, ephemeral, universal and insular, and seemed to Hemingway to epitomise the role of the artist. In addition to his Parisian literary acquaintances, including the solipsistic Joyce, and Ezra Pound whose affiliation with the Fascists was anathema to Hemingway, Spain helped set him on a course of concentrating on his art and developing as a writer. By Death in the Afternoon - he was writing :

The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it.

(Death in the Afternoon, p.244)

Hemingway would get some of his best work done at Key West, off the coast of Florida, where he and his second wife Pauline Pfeiffer settled on their return to the United States in 1928. Hemingway led a comfortable life there with plenty of interest which helped him to do some of his best writing, notably A Farewell to Arms. Key West also provided the setting for his only American novel, To Have and Have Not. As Rowe comments, what Hemingway

found in Florida was:

a wild, tropical place that was still largely unfettered by the entrapments of civilized everyday life. Hemingway's Florida was a place where a man could match himself against the elements in contests with the great marlin, a place where someone daring enough could run whiskey for handsome profits. In this Florida one could find the freedom largely lacking in the rest of the country, the freedom to live and thrive according to the tenets of one's own code. Only in the 1930s when the government in the form of the Works Progress Administration and other projects began to interfere with Florida as he knew it, did Hemingway strike out for new country.⁵³

Mellow sees Hemingway's move to Key West as concurrent with a deliberate carving out of a public persona as a man of action. He had several personal and professional reasons for quitting Paris. It reminded him of his years with his first wife and son, and racked him with a guilt which he was manifestly unable to cope with. He had to return for a time to the United States as his new wife Pauline wanted their son to be born there. In any case, Paris was not what it was and the expatriate life not as sweet as the world's economies headed for the crash. On a more professional level, Paris was getting stale in a literary sense; its time as the hub of the literary and artistic universe was on the wane; also Hemingway particularly wanted to distance himself from Gertrude Stein and any question of influences.

In one sense Key West was about as un-American as Hemingway could get and still be in the United States - 120 miles off the coast of Florida, and only 90 miles from Cuba it had a strong Spanish influence. The deep sea fishing which Hemingway took up enthusiastically helped make it an ideal substitute for Spain, indeed a country for a male. Yet, to Hemingway, its frontier spirit was the best tradition America had; there were just fewer and fewer places where it could still flourish, as it had in his youth in Michigan. Key West was one of those places, others were in the West, like the Nordquist ranch at Wyoming and Sun Valley, Idaho, which Hemingway discovered in the Thirties. Messent sees Hemingway as having an eternal quest for "home" but his vision of an alternative geographical and cultural space, in which life can

go on in a free and uncomplicated manner, is:

essentially backward looking and always trembles on the edge of loss ... Hemingway's idyllic notion of "home", of sacred space, is associated first and foremost with a vanished and vanishing America⁵⁴.

Indeed, the wilderness he had loved in Upper Michigan had swiftly been overtaken by the indelible marks of civilization, roads and fences, houses and hot dog stands.

Hemingway's horror of the destruction wreaked in the name of civilisation and progress was every bit as violent as that of Orwell's George Bowling at the creeping suburbia of Southern England. In Key West, Hemingway would again see this in a pretty palpable form. What had been as Rowe describes it, "the last frontier, a place where there was still room for heroes", was tamed by the combined effects of the Depression, the overland highway and the initiatives launched as part of Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal. As Rowe asserts :

By 1933 a fourth of the population was on relief, and the following year the community was placed in the hands of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, which planned to rebuild the town into a resort.⁵⁵

Hemingway found the changes as hard to accept as many of the "Conchs", the tough minded and self-reliant locals. His house was included on an itinerary of Key West's attractions prepared by the tourist board; Hemingway joked that he kept an aged black man outside to impersonate him and see off tourists, but such intrusions were the antithesis of the life he had enjoyed there. His first escape was the sea, as he described it:

the Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country there is left. Once you are out of sight of land and of the other boats you are more alone than you can ever be hunting and the sea is the same as it has been since before men ever went on it in boats.⁵⁶

As Rowe further comments:

in To Have and Have Not Hemingway showed what had seemed a paradise, a holdout against bourgeois American life, at the very moment when it would have to succumb, to a degree at least, to the forces of the depression that were controlling the rest of America. And it is

precisely because this southern outpost of Florida was being threatened that its primitive qualities remained so important in Hemingway's vision. This wild, primitive place, so isolated that it maintained its own individualistic code into the early decades of the Twentieth century industrial age, remained for Hemingway the heart of what America had once been and had now lost.⁵⁷

While Hemingway's life in Key West, and fishing on the Gulf Stream, was to some degree insulated from the wider course of events, even there politics and poverty reared their heads. He felt that the disparity between the lives of the rich yachtsmen and sportsmen he knew and those of the increasingly poverty stricken Conchs and the displaced war veterans of the Civilian Conservation Camps made Key West a microcosm of contemporary America. Hemingway had expressed support for the Socialist Eugene Debs in the 1932 Presidential election and he could see the effects of the change in the Keys with the war veterans of the CCC and the local people on relief at the sharp end of the New Deal. Yet, he himself lived a very comfortable life. He had plenty of leisure for writing without having to rely on his own earnings, as he and his wife Pauline Pfeiffer were amply supported by her family's fortune, both from her parents and from her Uncle Gus Pfeiffer. Dos Passos commented on the latter's generosity:

Uncle Gus was a small nostalgic man. Stiff with money and having neither chick nor child as the saying was, he lavished attention on his smart pretty nieces. Ernest fascinated him. Hunting, fishing, writing. He wanted to help Ernest do all the things he'd been too busy making money to do.⁵⁸

Uncle Gus paid for a flat in Paris, a car, the house at Whitehead Street in Key West, the fishing boat, the *Pilar*, and had given Hemingway \$25,000 to go on his African safari⁵⁹. Pauline even had him set up a \$10,000 trust fund for Bumby, Hemingway's and Hadley's son.

In Key West, Hemingway seemed more intent in building up the legend of the rough man of action than in thinking too hard about politics or about his own country. He returned to Spain in May 1931 and stayed until

September, following the bullfights and working on Death in the Afternoon. It is not true to say that Hemingway was unaware politically; even in this book on bullfighting there are some references to Spanish politics and the state of the country which was just in the throes of becoming the Second Republic.⁶⁰ These references centre on the effect of political change on bullfighting - though one could argue that there was method in this, for bullfighting represented the difference of Spain from the rest of Europe and it was precisely the failure to take this into account by the Republican politicians, (as seen for example in the Left Republicans' provocative and rather unnecessary assault on the clergy while leaving the real question of agrarian reform unresolved) along with the appeal of the strong arm politics of fascism to the backward ruling classes which finally propelled Spain into Civil War. Of course, Hemingway's grasp of the complexity of Spanish politics had developed slowly - in the Autumn of 1923 he had witnessed the period which was to lead to the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. Hemingway somewhat confused the nature of the outcry over King Alfonso's "Responsibilities", which he interpreted as concern that he was not responsible enough as a ruler in that he chose to put his person at risk by living a playboy life and driving too fast rather than the question of whether he was responsible for the wholesale slaughter of thousands of Spaniards in Morocco, at Annual and in subsequent disasters which were largely due to incompetence and corruption⁶¹. Nonetheless, Hemingway was in Spain and familiar with its political and social development at all the key points in the years leading up to the Civil War. In his letters and in an article for Esquire some three years later during the repressive times of the *bienio negro*, Hemingway shows himself to be both aware of and concerned at the political threats to the Republic⁶². In January 1934 he wrote:

Spain is a big country and it is now inhabited by too many politicians for any man to be a friend to all of it with impunity. The spectacle of

its governing is at present more comic than tragic; but the tragedy is very close.⁵³

The revolt in the Asturias and the subsequent brutal repression by the Army of Africa came only nine months after Hemingway wrote this.

Perhaps more importantly, by the 1930s, the political world had so thoroughly invaded the literary world that Hemingway was unable to ignore it professionally. The Gulf Stream may have been the place to catch marlin and tarpon but it was a backwater as far as the literary world of the Thirties was concerned. Indeed, Hemingway seemed further and further adrift as the Thirties progressed while he worked in splendid isolation at Key West and made his hunting trips to Wyoming, his pilgrimages to the *corridos* in Spain and his African safari.

If by the mid-Thirties Hemingway was beginning to seem something of an anachronism, it also seemed and he probably felt that he was flagging as a writer. He had not published a novel since A Farewell to Arms. To Have and Have Not, was not published until 1937, and its status as a novel was open to question. By and large, books like Death in the Afternoon and Green Hills of Africa were substitutes for novels - they would certainly not secure Hemingway's place in the pantheon of literary immortals. To some degree, the nature of these books as forms of documentary was very much of their time, and Hemingway was perhaps intent on staking a claim as an all-round man of letters, just as he was an all-round sportsman; yet, the subjects only served to emphasise how far removed from the centre of the literary world Hemingway now was. From having been at the epicentre of the artistic world in Paris in the Twenties he had slipped to the periphery in almost every way, even choosing to live on the periphery of America. In many senses Hemingway was more "lost" in the Thirties than he had ever been in the Twenties. His obsession with the bullfight and his attempts to relate opposing myths of action and myths of art, only served to emphasise his lack of

direction in his attitudes to politics and literature. "This silliness of kudu", as the curious Austrian he encountered summed up his safari in Green Hills of Africa, showed up Hemingway's distance from the growing numbers of committed writers. This was obviously something he was aware of. In comparison to the plaudits his friend Dos Passos was receiving, Hemingway was widely criticised for his stance on politics, or rather his lack of one. Reviewing Green Hills of Africa in the New Masses, Granville Hicks asked provocatively "Would Hemingway write better books if he wrote on different themes?" and suggested that Hemingway should write a novel about a strike:

not because a strike is the only thing worth writing about, but because it would do something to Hemingway. If he just let himself look squarely at the contemporary American scene he would be bound to grow.⁶⁴

Yet it seems clear that Hemingway was concerned with his own growth as an artist as much as any of his critics, and it was almost precisely because of this that he chose to distance himself from politics. Indeed, in both Death in the Afternoon and Green Hills of Africa, he indulges in considerable speculation on the role of the artist. In the latter, he aims to set the record straight, in response to those critics who had been so hard on the book on bull-fighting, and who thought he should make his stand in the class war between the "two nations" which Dos Passos and others had brought into the open:

If you serve time for society, democracy, and the other things quite young, and declining any further enlistment make yourself responsible only to yourself, you exchange the pleasant comforting stench of comrades for something you can never feel in any other way than by yourself that something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion,...

(Green Hills of Africa, p.116)

This 469 word sentence continues, a minor Anna Livia Plurabelle passage on

the Gulf Stream aimed at demonstrating Hemingway's concern with eternal truths rather than ephemeral political causes showing the Gulf Stream off Cuba where he most enjoyed fishing as a constant which will endure:

after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage[...]

(Green Hills, p.116)

The catalogue of garbage is an obvious metaphor for human history, politics, and, one imagines, its associated literature. The critics and historians are the garbage pickers:

the stream, with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten miles along the coast it is as blue and clear and unimpressed as it ever was before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing - the stream.

(Green Hills, p.117)

The stream is at once the Gulf Stream, which Hemingway defends as in itself worthy of much time and study on any writer's part, but it is also time itself, Hemingway is always conscious of the currents of artistic and human history and here he is staking his claim to posterity, while in a stroke reminiscent of Pope in The Dunciad, he consigns his critics and those writers who espouse ephemeral concerns to the oblivion of the garbage scow while only those who "write well and truly" endure.

Indeed the subtext of Green Hills of Africa is Hemingway's denial of the influences of his contemporaries and former mentors - Edmund Wilson amusingly commented that Hemingway had gone to Africa to hunt rhinoceros and all he had found was Gertrude Stein. One way or another, Hemingway damns most other American writers; indeed, most other living writers with the exception of Joyce - a move at once emanating from genuine admiration and the secure knowledge that this would greatly annoy one of his chief targets, Gertrude Stein. Yet, even Joyce is not portrayed as a distant

master but as a fellow writer whom Hemingway remembers carousing with before setting off for Africa. He manages to push the comparison further in the sentence :

It was nice to see a great writer in our time.
(Green Hills, p.62)

Far from imitating contemporary or near contemporary Anglo-American writers, Hemingway is essentially aiming to portray himself as playing in a different league: he talks of Tolstoi, Flaubert, Stendhal, Dostoevski and somehow manages to insinuate his own presence amongst this historic pantheon. At any rate he seeks to convince the reader, and perhaps himself, that he is aiming considerably higher than his committed contemporaries:

What I had to do was work. I did not care, particularly, how it all came out. I did not take my own life seriously any more, anyone else's life, yes, but not mine. They all wanted something that I did not want and I would get it without wanting it, if I worked. To work was the only good thing, it was the one thing that always made you feel good, and in the meantime it was my own damn life and I would lead it where and how I pleased.

(Green Hills, pp.62-63)

Significantly, these passages are preceded in Chapter Six with an account of the irritation caused by camel flies, followed by a comparison of himself to a bull elk in mortal pain. Like Pope, Hemingway was troubled enough by those "insects of a day", or as he rephrases it, "the lice who crawl on literature" (Green Hills, p.89), to take action to distinguish himself from them - these included not only critics but many imitators who were considered by the more astute and sympathetic of Hemingway's critics, such as Cyril Connolly, to have;

everywhere cashed in on the Hemingway technique [...] ignoring his craftsmanship and quality of thought.⁶⁵

In fact, Hemingway was almost painfully aware of criticism, both of his work and of his lifestyle which by the mid-Thirties had almost come to overshadow the writing. He was stung by the new vogue for committed writers, he set about making the case for the defence. The bizarre

encounter and literary debate with an Austrian "*afrikaner*", Hans Koritschoner,⁶⁶ Kandisky in the book, who has read "Hemingway the poet", in Der Querschnitt - was, Hemingway puts it, "too fantastic to deal with." Yet it also proved a handy way for Hemingway to set forth his cultural credentials and pre-empt his critics.

"Why should any man shoot a kudu? You, an intelligent man, a poet, to shoot kudu." the Austrian asks, echoing and anticipating many Hemingway critics especially on the Left.

Later, Hemingway chooses not to shatter the Austrian's erstwhile enthusiasm for the Querschnitt writers:

"a very brilliant group of people. The people one would see if one saw whom one wished to see..."

I did not wish to destroy anything this man had, and so I did not go into those brilliant people in detail.

"They're marvellous," I said, lying.

"I envy you to know them," he said. "And tell me, who is the greatest writer in America?"

"My husband," said my wife.

"No. I do not mean for you to speak from family pride. I mean who really? Certainly not Upton Sinclair. Certainly not Sinclair Lewis. Who is your Thomas Mann? Who is your Valéry?"

(Green Hills, pp.62-63)

Hemingway's immediate response is: "We do not have great writers." There is of course an unspoken hint that it is Hemingway himself who is America's Thomas Mann or Paul Valéry, both writers he admired; at the very least there is the assumption that he must be superior to Upton Sinclair and Sinclair Lewis. This is augmented by the irony of the situation - the fact that the Austrian thinks of Hemingway as a poet and is ignorant of his acclaimed prose; the fact that he should so swiftly dismiss Pauline's assessment of her husband's status and go on to ask such a question of Hemingway, a writer who tended to see literary comparisons both figuratively and sometimes physically in terms of the boxing ring - all of which seems to have rather tickled Hemingway. It also provides him with an opportunity to give his assessment of American letters and perhaps more importantly, to make a

mission statement on his own writing.

Among many other ailments affecting modern American writers is the economic imperative:

They have to write to keep up their establishments, their wives, and so on, and they write slop. It is slop not on purpose but because it is hurried. Because they write when there is nothing to say or no water in the well. Because they are ambitious. Or else they read the critics.
(Green Hills, pp.26-27)

Hemingway also refers to two contemporary "good writers", one almost certainly Fitzgerald, the other Tom Wolfe - but perhaps also an oblique statement of his own position - who have reached the stage where they, "cannot write because they have lost confidence through reading critics."

Apparently pressed by the Austrian, Hemingway continues:

At a certain age the men turn into old Mother Hubbard. The women writers become Joan of Arc without the fighting. They become leaders. It doesn't matter who they lead. If they do not have followers they invent them. It is useless for those selected as followers to protest. They are accused of disloyalty.
(Green Hills, p.27)

This of course is a thinly veiled retort to those who saw Hemingway as indebted to Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein - including Stein herself. Hemingway goes on:

The others try to save their souls with what they write. That is an easy way out. Others are ruined by the first money, the first praise, the first attack, the first time they find they cannot write, or the first time they cannot do anything else, or else they get frightened and join organizations that do their thinking for them. Or they do not know what they want. Henry James wanted to make money. He never did of course"
"And you?"
"I am interested in other things . I have a good life but I must write because if I do not write a certain amount I do not enjoy the rest of my life."
"And what do you want?"
"To write as well as I can and learn as I go along. At the same time I have my life which I enjoy and which is a damned good life."
"Hunting kudu?"
"Yes. Hunting kudu and many other things."
..."You really like to do this, what you do now , this silliness of kudu?"
"Just as much as I like to be in the Prado".
"One is not better than the other?"
"One is as necessary as the other. There are other things, too."
..."But it takes money"
"I could always make money and besides I have been very lucky."

"Then you are happy?"
 "Except when I think of other people."
 "Then you think of other people?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "But you do nothing for them?"
 "No."
 "Nothing?"
 "Maybe a little."
 "Do you think your writing is worth doing - as an end in itself?"
 "Oh, yes."
 "You are sure?"
 "Very sure."

(Green Hills, pp.27-28)

Now on the "damned serious subject" of writing, Hemingway gets into his stride:

"The reason everyone now tries to avoid it, to deny that it is important, to make it seem vain to try to do it, is because it is so difficult. Too many factors must combine to make it possible."
 "What is this now?"
 "The kind of writing that can be done. How far prose can be carried if anyone is serious enough and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be got."
 "You believe it?"
 "I know it."
 "And if a writer can get this?"
 "Then nothing else matters. It is more important than anything he can do. The chances are, of course, that he will fail. But there is a chance that he succeeds."
 "But that is poetry you are talking about."
 "No. It is much more difficult than poetry. It is a prose that has never been written. But it can be written, without tricks and without cheating. With nothing that will go bad afterwards."
 "And why has it not been written?"
 "Because there are too many factors. First, there must be talent, much talent. Talent such as Kipling had. Then there must be discipline. The discipline of Flaubert. Then there must be the conception of what it can be and an absolute conscience as unchanging as the standard meter in Paris, to prevent faking. Then the writer must be intelligent and disinterested and above all he must survive. Try to get all these in one person and have him come through all the influences that press on a writer. The hardest thing because time is so short, is for him to survive and get his work done. But I would like us to have such a writer and to read what he would write. What do you say? Should we talk about something else?"

(Green Hills, pp.27-28)

By this stage there were chinks appearing in Hemingway's armour against the tide of politics in literature and life; if he admitted under pressure from the Austrian that he sometimes did things for others, he was

being taken to task for his lack of political commitment by his own admirers. A breakthrough seemed to come in the mid-Thirties when a hurricane hit the Florida Keys and killed hundreds of displaced war veterans in the *Civilian Conservation Corps* working on the causeway and other projects which were under Roosevelt's *Federal Emergency Relief Administration* (F.E.R.A.). They should not have been in the flimsy camp accommodation in the winter season and they could have been evacuated but bureaucracy and penny-pinching had postponed evacuation, with the resulting carnage. Hemingway made his way south to the Matecumbe Keys and was quickly on the scene which reminded him of the horror of the aftermath of the munition explosion he had seen in Italy. He was asked to write a piece for the pro-Communist New Masses, whose editors and reviewers had numbered among his long standing enemies. He pulled no punches in his piece "Who Murdered the Vets?"⁶⁷. This was widely seen as Hemingway joining the rest of the literary world in going over to the left.

It seems clear that as the Thirties progressed, Hemingway was aware of the relative damage his apolitical stance was doing his reputation. However, he remained reluctant to write, and was perhaps incapable of writing, a left wing tract - or, as Granville Hicks had suggested, a novel on a strike. Indeed, in To Have and Have Not, the book in which Hemingway addressed this whole problem most fully, he makes this point quite forcefully. The book opens in Havana with Harry Morgan, a former policeman and smuggler turned to taking fishing charters, refusing to carry two Cuban revolutionaries over to America, saying:

"I don't care who is President here. But I don't carry anything to the States that can talk."

(To Have and Have Not, p.10)

His wisdom is swiftly demonstrated when a Chicago gangster style massacre breaks out as the Cubans leave the cafe. Straight away, we know Harry

Morgan lives a potentially dangerous life in a violent world - however, within a few pages he is on the Gulf Stream, fishing for marlin, a combination of calm and excitement. Even so, the man who has chartered his boat has no real appreciation of what he's trying to do and is really just doing it because it's fashionable:

this Johnson had fished fifteen days, finally he hooks into a fish a fisherman would give a year to tie into, he loses him, he loses my heavy tackle, he makes a fool of himself and he sits there perfectly content, drinking with a rummy.

(To Have and Have Not,p.23)

Johnson compounds his carelessness by absconding without paying his bill, which forces Morgan to take on anything he can get. This turns out to be taking on a cargo of Chinese immigrants who Mr. Sing, the Chinese gangster who pays him, expects him to kill rather than land in the United States. Frankie, the dockside friend who puts Harry in touch with Sing, describes it as:

"Good business...Better than politics. Much money. Plenty big business."

(To Have and Have Not,p.32)

A couple of pages later, Harry has been threatened by the revolutionaries:

It looked like a photograph when I unwrapped it, and I unrolled it thinking it was maybe a picture someone around the dock had taken of the boat.

All right. It was a close-up picture of the head and chest of a dead nigger with his throat cut clear across from ear to ear and then stitched up neat and a card on his chest saying in Spanish: "This is what we do to lenguas largas."

Frankie explains simply:

"Politics," Frankie said.

"Oh Yes,I said.

"They think you told the police you were meeting those boys here that morning"

"Oh,yes."

"Bad politics," Frankie said. "Good thing you go."

A few lines later he repeats:

"Bad politics"... "Very bad politics."

(To Have and Have Not,p.34-35)

Having killed Mr. Sing rather than twelve of his compatriots, Harry Morgan thinks seriously about killing his drunken mate Eddy who has stowed away and may indulge in incriminating gossip. Harry decides not to kill him only after he discovers Eddy has put himself on the crew list. The vision of Harry's comfortable home at once emphasises the lengths to which he has to go to maintain it and is contrasted by the figure of Eddy who as "a rummy" symbolises the effects of the Depression on the Keys.

In To Have and Have Not, politics are something which interfere with people's lives, just as Hemingway portrays the *FERA* as doing. Doctor Frederick Harrison, who wants Captain Willie Adams to arrest Harry for rum running and claims to be one of the three most important men in America, is presumably some senior official of the *FERA*. However, Harrison is simply "some stool from Washington" and a "big alphabet man" to Captain Willie who completely ignores his orders and warns the wounded Harry Morgan to stay out of sight. Harrison displays a total lack of understanding of the independent Conchs and their way of life. His only interest in the Florida Keys is as a way of furthering his political ambitions. For all his academic qualifications and political standing, Harrison is ignorant of the realities of life, epitomised in his ignorance of fishing and poverty:

"He loves to fish," Captain Willie yelled, his voice almost breaking.

"But the son of a bitch claims you can't eat 'em."

(To Have and Have Not, p.34-35)

The third section of the book, *Winter*, shows Key West fully in the grip of the Depression, which ultimately is a flaw in the political system, and highlights the arrogance and inadequacy of the *FERA*:

Anyone would have to be a writer or a F.E.R.A. man to have a wife like that, Freddy thought. God, isn't she awful?

(To Have and Have Not, p.104)

Meanwhile, politics are a sort of vicious abstraction, usually involving the middle classes - the Cuban revolutionaries, for example, are generally young

educated middle-class boys identified as political by the good quality of their clothing - which have dangerous effects on ordinary working people:

What the hell do I care about his revolution. F--- his revolution. To help the working man he robs a bank and kills a fellow works with him and then kills that poor damned Albert that never did any harm. That's a working man he kills.

(To Have and Have Not, p.104)

The politics of poverty force the politics of terror on Harry Morgan. Politics close in on him and eventually destroy him. Hemingway too felt that politics were closing in on him and To Have and Have Not is at once the product and statement of his position. Essentially disliking most authority, Hemingway thought of himself as, if anything, an anarchist and was fairly hostile to the Communists - particularly as the Communist critics of the New Masses and other Left-wing publications specialised in baiting him and accusing him of ignoring the class struggle. However, as this was the Nineteen Thirties, a writer at Hemingway's stage of development could not ignore politics, which had thoroughly saturated the literary world. For many left-wing critics, Hemingway's lack of political awareness and involvement was embodied in the occasional articles he wrote for Esquire - the fashionable men's magazine edited by Arnold Gingrich. Hemingway was well paid for these and seemed to enjoy the opportunity to write about whatever he felt like; yet, the appearance of his by-line in such an escapist and elitist publication as Esquire provided more fuel for hostile critics. Of course, Hemingway was by no means the only literary figure to contribute to Esquire; as William White notes, other writers not too proud to appear in this magazine included Thomas Mann, Ezra Pound and Aldous Huxley - hardly low-brows. Ironically it was in one of his Esquire pieces that he met his politically motivated critics head-on. In "Old Newsman Writes: A Letter from Cuba" published in December 1934, Hemingway sought to make the point that he had long been politically aware but did not see politics as a substitute for literature:

Now a writer can make himself a nice career while he is alive by espousing a political cause, working for it, making a profession of believing in it, and if it wins he will be very well placed...

But none of this will help the writer as a writer unless he finds something new to add to human knowledge while he is writing. Otherwise he will stink like any other writer when they bury him; except, since he has had political affiliations, they will send more flowers at the time and later he will stink a little more

The hardest thing to do is to write straight honest prose on human beings. First you have to know the subject; then you have to know how to write. Both take a lifetime to learn, and anybody is cheating who takes politics as a way out. It is too easy. All the outs are too easy, and the thing itself is too hard to do.⁶⁸

Hemingway goes on to warn of the dangers of letting them "suck you in to start writing about the proletariat, if you don't come from the proletariat, just to please the recently politically enlightened critics". This was a perhaps a little ironic given that he had already started on the Harry Morgan stories which would become To Have and Have Not, but Hemingway was in no mood to take prisoners as far as the critics were concerned:

Write about what you know and write truly and tell them all where they can place it. They are all really very newly converted and very frightened, really, and when Moscow tells them what I am telling you, then they will believe it. Books should be about the people you know, that you love and hate, not about the people you study up about. If you write them truly they will have all the economic implications a book can hold.⁶⁹

Hemingway's advice appears general but this article is really as intensely personal a statement of how he perceived his function as an artist and how he felt about the critical attacks upon him at this time, as the passages on writing in the Green Hills of Africa:

All the critics who could not make their reputations by discovering you are hoping to make them by predicting hopefully your approaching impotence, failure and general drying up of natural juices. Not a one will wish you luck or hope that you will keep on writing unless you have political affiliations in which case these will rally around and speak of you and Homer, Balzac, Zola and Link Steffens...

But if the book is good, is about something that you know, and is truly written and reading over it you see that this is so you can let the boys yip and the noise will have that pleasant sound coyotes make on a very cold night when they are out in the snow and you are in your own cabin that you have built or paid for with your work.⁷⁰

Certainly, the self-sufficient individualism of the frontiersman appealed to

Hemingway far more than the restrictive homogenisation implicit in any planned society. In 1932, Hemingway had written to Dos Passos:

I suppose I am an anarchist-but it takes a while to figure out ...I don't believe and can't believe in too much government - no matter what good in the end. To hell with the church when it becomes a state and to hell with the state when it becomes a church. Also it is very possible that tearing down is more important than building up.⁷¹

Hemingway also corresponded with Ivan Kashkin, his Russian translator, who had written an essay on him in which he summed Hemingway up as *Mens morbida in corpore sano*. He told Kashkin that:

Everyone tries to frighten you now by saying or writing that if one does not become a communist or have a Marxian viewpoint one will have no friends and will be alone. They seem to think that to be alone is something dreadful; or that not to have friends is to be feared. I would rather have one honest enemy than most of the friends I have known. I cannot be a communist now because I believe in only one thing: liberty. First I would look after myself and do my work. Then I would care for my family. Then I would help my neighbour. But the state I care nothing for. All the state has ever meant to me is unjust taxation[...]I believe in the absolute minimum of government.

Hemingway continued:

A writer is like a Gypsy. He owes no allegiance to any government. If he is a good writer he will never like the government he lives under. His hand should be against it and its hand will always be against him. The minute anyone knows any bureaucracy well enough he will hate it. Because the minute it passes a certain size it must be unjust.

A writer is an outlyer like a Gypsy. He can be class conscious only if his talent is limited. If he has enough talent, all classes are his province. He takes from them all and what he gives is everybody's property.

[...] A true work of art endures forever; no matter what its politics.⁷²

In To Have and Have Not, Hemingway was conscious that like Harry Morgan, his time was almost up. Harry Morgan's dying words which he tortuously gets out "A man alone ain't got no bloody chance" - which Malcolm Cowley felt was Hemingway's restatement of Marx and Engels's "Workers of the World Unite..."⁷³ - seem to indicate that people now needed a collective sense, or at least politics had now forced that upon them. Similarly, the prevalence of politics in the literary world has made it more difficult for a writer to be an outlyer. Yet Hemingway's letter to Kashkin is fulfilled in another way in To

Have and Have Not which is, above all, an exploration of parallel and incompatible points of view, both in form and content.

In many ways, Hemingway identified with Harry Morgan - the march of Middle America was exemplified in the *FERA* and the *CCC*, indeed, one might ascribe the latter initials to the values which seemed to be pervading America - complacency, corruption and capitalism. While Hemingway disliked and distrusted politics, he could see that there was no way in which he could continue to ignore them in his work. He felt quite strongly that literature was above politics but he was also aware of the damage which one of his favourite writers, Kipling, had done to his reputation by "being a fool about politics"⁷⁴ and espousing reaction; Hemingway was presumably determined that the same fate would not befall his reputation.

Even so, if he felt obliged to examine the subject of politics and the Depression in To Have and Have Not, Hemingway was not willing to do so on the terms of the leftist critics and the New Masses, and he belittles the trend towards committed writing in his portrait of the radical writer Richard Gordon. This has been taken as a vicious portrayal of Dos Passos, though it has to be said that Dos Passos did not recognise himself in it. If there are elements of Dos Passos, who was still on friendly terms with Hemingway at this stage, it seems more than likely that Gordon is also meant to serve as the epitome of the literary world's current vogue for all things left wing, and on a wider basis as a shallow and opportunistic anti-type of everything Hemingway thought a writer should be. Certainly, Gordon shares Dos Passos's conviction that he can sum up individuals on meeting them once - Hemingway shows us how wrong this is in his view of Marie, Harry Morgan's wife:

a heavy set, big, blue-eyed woman, with bleached-blond hair showing under her old man's felt hat, hurrying across the road, her eyes red from crying.

(To Have and Have Not, p.131)

Gordon passes Marie when she is on her way home from the sheriff's office,

having heard that Harry is dead or dying. Gordon knows nothing of this or of the deep and fulfilling love Harry and Marie have for each other, but he aims to portray her in the novel he is writing about a strike in a textile factory in Gastonia:

Her husband when he came home at night hated her, hated the way she had coarsened and grown heavy, was repelled by her bleached hair, her too big breasts, her lack of sympathy with his work as an organizer. he would compare her to the young, firm-breasted, full-lipped little Jewess that had spoken at the meeting that evening. It was good. It was, it could be easily, terrific, and it was true. He had seen, in a flash of perception, the whole inner life of that type of woman.

(To Have and Have Not, p.131)

Hemingway has fun disposing of Gordon's illusions - it is his books which are predictable and of a type. There was as Walter Rideout asserts a recognisable genre of "Gastonia" novels written by committed writers like Upton Sinclair, Steinbeck and Dos Passos - and many more by inferior writers - and it is this which Hemingway aims to satirise in the figure of Gordon.

Gordon meets an odd character in a bar, Spellman, who turns out to be a sort of addled Society arsonist. Spellman likes Gordon's books but even this unbalanced figure can read the formula behind them :

"You know I'm a sucker for anything on the social conflict."

"What?"

"I love it," said Spellman. "I go for it above anything else. You're absolutely the best of the lot. Listen has it got a beautiful Jewish agitator in it?"

(To Have and Have Not, p.131)

Later, at the more downmarket Freddy's Bar, Gordon tells a Communist Veteran that he's writing a book about Gastonia. The Communist approves of this but doesn't think much of Gordon's books: "I thought they were s---"

The disparate responses - a positive one from a deranged rich boy and a negative one from someone dedicated to and unavoidably involved in "the social conflict" - again emphasise how far off the mark Gordon is. The final

statement of Gordon's failure comes later as a result of his marital breakdown, itself a symptom of his arrogance and belief that as a writer he is beyond bourgeois values. He has been beaten up by the bouncer in a bar, and is staggering around when Marie Morgan is driving her daughters back from the hospital where Harry has just died :

"How's Daddy?" one of the girls asked.

Marie did not answer.

"How's Daddy, Mother?"

"Don't talk to me," Marie said. "Just don't talk to me".

(To Have and Have Not, p.185)

This echoes Richard Gordon telling his wife not to talk to him because he had his true picture of Marie Morgan to write, but while Gordon cuts off communication out of selfish arrogance, Marie does it from grief and love.

As they turned on to the worn whiter coral of the Rocky Road the headlight of the car showed a man walking unsteadily along ahead of them.

"Some poor rummy," thought Marie. "Some poor goddamned rummy."

They passed the man, who had blood on his face, and who kept on unsteadily in the dark after the lights of the car had gone up the street. It was Richard Gordon on his way home.

(To Have and Have Not, p.185)

While this passage closely parallels the one in which Gordon assesses Marie - she does not pass judgement on him and in the midst of her grief can even spare compassion for him. While her assessment of him as a rummy is ironic, it is objectively correct at least at that moment, and possibly given Gordon's circumstances, will continue to be so as he swaps places with McWalsey. It is at any rate much more justified than Gordon's arrogant and ill-considered judgement of Marie.

These shifts and contrasts in viewpoint and the inability of people to see the same thing in the same way, contain the books most important message - the breakdown and incoherence of American society. It is also, in a way, Hemingway's attempt to demonstrate this at a human level rather than in terms of politics. The socio-economic divide between the "Haves" and the "Have Not's" is ever present; attempts like those of the Cuban revolutionaries

seem to bring little benefit for ordinary people. It is above all the lack of understanding of "How the other half live", the unwillingness of those in power like Frederick Harrison to see ordinary people as human beings, which perpetuates the greed and selfishness which led to the Depression. The "Haves" are seen to be both hypocritical and deluded in their feelings of superiority over the "Have Not's" - who are generally portrayed as superior at a level of individual morality and in their potential, albeit curtailed by economic circumstances, for a happy and meaningful existence. This is seen in the contrast between such characters as: Captain Willie and Frederick Harrison; Richard Gordon and Marie Morgan; Harry Morgan and Mr. Johnson. There is an underlying criticism of Capitalism, but also it seems, a recognition that there can be no quick fix, no revolution; there will always be the rich and the poor - the Conches and the rich yachtsmen.

The social gulf in America was at least as marked as Orwell had found in Britain - the ignorance of the rich, and their lack of concern for the plight of the poor, every bit as great. In the figure of Harry Morgan, Hemingway hoped to show that life was more complex than the genre of Gastonia novels, with their satanic mills and beautiful Jewish agitators, would allow. Economics force Harry into violence, but he is neither a dangerous outlaw nor an idealistic revolutionary, just a tough conch trying to keep his wife and children. Significantly, Hemingway had once advised Dos Passos (on reading 1919) not to: "get any perfect characters in - no Stephen Daedeluses-remember it was Bloom and Mrs. Bloom saved Joyce."⁷⁵ To Have and Have Not is Hemingway's attempt to take his own advice and Marie Morgan his Molly Bloom.

On a personal level, Hemingway prided himself on being able to straddle the two worlds of the "Haves" and the "Have Nots". He tended to get on fairly well with people from all walks of life and particularly with simple

hard-working people. Hemingway's son records that one of his most used quotes, from one of his favourite writers, Kipling, was the line from "*If*" - "Walk with kings - nor lose the common touch." and this summed up his approach⁷⁶ (coincidentally, as if to set the seal on Kipling's politics, "*If*" was Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera's favourite poem and he would often read sections of this, in Spanish, to his followers, before Sunday parades or possible street fights⁷⁷). Certainly, Hemingway could lay claim to more friends on the fringes of the working class than many writers who made their living writing of them.

Even so, while Hemingway was not the most materialistic of men, money and the freedom it gave him was not unimportant to him - even if it was only to free him from what he expounded in Green Hills of Africa as the pernicious requirement for writers to keep writing for money. There is much irony in how close his frequent jibes about the rich came to his own home. The millionaire yachtsmen Hemingway paints such an unattractive picture of at the end of To Have and Have Not were as much his associates as his sea going Conch friends like Captain Bra Saunders and Josie Russell. By way of contrast to the more decadent yachters depicted, the "dull and upright family" on one of the yachts were close associates indeed. Their money comes:

from selling something everybody uses by the millions of bottles, which costs three cents a quart to make, for a dollar a bottle in the large (pint) size, fifty cents in the medium, and a quarter in the small.

(To Have and Have Not, p.175)

As Meyers points out, this is a direct assault on Hemingway's wife Pauline and her Uncle Gus Pfeiffer, who among other interests owned *Sloan's Liniment* which pretty well corresponded to the product Hemingway describes⁷⁸. On the one hand this was a clumsy assault on capitalism: on the other, it was a classic instance of Hemingway's penchant for savaging the hand that fed him.

While Hemingway had been happy at Key West, the changes in the town and his growing concern that his career was flagging, lessened his

enjoyment of living there. He also felt increasingly isolated from the literary world, as Meyers puts it:

Hemingway begged his literary friends to visit him and often complained that he had no one to talk to while living between the fashionable sporting set and the proletarian "four-letter folk".⁷⁹

For all his macho bluster, Hemingway was at the root a sensitive and dedicated artist and he felt the need to converse with writers and critics, albeit sympathetic ones. One such writer, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, was to come across Hemingway at Bimini amongst his yachting and fishing friends. Having heard of his reputation as a brawler, she was surprised to find him:

a most loveable nervous and sensitive person... He is so great an artist that he does not need to be ever on the defensive. He is so vast, so virile, that he does not need ever to hit anybody.⁸⁰

However, Rawlings was critical of the wealthy circle Hemingway moved in :

Hemingway is among these people a great deal, and they like and admire him - his personality, his sporting prowess, and his literary prestige. It seems to me that unconsciously he must value their opinion.... He must be afraid of laying bare before them the agony that tears the artist... So, as in Death in the Afternoon, he writes beautifully, and then immediately turns it off with a flippant comment or a deliberate obscenity... They are the only people who would be pleased by the things in his work that distress the rest of us.⁸¹

Hemingway himself was not unconscious of the difficulties of his situation. The figures of Richard Gordon in To Have and Have Not and Harry Walden in The Snows of Kilimanjaro, also point to a growing concern and belief that the life he was leading was having a seriously detrimental effect on his writing, something which was also laid at the door of his wealthy wife. The hypocritical jibes against the rich in both these works must also partly reflect the increasing strain on his second marriage and perhaps his continuing remorse at the break up of his first.

Fitzgerald, whose writing was greatly affected by his relationship with his wife Zelda, wrote of Hemingway to a mutual friend, Morley Callaghan:

I have a theory that Ernest needs a new woman for each big book. There was one for the stories and The Sun Also Rises. Now there's

Pauline. A Farewell to Arms is a big book. If there's another big book I think we'll find Ernest has another wife.⁸²

This was to prove a prophetic statement as the next "big book", For Whom the Bell Tolls was not dedicated to Pauline but to Martha Gellhorn, who would become Hemingway's third wife.

Hemingway's creative and marital difficulties cannot have been helped when he had suffered a period of severe depression in the winter of 1935-36. He wrote to Sara Murphy:

Along before Christmas I had gotten as gloomy as a bastard, Thought was facing impotence, inability to write, insomnia and was going to blow my lousy head off.⁸³

As Mellow points out:

It was not from want of announcing the method of his end that Hemingway's suicide would later come as a shock to his friends., also to Dos Passos he specified a period of a month and more during which he "felt simply awful, believe as bad as Scott ever felt... I felt that gigantic bloody emptiness and nothingness, like couldn't ever fuck, fight, write and was all for death."⁸⁴

Mellow further points out that :

A case might be made for the fact that it was Hemingway's commitment to the active life during the decade of the thirties that kept him from sinking into an ever-deepening depression, beyond recovery. It seemed almost a matter of principle or purpose that after his father's suicide Hemingway chose to distance himself from the cultural pretensions he associated with his mother.⁸⁵

By the end of 1936 the combination of having started work on To Have and Have Not, the outbreak of war in Spain and the appearance of Martha Gellhorn in Key West would help Hemingway's recovery.

Baker contends that in the Summer of 1936 Hemingway was still in two minds about going to Spain, speaking about another trip to Bimini and even of a second African safari:

Yet the war troubled his conscience. At the end of September he told Max Perkins that he hated having missed "this Spanish thing" worse than anything in the world. He was still hoping to go if the fighting had not ended by the time he finished his novel. [This hesitation recalls the pattern of Hemingway's involvement in WW1, and would again be repeated in WW2] Premonitions of possible death struck him periodically

like twinges of rheumatism. He confided to Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings his feeling that he would soon die, though he would much prefer to become a wise old man, wearing a white beard and chewing tobacco. Soon after setting down these sentiments, he sounded a more sinister note in a letter to Macleish. He loved life so much, said he, that it would be a "big disgust" when the time came for him to shoot himself.⁸⁶

Baker further asserts that:

After all the years of sturdy independence, the refusal to follow literary or political fashion, the repeated assertion of his own will and wilfulness, the fierce determination not to knuckle under, a counter-force was beginning to boil up from the depths. It was summarized in the dying words of Harry Morgan, who like Ernest had tried to stand by himself but was now less than certain that "one man alone" could survive in such a world as this. Maybe strength, or the renewal of strength, could be gained only through some kind of group action, such a united front as the Spanish Republic was seeking to forge against the Rebels under General Franco.⁸⁷

Hemingway's talk of going to Spain became something of a self-fulfilling prophecy. A note that he might go in a gossip column led to an lucrative invitation from John N. Wheeler of the *North American Newspaper Alliance*, which served sixty leading newspapers, to cover the war in Spain⁸⁸; Hemingway decided to go with his bullfighter friend Sidney Franklin. Franklin was later to say that he didn't even know if they were going to the Republic or the Nationalist zone - both he and Hemingway had friends on both sides, indeed a good many of the bullfighting fraternity were supporters of Franco. In fact Hemingway does seem to have been initially rather wary of involvement - there was firstly his Catholicism. He was at least nominally a Catholic since his marriage to Pauline and, he half-believed, since he had been anointed by a priest during the war in Italy. Pauline and her family were more serious about their religion, and when he eventually went to cover the Republican side of the war he felt it behoved him to justify this to Pauline's mother and others.

However, from the outset there was no doubt that Hemingway was on the side of the Republic, despite his conversion to Catholicism. Before going to Spain he funded two young American volunteers who went to fight

for the Republic⁸⁹ and donated a considerable sum - at least three thousand dollars - for ambulances; he would later help to raise considerable sums for more ambulances in propaganda tours of America. Hemingway was also recruited by Archibald MacLeish and Dos Passos to collaborate in a group calling themselves *Contemporary Historians*, to help make a documentary of the struggle of the Spanish Republic, primarily for propaganda use in the United States to try and overcome the prejudice which had seen America, along with the other democracies, refuse to come to the Republic's aid.

Another factor which hastened Hemingway's move to Spain was his relationship with Martha Gellhorn, a young writer who had arrived in Key West in December 1936. As Hemingway was a well known figure in Key West and Gellhorn had already used a quote from Hemingway as an epigraph for a novel, it is by no means impossible that their chance meeting in Sloppy Joe's Bar had an element of premeditation on her part. At any rate she became something of a fixture at the Hemingways', and corresponded with Hemingway about the two of them going to Spain, where their affair would develop into a serious liaison.

Of course Hemingway wrote in Green Hills of Africa that he loved country more than he loved people, and one of the countries he loved most was Spain. Messent describes Spain as an:

idyllic and "homelike" space in Hemingway's writing. The sense of an unspoiled country - a crucial element in his spatial utopias - returns in this different context. Driving from Seville to Madrid in *The Dangerous Summer* the narrator reports, "I loved this country in all seasons". Of his return to bullfighting he says "I had been away for fourteen years. A lot of that time ... was like being in jail except that I was locked out; not locked in." ...The attraction of Spain, its geographical conditions and cultural traditions, had been a recurrent Hemingway theme. His July 1925 letter to Scott Fitzgerald suggests such an enthusiasm: "God it has been wonderful country....To me heaven would be a big bull ring with me holding two barrera seats and a trout stream outside."⁹⁰

After some delay in France, Hemingway arrived in Spain on the 16th March 1937 just before the Republican forces routed the Italians near

Briheuga as they attempted to advance on Guadalajara. He got to Madrid on the 20th two days after the decisive conflict and was driven north to the scene of the battle with General Hans Kahle, who filled him in on the strategy of the conflict. In a despatch to the *North American Newspaper Alliance* he wrote:

I have been studying the battle for four days, going over the ground with the commanders who directed it, and I can state flatly that Briheuga will take its place with the other decisive battles of the world.⁹¹

While many others including Hemingway's colleague Herbert Matthews the celebrated New York Times reporter were equally impressed, Thomas makes the point that Guadalajara was not such a great military victory but a very effective holding action which brought an end to the fighting around Madrid for several months⁹². It was arguably more important for its propaganda value to the Republic - not only did it show the size of the contingent of Italian troops which were allied to Franco, but the Republic had gained credibility by defeating them. Hemingway quickly established his own credentials as a war correspondent, recalling his participation on the Italian Front in the Great War by describing Briheuga as the "the biggest Italian defeat since Caporetto". Hemingway had of course written a celebrated account of that defeat in A Farewell to Arms which to the unwary suggested he might have actually witnessed or even participated in this campaign; a mention of Caporetto was also all that was needed as a reminder that Hemingway was also something of an authority on writing of war.

In Madrid, Hemingway established himself at the Hotel Florida, where most of the foreign correspondents lived. Already he had shown himself to be committed to the Republican cause, which for Hemingway became "the Causa". Like Herbert Matthews, and indeed many other liberal correspondents, his despatches would always take a Republican slant. It was indeed one of the peculiarities of the war that only correspondents who were relatively

favourable to either side gained access to their zones. He was swiftly reunited with both Sidney Franklin and Martha Gellhorn who had reached Valencia by widely different routes and driven up together. As Baker puts it:

Ernest's greeting enraged Martha. In spite of her intrepid spirit, she was tired, dusty, and cold from the day's journey. "I knew you'd get here, daughter," said Ernest expansively, "because I fixed it so you could." Beyond a phone call or two he had in fact done nothing, and Martha resented the implication that she needed help.⁹³

In her own account of her arrival in Madrid Gellhorn wrote:

I had not felt as if I were at a war now, but now I knew I was. It was a feeling I cannot describe; a whole city was a battlefield, waiting in the dark.

[...]I tagged along behind the war correspondents, experienced men who had serious work to do. Since the authorities gave them transport and military passes (transport was far harder to come by than permission to see everything; it was an open, intimate war) I went with them to the fronts in and around Madrid. Still I did nothing except learn a little Spanish and a little about the war, and visit the wounded, trying to amuse or distract them. It was a poor effort, and one day, weeks after had come to Madrid, a journalist friend observed that I ought to write; it was the only way I could serve the *Causa*, as the Spaniards solemnly and we lovingly called the war in the Spanish Republic.⁹⁴

The "journalist friend" Gellhorn refers to here and elsewhere was of course Hemingway. A cynic might argue that there were two reasons why Gellhorn claimed she needed "only a knapsack and fifty dollars": in the first place that could buy lot of pesetas on the black market, and she was swiftly to fulfil her anticipated destiny as Hemingway's helpmate and lover for the duration.

Gellhorn recorded the strangeness of the situation of the foreign correspondents living in besieged Madrid:

It seemed a little crazy to be living in a hotel, like a hotel in Des Moines or New Orleans, with a lobby and wicker chairs in the lounge, and signs on the door of your room telling you that they would press your clothes immediately and that meals served privately cost ten per cent more, and meantime it was like a trench when they lay down an artillery barrage. The whole place trembled to the explosion of the shells.

The concierge was in the lobby and he said, apologetically, "I regret this, Mademoiselle. It is not pleasant. I can guarantee you that the bombing in November was worse. However it is regrettable."⁹⁵

It is indeed hard to determine to what extent Hemingway's interest in Gellhorn, or vice versa, had on his decision to go to Spain, but it was

certainly not a negative one. The vast sum offered to him by John Wheeler of the North American Newspaper Alliance (NANA), around a dollar a word, was also a factor. It has generally been accepted that Hemingway's journalism was not as impressive as it might have been - Meyers considers that his dispatches from Spain were not nearly as good as those he had sent from Turkey in 1922 and sees several reasons for this:

He was deeply involved with Martha and distracted by his many friends; he put a good deal of his energy and concentration into writing The Fifth Column; he was saving the best material about the war for For Whom the Bell Tolls; he found it difficult and demoralizing to describe the Loyalist defeats; and he felt obliged to write propaganda rather than facts. He believed the Loyalists had a chance to win the war if they could gain the support of the western democracies - who would never commit themselves if they felt the cause was lost.⁹⁶

Whatever journalistic skills Hemingway had possessed in the twenties, he was pretty out of practice as a reporter and couldn't really be expected to better seasoned campaigners at the peak of their profession. He produced important copy but not the exceptional material Wheeler and NANA had hoped for.

One of the complaints relayed to him by NANA was that of duplicating the copy their correspondent, Herbert Matthews was cabling. This is unsurprising since Matthews and Sefton Delmer, invariably accompanied Hemingway who often had Martha Gellhorn in tow as well. Hemingway has been criticised for writing as though he was alone when he generally had an entourage. However, this is a fairly common practice among journalists and writers and it was certainly in line with documentary tradition in the 1930s: from reading Graham Greene's Journey Without Maps, for example, one could be forgiven for thinking it was also a journey without companions, but his cousin was there throughout.

The black Lincoln Brigader, James Yates once drove Hemingway Matthews and Delmer to the battlefield of Teruel:

I was told that I would be driving three men to the town of Teruel. when I arrived at the hotel, which was called The Londres, the three men were waiting just in front. They introduced themselves as : Herbert Matthews, of The New York Times, Sefton Delmer, of the London Daily Express, and Ernest Hemingway. I almost couldn't believe that the great "Papa" would be one of my passengers.

[...] The newspaperman from England was in front beside me. Matthews and Hemingway occupied the rear seat. I was as quiet as a mouse. After all I had never chauffeured such distinguished company before... the conversation was difficult to understand because Matthews had a soft voice, until there was something with which he disagreed, and Hemingway's voice was gruff. Sometimes Delmer, the Englishman, would join the conversation. I found it almost impossible to understand him. It seemed as though he was speaking a foreign language. They talked about the war. At one point the conversation became so heated that Matthews exclaimed, " No more for the moment! I've had it for a while." Hemingway laughed, then began to talk about the bulls that had become a problem outside of Madrid. Formerly they were used in the bullfights, but since the war there was no longer anyone to look after them and they had become wild.⁹⁷

Ironically, Martha Gellhorn also continued to play down Hemingway's presence, probably at his behest:

In November 1937 - there were two of us who lived in this hotel in Madrid and the third was a visiting friend, an American soldier from the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.⁹⁸

In the lull in the fighting after the Brunete campaign, Hemingway wrote his only play, The Fifth Column. He had initially started writing this as a long short story on counter-espionage, but it took shape as a melodrama, perhaps because it was largely based on the conversations which Hemingway had taken part in or overheard in his first tour of duty in Spring 1937. As Baker points out, he had in any case wanted to write a play for some ten years, his only real attempt had been Today is Friday - " the tasteless little account of the aftermath of the Crucifixion"⁹⁹. Hemingway was perhaps intent on staking a further claim as an all-round man of letters.

On the other hand, Hemingway was well aware of the mixed reactions that To Have and Have Not, on which he only finalised his revisions in the summer of 1937, was receiving from the critics, and he was certainly only too conscious of the problems he had had in getting the three Harry Morgan stories even to resemble a novel. To start a novel under the

conditions of war at this critical stage in his career, potentially squandering such promising material, may have seemed practically and professionally inadvisable in the extreme. Despite - or perhaps because of - his inexperience in writing for the Theatre, Hemingway may well have thought that a play would be easier than a novel; it would also have the added advantage of not reflecting badly upon him as a novelist if it went wrong, while proving his mastery of all aspects of literature from journalism to poetry and documentary to drama, if it was a success. Indeed, perhaps in his heart of hearts, Hemingway never really conceived The Fifth Column as a play for the theatre. Meyers, who has made much of the debt Hemingway owed Kipling points out that :

In 1938 Hemingway borrowed from Kipling the unorthodox idea of publishing his play, The Fifth Column, with his collected short stories. As he told his editor Max Perkins: "Remember the [Story of the] Gadsbys by Kipling[1889]. Was a vol of plays and stories. One of his best books of stories. Successful too."¹⁰⁰

The principal topic of The Fifth Column is counter-espionage, though the bulk of the action centres on the living conditions of the foreign press corps in Madrid. In the preface, Hemingway alludes to the difficulties this posed in actually writing the play, employing what Baker terms, his "usual combination of boastfulness and bashfulness":

Each day we were shelled by the guns beyond Leganés and behind the folds of Garabitas Hill, and while I was writing the play the Hotel Florida, where we lived and worked, was struck by more than thirty high explosive shells. So if it is not a good play perhaps that is what is the matter with it. If it is a good play, perhaps those thirty some shells helped write it.

(Preface to The Fifth Column, (p.5).)

As Baker points out, many of those Hemingway showed the play to were struck by the clear autobiographical elements. There is an obvious physical resemblance between Hemingway and his hero Philip Rawlings, who also shares most of Hemingway's habits and character traits - at least those which Hemingway acknowledged. Rawlings, a correspondent secretly engaged as an

undercover spycatcher was as Baker asserts:

a projection of Ernest himself, based on his imagination of how it might feel to be an actual insider, working with someone like Antonio, a dramatic recreation of the thin-lipped executioner of Madrid, Pepe Quintanilla.¹⁰¹

Pepe was the brother of the artist-turned-soldier Luis Quintanilla who was an old friend of both Hemingway and Dos Passos. Baker further points out that Hemingway recreated in detail the room he was occupying at the Hotel Florida¹⁰² - though in one way this is hardly surprising, and in another it is fairly typical of Hemingway's art - the concentration on physical detail in an effort to make the literature more real is something which he may have taken from, or at least felt encouraged in by Joyce who had been known to correspond with friends and family in Dublin to confirm the exact dimensions of particular locations.

Baker also notes that, Dorothy Bridges:

bore an unmistakeable resemblance to Martha Gellhorn. She was a tall handsome blonde with long smooth legs, a curiously cultivated accent, and a college degree. Like Martha, she disliked dirt, displayed a passion¹⁰³ for making rooms homelike, and even owned a silver-fox cape.

Yet, given Gellhorn's fairly self-possessed nature, it would be hard to imagine her remaining with Hemingway if she felt that this was truly what he thought of her. Doubtless, he assured her that Dorothy Bridges was a composite portraiture, and it seems as though he had at least conflated Gellhorn's appearance and mannerisms with his wife Pauline's sentiments, and perhaps with certain traits of Josie Herbst. Herbst had arrived in Spain in late April 1937 with no particular newspaper assignment but "vague commitments to write up the human interest angle for several publications"¹⁰⁴. Like Dorothy, she got Hemingway to explain the progress of the various fronts to her, while in the course of a discussion about Martha Gellhorn on whom she was reluctant to give an opinion, Hemingway retorted: "But you don't know much about

women. How could you? You're always with men.¹⁰⁵ Perhaps more significantly, if the misguided political zeal of Dorothy Bridges - who suggests that Rawlings should do "something political or military" - may well reflect elements of Gellhorn who considered herself more politically committed and aware than Hemingway, then Bridges's belief that she and Rawlings could have a life together, seems to reflect Pauline's viewpoint:

DOROTHY Darling, all I want is for you to stay in. I want us to have some sort of home-life...

(The Fifth Column, p.61.)

As Baker points out:

While she bore no physical resemblance to Pauline, she represented one more step in the gradual rejection of his second wife which Ernest had publicly begun in the "*Snows of Kilimanjaro*", where Harry Walden blames his wife for his failure as a writer.¹⁰⁶

Baker also cites the exchange with the "Moorish tart" Anila who tells Rawlings he is making a big mistake with that "big blonde", to which he agrees. Dorothy was indeed, "enormously on the make", but "also beautiful, friendly, charming, rather innocent and brave", and he wanted "to make a colossal mistake." This Baker describes as Hemingway's "curious characterization of his developing love affair with Martha Gellhorn."¹⁰⁷

Early in the play Philip is surprised to hear Dorothy talk of "our life together" - which perhaps relates to the abruptness in the commencing of the relationship with Gellhorn and also the fact that while Bridges/Gellhorn has little else to consider, Rawlings has a cause where Hemingway had a career and a family. Dorothy's vision is of "a long happy quiet life at some place like Saint Tropez or, you know, some place like Saint Tropez was ..." with children who "can play in the Luxembourg and roll hoops and sail boats." Rawlings briefly plays along with this, then undermines it:

PHILIP And you can show them on a map. You know; on a globe even. "Children"; we'll call the boy Derek, worst name I know. You can say, "Derck. That's the Wangpoo. Now follow my finger and I'll show you where Daddy is." And Derek will say, "Yes, Mummy. Have I ever seen Daddy?"

(The Fifth Column, p. 29.)

Of course, Rawlings has already written off the relationship in the previous scene with Max, "the broken faced comrade", in which the globe-trotting Rawlings looks forward to an unending series of dangerous missions in doubtless inhospitable country. Where Dorothy had earlier looked forward to an end to war and revolution, Rawlings and Max know the truth:

MAX What about the girl in the other room?

PHILIP Oh, I'm going to break it off with her.

MAX I do not ask that.

PHILIP No. But you would sooner or later. There's no sense babying me along. We're in for fifty years of undeclared wars and I've signed up for the duration. I don't exactly remember when it was, but I signed up all right.

(The Fifth Column, p. 89.)

In a cruel echo of the earlier scene, Philip Rawlings runs through the mocking catalogue of places to which he and Dorothy might go if he were not otherwise occupied. Bridges laps this up:

DOROTHY Oh, darling, think how it would be! Have you *that* much money?

(The Fifth Column, p. 91.)

Significantly, these places are identical to those that Hemingway had visited with Pauline in France, in Kenya, and in Cuba. Again Philip demolishes Dorothy's hopes:

PHILIP You can go. But I've been to all those places and I've left them all behind. And where I go now I go alone, or with others who go there for the same reason I go.

(The Fifth Column, p. 92.)

This play seems to contain a coded rejection of the relative life of ease Hemingway had been leading at Key West prior to his coming to Spain. Even the name Rawlings which Hemingway chooses for his protagonist obliquely reflects this, as it is reminiscent of the writer Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings whom he had recently met in the Bahamas and who had questioned the effect his way of life amongst the playboy sportsmen in the Caribbean was having on his work.

Certainly, The Fifth Column is shot through with minor, but

insistent biographical detail. For example, a possible reference to Hemingway's depression of the previous year and his growing consciousness of his own, as he saw it on occasion, impending mortality:

PHILIP - I'm lasting well enough. I just get sort of low in my mind sometimes.

(The Fifth Column, p. 36.)

While a couple of pages later:

PHILIP I wish I could talk to you.

DOROTHY But why can't you ?

PHILIP I can't ever talk to anyone.

DOROTHY But that's just an inhibition. You could go to an analyst and have that fixed in no time. It's easy and its very fascinating....

PHILIP I'm sorry if I seem dismal.

DOROTHY It's probably just your liver, darling.

(The Fifth Column, p. 38.)

This could be a flip aside on Hemingway/Rawlings's drinking. However, after Hemingway's second visit to the war in Spain at the beginning of 1938, when he got to Paris he had not only to cope with Pauline - who had been trying to get to Spain as she informed Jay Allen, "to understand the causes of the war and see why it meant so much to men like my husband" - but he had also to receive treatment for a severe liver complaint.¹⁰⁸

In his somewhat hypocritical concern for his wife and children, Dorothy's original lover, Preston, perhaps also shows another side of Hemingway; there may even be an element of role reversal in the portrait of Dorothy, for it was Hemingway who was leaving one lover for another. Preston also assumes he's more politically aware and involved than Rawlings who is working undercover; similarly Bridges keeps exhorting Rawlings to do something political or military - and even tells him : "You're developing politically ..."

Gellhorn did think she was more politically involved in the war and in the anti-fascist struggle than Hemingway; the portrayal of Rawlings's double role and his close physical resemblance to Hemingway may be one way

of Hemingway getting back at those who doubted his political credentials and commitment.

Yet, who knows how far Hemingway's megalomania was extending - did he subconsciously feel that in his privileged position of familiarity with the Russians from his visits to their headquarters at Gaylords hotel, and the commanders of the International Brigades, he was actually participating? He was certainly more committed to the cause than the average war correspondent. Hemingway made significant financial and creative contributions to the Republican cause and also made some more direct contributions to the struggle - Regler recalls him instructing young recruits how to use their rifles¹⁰⁹. Even so, his role was primarily that of observer, however sympathetic. Yet, Hemingway felt obliged to exaggerate the role he was playing, and he laid claim, at least to his wife, that he actually had performed a role identical to that of Philip Rawlings - when the journalist Vincent Sheean who had crossed the Ebro with Matthews and Hemingway assured Pauline that Ernest had been a newspaper correspondent not a combatant in Spain, Pauline insisted that "he had merely pretended to be a newspaperman" while in fact holding a high combat command with the Loyalists. Sheean's reaction was sympathetic:

This legendary, mythogenic quality, was not Ernest's fault; it was intrinsic to his character; he created such stories as unthinkingly as others breathe.¹¹⁰

Among Hemingway's principal targets in The Fifth Column were the "war tourists" - he had a history of attempting to distinguish himself from others in roles pretty close to his own. He hated to seem a tourist anywhere; particularly in Spain, his adopted country. Similarly, he hated to be seen as simply an observer in the war and he got involved wherever he could, and he was certainly often in very dangerous situations, with his courage generally acknowledged. Herbert Matthews recalled the difficult conditions he,

Delmer and Hemingway, had to work under, giving the example of their driving nearly three thousand miles in the first twelve days of December 1937:

On four occasions we drove, worked, and wrote for more than twenty-four hours (once for forty-four) at a stretch. I have never in my life experienced such cold. We rarely got a square meal.¹¹¹

Matthews also records how Hemingway's swift and strong oarsmanship saved their lives crossing the dangerous currents of the River Ebro - "by an extraordinary exhibition of strength, Ernest got us safely across. He was a good man in a pinch."¹¹²

Even so, Hemingway was undoubtedly prone to exaggerate his involvement as he did with Pauline.

James Yates recalls his three passengers Hemingway, Matthews and Delmer joking about Errol Flynn, one of many celebrities to visit besieged Madrid:

Hemingway told the story of Flynn taking the subway as close as he could to the fascist front line that ringed Madrid. Flynn had been able to see the puffs of smoke from the guns and the heavy artillery in the hills. As he stood there sightseeing, a bullet hit a man next to him in the jaw and another whisked past his ear.

"What? Near his ear? Did ol' Errol prove to be as brave as he always is in the movies?" asked Matthews.

"Well, let's not down the fellow. I understand he made several sizeable donations to the Republican cause," Hemingway said and continued, "His swordsmanship might be suspect, but his pocketbook is on the right side!"¹¹³

Another "war tourist", Nancy Cunard¹¹⁴, recalled encountering Hemingway when visiting Madrid:

The sentry had us sit down with him and we all had a cigarette. And then he said: "El Commandante Attlee has just been here with five other parliamentarians. And so, now, there is much hope because he will have seen for himself how things are with us. He will tell what is true, against the lies. So then after a while thus, we walked back to the centre of Madrid. And suddenly, we thought of Hemingway. I can't remember if he sent a message or no, but we knew he was in Madrid. Sure enough he was there - massively - in a warm room in the Hotel Florida. There were about six others - mainly Spanish, I seem to remember. He and I had not seen each other since the twenties.

A fine strong drink was given the both of us - and I remember Hem taking off my boots and warming the cold feet. He was enchanting - such a sympathetic moment - from a non-Spaniard - was never my lot

till then, nor yet again.¹¹⁵

Her companion, John Banting remembers their meeting with Hemingway rather less warmly:

He was just back from the trenches and resting on a bed. He made some remark about the stimulation of the fighting which neither of us liked and commented upon our smoking a horrible mixture of herbs (all one could get) suggesting it might be "marijuana", and that we were too late to be put into a play he had just written about the "war tourists". We said we were glad to miss that honour...I thought that the mental "hair on the chest" seemed rather artificial and so did Nancy.¹¹⁶

Jason Gurney, a volunteer with the International Brigades, initially with the British Battalion but who was transferred to the Lincoln Battalion, recorded his opinion of the "war-tourists" who visited the front line:

Our visitors fell roughly into three classes - the patronizing, the hearty, and those who had the good grace to feel embarrassed. Most of these occasions had something of the character of a Board of Guardians paying their annual visit to an orphanage. They were clean, decently dressed, well fed, and in no real danger, while we were dirty, ragged, hungry and desperately unsure of our future. But above all, we were there to stay, while they only had to put up with the dirt and stink for half an hour - an occasional shot overhead to remind them of the realities provided an extra excitement. Professor Haldane and his wife Charlotte came to inspect us. Cartier-Bresson came and took photographs. Dos Passos, Spender, Auden, MacLeish, Hemingway and others paid us a visit. The most controversial of them all was Ernest Hemingway, full of hearty and bogus *bonhomie*. He sat himself down behind the bullet-proof shield of a machine-gun and loosed off a whole belt of ammunition in the general direction of the enemy. This provoked a mortar bombardment for which he did not stay.¹¹⁷

Of course for the Spaniards - who, after all, had no choice but to take part in the war - all foreigners, with the possible exception of the International Brigades, seemed like "war tourists". For Arturo Barea the censor in Madrid, Brunete, was not just a name to be added to a litany of victories and defeats but the dun-coloured village where his Uncle Jose's family lived which he had often visited as a boy. Barea recalled Hemingway in Madrid:

Then more journalists and writers came. Ernest Hemingway arrived, was taken over the battleground of Guadalajara by Hans Kahle of the International Brigades, and worked with Joris Ivens at the film "Spanish Earth", while his bullfighter-secretary, Sidney Franklin, went round the offices to get petrol, permits, and gossip. Martha Gellhorn arrived and was brought to the Telefonica by Hemingway who said: "That's Marty - be nice to her - she writes for Collier's - you know,

a million circulation." Or was it half a million - or two million? I did not catch it and did not care, but we all stared at the sleek woman with the halo of fair hair, who walked through the dark, fusty office with a swaying movement we knew from the films.

Drinks at the Gran Via bar and drinks at the Miami bar. Apart from some hard-working "veterans" of Madrid, such as George Seldes and Josephine Herbst, the foreign writers and journalists revolved in a circle of their own and an atmosphere of their own, with a fringe of men from the International Brigades, Spaniards who touted for news, and tarts.¹¹⁸

Hemingway was also keen to distance himself from other writers on the war, and in a wider sense. He addressed the Second Writers Congress held at Carnegie Hall in New York:

A writer's problem does not change. He himself changes, but his problem remains the same. It is always how to write truly and having found what is true, to project it in such a way that it becomes part of the experience of the person who reads it.¹¹⁹

As Lynn points out, Hemingway also served himself by distinguishing between those writers who hid behind their art and those who had the courage to go to war:

Whether the truth is worth some risk to come by, the writers must decide themselves. Certainly it is more comfortable to spend their time disputing learnedly on points of doctrine. And there will always be new schisms and new fallings-off and marvellous exotic doctrines and romantic lost leaders, for those who do not want to work at what they profess to believe in, but only to discuss and maintain positions - skilfully chosen positions to be held by the typewriter and consolidated with the fountain pen. But there is now, and there will be from now on for a long time, war for any writer to go to who wants to study it.¹²⁰

Mellow highlights the reaction of Dawn Powell - in whose Manhattan-based novels Hemingway appears intermittently as the internationally known, publicity seeking, self-involved novelist, Andy Callingham - who wrote to Dos Passos of Hemingway's speech. She felt that it was good:

if that's what you like and his sum total was that war was pretty nice and a lot better than sitting around a hot hall and writers ought to all go to war and get killed and if they didn't they were a big sissy.¹²¹

However, Hemingway's main point was appreciated by many:

Really good writers are always rewarded under almost any existing form of government that they can tolerate. There is only one form of government that cannot produce good writers, and that system is fascism. For fascism is a lie told by bullies. A writer who will not lie

cannot live and work under fascism.¹²²

Even in The Fifth Column, Hemingway could not refrain from addressing the question of writing. After Philip's first attempt to disabuse Dorothy of the feasibility of their "life together", she maintains:

DOROTHY Oh no. It won't be like that. We'll just live somewhere where
 it's lovely and you'll write.
PHILIP What?
DOROTHY Whatever you like. Novels and articles and a book on this
 war perhaps.
PHILIP Be a pretty book. Might make it with - with - you know -
 illustrations.

(The Fifth Column, p. 38.)

This exchange highlights Hemingway's paradoxical concerns about his writing. One was that he needed something to write about - the conception that "art for art's sake" was not enough had been troubling him throughout the Thirties - in Death in the Afternoon, he fastens almost fiercely on the subject of bullfighting, while still managing as he does in almost all his books, a considerable discussion on art - including among miscellaneous diversions, his celebrated "iceberg" theory. He ends that book saying:

No. It is not enough of a book, but still there were a few things to be said. There were a few practical things to be said.

(Death in the Afternoon, p.244.)

However, Hemingway seems to feel that for something to endure it must be art, and he obviously felt that the "documentary" books were not a sufficient testimony to his concept of artistic truth. His failure to write another significant novel had obviously been haunting him for several years. It is significant that he mentions the possibility of illustrations in such a belittling manner, as he had recently used them to good effect in Green Hills of Africa, and had also used many photographs in Death in the Afternoon. Also, Hemingway knew that Malraux had initially intended using Picasso's sketches for Guernica as illustrations for L'Espoir which was published just as he was completing The Fifth Column. Given Hemingway's interest in Goya's *Disasters of War*, it's not unlikely that he wished he had thought of something

like this first, and he was in any case deeply resentful of Malraux getting his book out so quickly.

Hemingway's pre-emptive defence of his play in the preface to The Fifth Column is quite revealing. On a personal note, he writes that:

if it has a moral it is that people who work for certain organizations have very little time for home life. There is a girl in it named Dorothy but her name might also have been Nostalgia.

(Preface to The Fifth Column, (p.6))

Behind such seemingly flip comments, Hemingway is trying to get at the gulf between commitment, both political and artistic, and an easy life, which he had enjoyed but which had threatened to destroy him as a writer. Perhaps he is also hinting obliquely at the pain - or guilt - he felt at separating from wife and home. Hemingway's claims that, "if being written under fire makes for defects, it may also give a certain vitality"¹²³, perhaps indicate the extent to which he felt the war in Spain had stimulated his artistic impulse; indeed, many acquaintances like Ilya Ehrenberg were impressed by his good spirits and felt that he seemed "revived and rejuvenated"¹²⁴. However, in the preface to his play, Hemingway also points out that :

Some fanatical defenders of the Spanish Republic, and fanatics do not make good friends for a cause, will criticize the play because it admits that Fifth Column members were shot. They will also say, and have said, that it does not present the nobility and dignity of the cause of the Spanish people. It does not attempt to. It will take many plays and novels to do that, and the best ones will be written after the war is over.

(Preface to The Fifth Column, (p.6))

As a war correspondent, Hemingway was very much of the opinion that it was pointless to try to pretend that life in the Republic was not difficult and dangerous, as whitewashing propaganda would simply not be believed. Simultaneously, however, he felt that it was important to maintain an optimistic perspective on the military situation as the Western democracies would never come to the Republic's aid if they were convinced its cause was lost. In terms of the war - The Fifth Column looks at the notion of treachery and also the

nature of commitment. The International Brigader who falls asleep is eventually let off, but it is made clear that things could easily have been the other way. The torture and execution of prisoners are acknowledged as necessary in war. There are also several illustrations of the arbitrary nature of the political terror as a result of the arbitrary terror of war.

In general, Hemingway's decision to write the play, The Fifth Column has not been seen as one of his wisest; he himself was to say in retrospect that he should have turned it into a novel. As Gene Phillips comments: "as a playwright, Hemingway is a good novelist."¹²⁵ The characterisation of Dorothy Bridges came in for some memorable denigration when Malcolm Cowley described her as:

a perfect specimen of the Junior League pitching woo on the fringes of the radical movement.¹²⁶

Certainly the fact that The Fifth Column had to be "adapted" for the theatre and its lack of success on the stage even after this, is a fairly damning indictment of its qualities as drama. Yet Hemingway's preface makes clear that he did not intend this to be his major work on the Spanish War. Perhaps it was written as a play to signify it as a lesser work - much as Graham Greene entitled certain pieces as "entertainments". It seems likely that Hemingway hoped it would be a fund raiser for the *Causa*. His involvement in the two propaganda films may have led him to think of changing medium. In the Preface to The Fifth Column Hemingway states of the play:

it was written to be produced, but one producer died after he had signed the contract to put it on and had gone on to California to cast it. Another producer signed another contract and had trouble raising money.

(Preface to The Fifth Column, (p.5))

Certainly, Hemingway's apologia for his play written under fire recalls Orwell's assertion:

We shall certainly get some good books from members of the

International Brigade, but we shall have to wait for them until the war is over.¹²⁷

However, Hemingway's comment is also a pre-emptive strike; in one swoop he excuses any faults in his play, denigrates Malraux's L'Espoir and announces his own post-war intentions. For it was not through The Spanish Earth, The Fifth Column, nor the journalism, but in writing a novel that Hemingway felt he could do justice to the Spanish conflict.

One who would not dispute his role as a "war tourist" was that self-confessed "stage rebel", Cyril Connolly; one of Hemingway's most astute critics. To Have and Have Not, had struck Connolly as "exciting and readable" but morally odious. It represented "no sort of advance on his other short stories" and Connolly felt that in both content and style, this limited Hemingway:

His new hero is the dumbest ox of all. In this book, Hemingway is the victim of his style. He does not parody himself, but he is unable to tackle anything that does not fit into it. [...] all that is thoughtful or educated is alien to it.¹²⁸

Connolly sees Hemingway's own preference for a life of action as the factor which led to him sustaining "schoolboy prejudices" against writers and intellectuals. Hence, the gutless hypocritical Richard Gordon is the villain:

Because Richard Gordon is a writer, everyone is justified in taking a poke at him.¹²⁹

Despite this, Connolly disputed the then fashionable critical view that Hemingway was "finished" and prophesied that he was:

obviously the person who can write the great book about the Spanish War. And in Spain he will not be able to write about people who feel without writing about people who think[...] and consequently he can get rid of his anti-highbrow complexes. He will have to write about people like himself. "Cojones" are not enough.¹³⁰

We do not know whether Hemingway ever read Connolly's review; though given his obsessive interest in the reception of his work, and his employment of a press cutting agency, it is not unlikely that this was brought to his attention. One way or another, Hemingway seems to have been aware of the points which

Connolly felt had limited him in To Have and Have Not. His hero in For Whom the Bell Tolls, Robert Jordan, is both an academic and a writer, but he is the antithesis of Richard Gordon - given the similarity of the names, one can't help feeling that at some level Hemingway is rising to the challenge set out by Connolly. As a thinking man, Jordan can analyse and reflect on the events of the war and place them in a political and historical context. Again, whereas Spaniards merely provide a tragi-comic backdrop to the cosmopolitan hotel dwellers in The Fifth Column, For Whom the Bell Tolls is much more concerned with Spaniards and Spain and is a full-blooded attempt, if not to explain the social and historical factors behind the conflict, then at least to represent them and provide certain insights. The protagonist Robert Jordan is indeed the only American to feature in it, the other characters are either Spaniards or European volunteers in the International Brigades - a departure for the writer of whom it has been said that while he did not write of America he wrote consistently of Americans. Of course America features strongly in Jordan's memory, and in his conversation - it also provides an insight into the book Hemingway might have written about the American West. There are countless comparisons with the West and with the American Civil War, which was regarded with reverence by Hemingway as a testing ground and field of honour. It's probably not insignificant that Hemingway started writing his novel in Wyoming; just three weeks before the final collapse of the Republic. If in some senses For Whom the Bell Tolls is the Western which Hemingway never wrote, his primary aim was to put his last two years to good use and encapsulate the realities of the Republican cause as he saw it - and, above all, to fulfil Cyril Connolly's prophecy.

Given Hemingway's wide experience in Spain as a correspondent - his four long trips to Madrid and the battlefields, his access to the upper echelons of the Communist party and the International Brigades - it does at

first seem quite surprising that he should choose such a restricted setting, both in a temporal and a geographic sense, for his book - the principal action centring on three days in the lives of a guerilla band behind enemy lines. On another level this is quite understandable. Given the extensive media coverage of the war which Hemingway himself had largely contributed to, and its tragic outcome, it is more than likely that he felt that it had had enough exposure and probably shared Orwell's view that people were sick of books on Spain - perhaps he himself was sick of books on Spain.

There is the apocryphal account of Hemingway and Malraux agreeing to divide the war between them, Malraux would take it up to Guadalajara, Hemingway from there - in fact, this merely reflects their periods of principal involvement. Hemingway was at first greatly impressed by Malraux, just as he had been by his books. In 1935, he added a postscript to his letter to Ivan Kashkin :

Do you ever see Malraux? I thought La Condition humaine was the best book I have read in ten years. If you ever see him I wish that you would tell him so from me. I meant to write to him but I write in French with so many misspelled words that I was ashamed to write.¹³¹

Hemingway's first meeting with Malraux was in America, just before he set out for Spain and just after Malraux had arrived to make his propaganda tour. Malraux gave Hemingway a list of contacts which helped him on his arrival in Spain. When he attended the writers congress Spender noted:

One day in Madrid, Hemingway, looking wistfully in Malraux's direction, said: "I wonder what Malraux did to get that tic? It must have been at well over ten thousand feet."¹³²

Yet, Hemingway gradually grew resentful at Malraux, particularly over the success of L'Espoir. After the nationalist offensive which cut off Catalonia from Valencia Hemingway wrote to Maxwell Perkins:

The retreat from Mons was chickenshit alongside of this last show. Really will have quite a lot to write when this all over. Am careful to remember and not waste it in dispatches. When finished am going to settle down and write and the pricks and fakers like Malraux who pulled out in Feb 37 to write gigantic masterpisses [sic.] before it really

started will have good lesson when write ordinary sized book with the old stuff unfaked in it.¹³³

Of course, this failed to take into account the long months Malraux had spent putting his life in danger flying around sixty missions in relatively outmoded and unreliable aircraft. Later, Hemingway would call him a "phony" and use Malraux's physical mannerisms to attack his moral fibre - typical of his later remarks about Malraux was one made to Bernard Berenson in January 1953:

How can you tell a man who has killed men (armed) is that usually his eyes do not blink at all. A liar's eyes blink all the time. Meet Malraux sometime.¹³⁴

Herbert Matthews did not share Hemingway's opinion: "My favourite Frenchman was André Malraux, a true idealist and a brave man". Neither in truth, could Hemingway hold Malraux in the contempt he later affected, as he undoubtedly respected Malraux as a writer. He did find Malraux's mercurial mind and personality extremely exasperating - George Soria, correspondent for L'Humanité provided an intriguing account of the two writers:

I remember a conversation between Malraux and Hemingway during which Ernie stared at his glass and resigned himself to wait until Malraux had finished his gasping improvisations before putting in a word. The two men had respect for each other, but didn't like each other. Ernie rather sought out simple and silent types and hated to hold forth and theorize on politics and literature.¹³⁵

If Hemingway found it hard to come to terms with becoming one of Malraux's "*auditeurs-victimes*", he also found Malraux's mythomania unsettling in how close it came to his own legend which was just as carefully created, if less exotic. However, Spender saw another side to Hemingway when he met him in Valencia :

One of the writers to arrive at the press office was Ernest Hemingway, a black-haired, bushy-moustached, hairy-handed giant, who did not belie the impression one might have of his appearance from his novels. In his behaviour he seemed at first to be acting the part of the Hemingway hero.

I wondered how this man, whose art concealed under its apparent huskiness a deliberation and delicacy like Turgenev, could show so little of his inner sensibility in his outward behaviour. But one afternoon, when he and I were walking through the streets of Valencia, I caught a glimpse of the aesthetic Hemingway, whose presence I suspected. I had

happened to mention that I had no books in Valencia and that the bookshops were empty of all but Spanish and a little French literature. In one bookshop, I went on, I had seen a novel which I had never read, Stendhal's *La Chartreuse de Parme*, and I did not know whether to buy it. Hemingway said that he thought the account, at the beginning of the hero, Fabrizio, wandering lost in the middle of the battle of Waterloo, with which *La Chartreuse* opens is perhaps the best, though the most apparently casual, description of war in literature. For war is often really like that, a boy lost in the middle of an action, not knowing which side will win, hardly knowing that a battle is going on. He warmed to the theme of Stendhal, and soon I realized that he had that kind of literary sensibility which the professional critic, or the don, nearly always lacks. He saw literature not just as "good writing", but as the unceasing inter-relationship of the words on the page with the life within and beyond them - the battle, the landscape or the love affair. For him writing was a kind of wrestling of the writer armed with a pen, as a huntsman with his spear, with his living material. I mentioned the battle scenes in Shakespeare. "Why do you talk to me about Shakespeare?" he asked with annoyance. "Don't you realize I don't read books?" and he changed the conversation to - was it boxing? Shortly after this he was saying that his chief purpose in coming to Spain was to discover whether he had lost his nerve under conditions of warfare which had developed since Caporetto. By now we had reached a taverna on the shore. We went in and found some gipsy players. Hemingway seized a guitar and started singing Spanish songs. He had become the Hemingway character again.¹³⁶

If it was obvious to Cyril Connolly that Hemingway was the writer who would write the great book on the Spanish War it was an article of faith for Hemingway. There can be no doubt that from the outset of the war he saw it as a great literary opportunity. Indeed, given the various problems he had during the Thirties - falling out of favour with the critics; even his chosen subject matter seeming out of date; his difficulties in writing and searching for a convincing subject after using his First World War experience in A Farewell to Arms - the war in Spain provided an unimprovable opportunity for the redemption of his literary reputation and an ideal subject. In Green Hills of Africa he had written of writers and war :

I thought about Tolstoi and about what a great advantage an experience of war was to a writer. It was one of the major subjects and certainly one of the hardest to write truly of and those writers who had not seen it were always very jealous and tried to make it seem unimportant, or abnormal, or a disease as a subject, while, really, it was just something quite irreplaceable that they had missed.

...Flaubert... had not seen war but he had seen a revolution and the Commune and a revolution is much the best if you do not become

bigoted because everyone speaks the same language. Just as civil war is the best war for a writer, the most complete.

(Green Hills, pp. 61-62)

A civil war in Spain, the country which he was so involved in, must have seemed, in some ways, the answer to Hemingway's prayers.

As David S. Duke comments :

Hemingway, for example, loathed fascism as much as he loved Spain, but what attracted him most in 1937 was the war - a fabulous subject for his writing. Once Hemingway was in Spain, his commitment deepened, perhaps demonstrating the validity of Cowley's belief that "you become committed to a cause by serving a cause." It was only after driving across the Guadalajara battlefield and seeing the bodies of "volunteers" from fascist Italy that Hemingway could relate personally to what was happening. The political ramifications were not as important as the fact that Loyalist and international soldiers were heroically defending the Republic against fascist troops. This was something that Hemingway could understand, and for him the battling in Spain was not just another war.¹³⁷

Certainly, once he had committed himself, Hemingway had a significant role in the Spanish war which transcended his role as a war-correspondent and script-writer; even if this was not in counter-espionage, but more as an inspiration to those doing the actual fighting. Martha Gellhorn, who lived to regret her liaison and marriage to Hemingway, has consistently maintained that the *Causa* was one thing he genuinely cared about:

I think it was the only time in his life when he was not the most important thing there was. He really cared about the Republic and he cared about that war. I believe I never would've gotten hooked otherwise.¹³⁸

In some respects Hemingway became too committed to the Republic, and too influenced by the favoured treatment he received and the access he had to the Comintern headquarters at Gaylord's hotel which gave him the thing he always longed for, the "good dope" or the "true gen" - insider knowledge. Hemingway behaved very badly towards Dos Passos who was understandably concerned at the disappearance of his translator and friend, José Robles who had been accused of treachery. This coincided with disagreements over the content and political slant of The Spanish Earth and

precipitated the final break in the two writers' friendship. In some senses they had swapped roles in terms of political commitment and Hemingway would not tolerate Dos Passos's eminently justifiable doubts as to the realities of the guilt or innocence of Robles and the political realities which underpinned the communist ascendancy in the power struggle within the Republic. In this instance, Hemingway preferred to side with "the executioner of Madrid" - Pepe Quintanilla. Josie Herbst thought that Hemingway was:

naively embracing on the simpler levels the current ideologies at the very moment when Dos Passos was urgently questioning them.¹³⁹

Herbst gives an account of the Robles affair which has Hemingway claiming to have insider knowledge of the Robles case to the effect that he was safe and well and would receive a fair trial, when in fact she had been told in confidence that Robles had been executed. Hemingway then broke this to Dos Passos in a most insensitive manner at a public lunch. However, Mellow follows Herbst's biographer in making the point that Herbst's version contradicts Dos Passos' on several counts, chiefly that he had heard of Robles execution from other sources. Duke comments on this:

Dos Passos also found it difficult to sustain a foreign commitment, although he spent much of the interwar period supporting radical causes at home. Firmly believing that any large social organization smothered the individual he went to Spain as avid anti-communist. But the mysterious death of one friend and the unwavering commitment of another led him to believe that perhaps he was better at writing about foreign causes than serving them.¹⁴⁰

Joris Ivens claimed that to some degree he had manipulated Hemingway by delaying introducing him to the Russians at Gaylords Hotel until he had seen something of the war.¹⁴¹ Once there, however, as the war progressed, Hemingway gradually got more and more of the "good dope" from his visits to Gaylords where he made many friends and acquaintances, including the vastly influential correspondent for Pravda, Mikhail Koltzov, whom Thomas considers to have been "probably Stalin's personal agent in Spain"¹⁴² and who appears virtually undisguised as Karkov in For Whom the

Bell Tolls. Hemingway explained his relationship with Koltsov some years later to Bernard Berenson:

He knew I was not a communist and never would be one. But because he believed in me as a writer he tried to show me how everything was run so that I could give a true account of it. I tried to do that when I wrote the book But I did not start on the book until after the Republic had lost the war and it was over because I would not write anything in the war which could hurt the Republic which I believed in.¹⁴¹

Similarly, Hemingway became particularly friendly with Gustav Regler, the well-known author and political commissar of the Twelfth International Brigade, after Regler told him of the series of events following an incident during a battle near the Escorial when he had ordered the arrest of two brigaders who had panicked in the mist and attempted to instigate a retreat:

I decided to send them to a sanatorium, and I reported this to Marty [political commissar of the International Brigades]. He replied promptly that he knew a suitable place, near Alcala de Henares. They were taken there, and two days ago I had heard that they had been shot in the castle by a Russian execution squad. "Swine!" said Hemingway, and spat on the ground. The gesture made me his friend, and thereafter I lost no opportunity of proving the fact. I told him the inside stories of operations and crises which I had witnessed earlier. I let him know our losses and gave him advance information whenever I could, feeling certain that he really understood what it was all about. I gave him secret material relating to the Party which he respected, because it was fighting more actively than any other body, although he despised its Martyrs. He used my material later in For Whom the Bell Tolls, and countless readers learned from the brutal interpolations in a work of romantic fiction about things that they would not listen to in real life. He depicted the spy-disease, that Russian syphilis, in all its shameful, murderously stupid workings, writing with the hatred of the huntsman for the poacher.¹⁴²

Regler also recalled an exchange with Koltsov who revealed to him that a comrade whose departure for Russia they had held a party for the day before was going to be purged once he reached Odessa, and told him that was why they had given him a party:

"The French give a man rum before they lead him out to the guillotine," said Koltsov. "In these days we give him champagne."

The sound of machine-gun fire came up to us from the valley; Pacciardi was keeping the Moors on the alert.

"I'm going into the line, " I said. " I don't feel well."

"It's not easy for a European to get used to Asiatic customs," said Koltsov.

"I prefer American customs," I said. "I'm going to join Hemingway. He and Ivens are with Pacciardi. One can breathe more freely in his neighbourhood, if you'll forgive me for saying so."

"I'll come with you," said Koltsov, and he muttered as he straightened his revolver-belt: "Perhaps I need a breath of western democracy too!"

(I assume that it was this humanity which in 1940 caused his death in a Stalin gaol.)

[...] I said:

"Hemingway is not western democracy but jungle, the green hills of Africa, the ocean off Key West. In those places there are certain things you can be sure of."

"Well, let's go and visit your jungle."¹⁴⁵

While he lost some old friends like Dos Passos, Hemingway was certainly a well-liked figure in the Republican camp, particularly in the International Brigades. As Regler further recalls:

Hemingway had the calming effect of a buffalo straying shaggily over the tundra, knowing its water-holes and its pastures.¹⁴⁶

Many shared the view of Werner Heilbron, the courageous doctor of the XIIth International Brigade, who said on hearing of Hemingway's arrival in the Spanish Republic:

"He could have earned much more fame and dollars on the other side."¹⁴⁷

Ilya Ehrenburg, the correspondent for Izvestia, whose role also involved something more than mere reporting, (though not to the same degree as Koltsov who was said to speak to Stalin on the phone several times a day), recalled Hemingway in Spain as a most likeable figure, even if his first encounter with him in Koltsov's suite had occasioned a serious misunderstanding. Ehrenburg asked Hemingway in French if he was sending home only features or if he cabled spot news stories as well, Hemingway mistook the word "nouvelles", thinking that Ehrenburg was assuming he was there mainly to write fiction and advanced threateningly on Ehrenburg until the mistake was pointed out and the incident laughed off.¹⁴⁸

In a sense there was more to this than Hemingway's touchiness.

He was always aware of the double role he was leading as correspondent and author. While even those members of the Lincoln Brigade, like Alvah Bessie, who became disenchanted with him after the publication of For Whom the Bell Tolls, would not deny that during the war Hemingway's commitment to the Republic was not in doubt, Hemingway must always have been aware of the difficulties of his double role as war correspondent and author.

Bolloten draws attention to the journalist Philip Knightly who takes issue with Hemingway's lack of integrity as a war correspondent, complaining particularly that he never wrote a word in his despatches of what he knew about André Marty's spy mania and the executions of International Brigaders. Knightly concludes:

In the end, Hemingway did write it all, in For Whom the Bell Tolls, but from a war correspondent the reader has a right to expect all the news the correspondent knows at the time, not as interpolations in a work of romantic fiction published when the war is over. The truth was that Hemingway, for all his compassion for the Spaniards, for all his commitment to the Republican cause, used the war to gain a new lease on his life as a writer. As Baker says, "refusing to waste the best of his materials in his newspaper dispatches....he had gathered and salted away a body of experience and information which he described... as absolutely invaluable." For a novelist, this was understandable. For a war correspondent, it was unforgivable"¹⁴⁹

Indeed, as we have seen Hemingway had explicitly assured Max Perkins that he was being careful to remember and not "waste" his good material in dispatches.¹⁵⁰

Hemingway's status as a war correspondent in the Second World War was even more questionable, his involvement in irregular combat was in contravention of the Geneva Convention and led to complaints from other professional war correspondents who felt compelled to abide by the rules. Meyers maintains that Hemingway made a clear distinction between journalism and serious writing and depended on his reputation to justify his dispatches. Meyers quotes Roald Dahl:

As a war correspondent in the Hitler war I would rate him as very poor, but he didn't try to be good then. I remember him telling me about a

wonderful episode concerning a man jumping out of a burning tank after his return from the invasion and when I said, "But you have to put that in your Collier's piece," he answered, "You don't think I'd give them that do you? I'm keeping it for a book."¹⁵¹

If there was no doubt that Hemingway took his role as an author more seriously than that as a correspondent, it should also be borne in mind that he would not have been privy to the thoughts of men like Koltsov or Regler if there had ever been any danger of him using the material they provided him with in the press. At any rate, his sources of information would have dried up pretty quickly had he done so, he might even have found himself in danger from his "friends in Seguridad".

Hemingway did become committed to the *causa* on a personal level but his commitment was never so great that he could wholly sublimate his artistic impulse to the cause - The Fifth Column is the most politically committed work of imagination he ever wrote. Rather reminiscent of Malraux's Le Temps de mépris, a book Hemingway owned and admired, it is likewise probably Hemingway's least successful work.

Lynn makes the point that from his NANA dispatches to The Fifth Column, Hemingway had exalted the discipline of the Communists - indeed he had even done so in To Have and Have Not where the communist from the CCC camp tells Richard Gordon that:

It takes discipline and abnegation to be a Communist; a rummy can't be a Communist.

(To Have and Have Not, p.152)

Under the Ridge, one of the short stories Hemingway wrote on Spain, provided, Lynn asserts:

an indication that he no longer wished to make a distinction between their discipline and their brutality. This was not a sign, however, of an emerging political realism on his part, but rather of a reemerging disgust with politics in any form. As defeat was engulfing the Loyalist cause, a bitterly disappointed author was looking for political scapegoats and he did not care what colour they came in.¹⁵²

Nonetheless, it seems clear that Hemingway was alerted to the

inherent brutality of the Comintern by disaffected cadres like Regler and Koltsov, whether he admitted it or not. He still liked to be on the side of those who had given him specialist knowledge and used his articles in Ken to take further sideswipes at Dos Passos and again boast of his "friends in Seguridad". Yet, Hemingway had not gone through the war in Spain with his eyes closed. He said that he had once been asked by Malraux when he planned to write about the war and had replied that he would not do so until he could tell the truth about that son of a bitch, André Marty, without harming the loyalist cause.¹⁵³

In L'Espoir Malraux had given a pretty comprehensive sweep of the war and the many factions and causes behind it. While on one level this precluded Hemingway from merely writing a sequel, as it were - on a far more important level, this was far from the sort of book Hemingway wanted to write or indeed was equipped to write. The two novels deal with the war in completely different ways. L'Espoir offers a broad sweep of the panoply of the war and its social and economic causes, attempting to include everything and to work it into a sort of panoramic tapestry with several strands developing in parallel - the *bildungsroman* of Manuel, the various fates of Magnin and the Pelican squadron, the problems faced by Hernandez and Garcia, the grim dedication of the Negus, the old-fashioned devotion to duty of Ximenes, Moreno's struggle against the absurd - while some of the strands "knit up" many are left dangling and in some ways L'Espoir is a fragmentary patchwork, although its magnificent scale and vitality is such that the panoramic vision it provides more than compensates for any gaps. By contrast, For Whom the Bell Tolls attempts to include everything without it showing; while it is Hemingway's longest work of fiction, it is also the apotheosis of his *iceberg* theory of omission.

Whereas Malraux could write, indeed had to write as the war was

still unfolding and defeat by no means certain, Hemingway had the determinant of History to contend with, but also the gift of hindsight. He also had the freedom of writing without any significant consequences, save the wrath of "the ideology boys" - American communists and veterans of the Lincoln brigade like Alvah Bessie. By the writing of For Whom The Bell Tolls, Hemingway had moved a long way from his position in The Fifth Column. He still admired the generals of the International Brigade and Spanish generals like Gustavo Duran, and still felt that the communists had been the best chance the Republic had of winning the war. Yet, with the war in Spain over he could unshackle his artistic conscience. Reynolds points out that in shipping books from Key West to Cuba:

He selected books on European politics, but few on communism. He left Marx's Manifesto. Political idealism had foundered on the Ebro River in Spain.¹⁵⁴

Certainly, there were no holds barred in Hemingway's portrait of André Marty which was devastating. Captain Gomez, accompanying the guerrilla Andrés from Pablo's band whom Robert Jordan has entrusted with the message about fascist preparations to General Golz, the commander of the Republican attack, recognises Marty and thinks he can help:

He recognized his bushy eyebrows, his watery gray eyes, his chin and the double chin under it, and he knew him for one of France's great modern revolutionary figures who had led the mutiny of the French navy in the Black Sea. Gomez knew this man's high political place in the International Brigades and he knew this man would know where Golz's headquarters were and be able to direct him there. He did not know what this man had become with time, disappointment, bitterness both domestic and political, and thwarted ambition and that to question him was one of the most dangerous things that any man could do. Knowing nothing of this he stepped forward into the path of this man, saluted with a clenched fist and said, "Comrade Marty, we are the bearers of despatch for General Golz. Can you direct us to his headquarters? It is urgent."

The tall, heavy old man looked at Gomez with his out-thrust head and considered him carefully with his watery eyes. Even here at the front in the light of a bare electric bulb, he having just come in from driving in an open car on a brisk night, his gray face had a look of decay. His face looked as if it were modelled from the waste material you find under the claws of a very old lion.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp.364-365)

Marty, a French Catalan from Perpignan, speaks Spanish with a strong Catalan accent which in Hemingway's book shows that he does not understand the Spaniards, and also questions his bravery as Hemingway seems to have tacitly approved of the Castilian contempt for the Catalans - not an area renowned for bullfighting. Earlier in the book Robert Jordan hears a folk song, "The Catalan" rendered by the gypsy, Rafael, in the cave :

My nose is flat,
My face is black,
But still I am a man.[...]
Thank God I am a Negro,
And not a Catalan.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.59)

Marty pockets the safe conduct and the dispatch and orders the arrest of Andrés and Gomez:

"What passes with that man?" Gomez said to one of the guards.
"Está loco," the guard said. "He is crazy"

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.365)

Gomez is astonished when the corporal of the guard explains that it is an open secret that Marty is crazy.

"I had always taken him for a great figure," Gomez said. "For one of the glories of France."

"He may be a glory and all," the corporal said and put his hand on Andrés's shoulder. "But he is as crazy as a bedbug. He has a mania for shooting people."

"Truly shooting them?"

"Como lo oyes," the corporal said. "That old one kills more than the bubonic plague. *Mata más que la peste bubónica*. But he doesn't kill fascists like we do. *Qué va*. Not in joke. *Mata bichos raros*. He kills rare things. Trotzkyites, Divagationers. Any type of rare beasts."

Andrés did not understand any of this.

"When we were at Escorial we shot I don't know how many for him", the corporal said. "We always furnish the firing party. The men of the Brigades would not shoot their own men. Especially the French.

To avoid difficulties it is always us who do it. We shot French. We have shot Belgians. We have shot others of divers nationality. Of all types. *Tiene manía de fusilar gente*. Always for political things. He's crazy. *Purifica más que el Salvarsán*. He purifies more than Salvarsan."

"But will you tell someone of this dispatch?"

"Yes, man. Surely. I know everyone of these two Brigades. Everyone comes through here. I know even up to and through the Russians, although only few speak Spanish. We will keep this crazy from shooting Spaniards."

"But the dispatch."

"The dispatch, too. Do not worry, Comrade. We know how to deal with

this crazy. He is only dangerous with his own people. We understand him now."

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.365)

When Marty has interviewed Gomez and Andrés and dismissed their "story"

Hemingway allows us a glimpse of the inner workings of his paranoia:

Golz, he thought in a mixture of horror and exultation as a man might feel when hearing that a business enemy had been killed in a particularly nasty motor accident or that someone you hated but whose probity you had never doubted had been guilty of defalcation. That Golz should be one of them, too. That Golz should be in such obvious communication with the fascists. Golz that he had known for twenty years. Golz who had captured the gold train that winter with Lucacz in Siberia. Golz who had fought against Kolchak, and in Poland. In the Caucasus. In China, and here since the first October. But he *had* been close to Tukachevsky. To Voroshilov, yes, too. but to Tukachevsky. And to who else? Here to Karkov, of course. And to Lucacz. but all the Hungarians had been intriguers. He hated Gall. Golz hated Gall. Remember that. Make a note of that. Golz has always hated Gall. But he favours Putz. Remember that. And Duval is his chief of staff. See what stems from that. You've heard him say Copic's a fool. That is definitive. That exists. And now this dispatch from the fascist lines. Only by pruning out of these rotten branches can the tree remain healthy and grow. The rot must become apparent for it is to be destroyed. But Golz of all men. That Golz should be one of the traitors. He knew that you could trust no one. No one. Ever. Not your wife. Not your brother. Not your oldest comrade. No one. Ever.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.368)

There is a sad echo of this passage at the end of Hemingway's life when he was convinced the *F.B.I.* were after him, and suspected everyone - even his wife, Mary, and friends like A.E. Hotchner of being part of the conspiracy.

Obviously it's impossible to say whether this was a harking back to the figure of Marty, or whether being remarkably self-obsessed himself, Hemingway could recognise a further stage of the same ailment he had in him, to portray Marty's paranoia. There are some interesting points in the portrayal of Marty:

Marty, looking at his map, shook his head sadly as the guards took Gomez and Andrés out. The guards had enjoyed hearing him cursed but on the whole they had been disappointed in the performance. They had seen much better ones. André Marty did not mind the men cursing him. So many men had cursed him at the end. He was always genuinely sorry for them as human beings. He always told himself that and it was one of the last true ideas that was left to him that had ever been his own.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.369)

Marty cannot understand the map he looks at, just as Orwell's Italian soldier

or Malraux's peasant cannot understand a map. Marty, however, retains a position of military authority and his ignorance and interference results in military disaster and the needless deaths of many men:

He could see the heights and the valleys from the contours but he never really understood why it should be this height and why this valley was the one. But at the General Staff where, because of the system of Political Commissars, he could intervene as the political head of the Brigades, he would put his finger on such and such a numbered, brown-thin-lined encircled spot among the greens of woods cut by the lines of roads that parallel the never casual winding of a river and say, "There. That is the point of weakness."

Gall and Copic, who were men of politics and ambition, would agree, and later, men who never saw the map, but heard the number of the hill before they left their starting place and had the earth of diggings on it pointed out, would climb its side to find their death along its slope or, being halted by machine guns placed in olive groves would never get up it at all. Or on other fronts they might scale it easily and be no better off than they had been before. But when Marty put his finger on the map in Golz's staff the scar-headed, white-faced General's jaw muscles would tighten and he would think, I should shoot you, André Marty, before I let you put that gray rotten finger on a contour map of mine. Damn you to hell for all the men you've killed by interfering in matters you know nothing of. Damn the day they named tractor factories and villages and co-operatives for you so you are a symbol that I cannot touch. Go and suspect and exhort and intervene and denounce and butcher in some other place and leave my staff alone.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp.369-370)

In Marty, Hemingway saw a character who grimly rewrote his own legend in the blood of other men :

So now André Marty sat working over his map at the bare table with the raw light on the unshaded electric lightbulb over his head, the overwide beret pulled forward to shade his eyes, referring to the mimeographed copy of the orders for the attack and slowly and carefully and laboriously working them out on the maps as a young officer might work a problem at staff college. He was engaged in war. In his mind he was commanding troops; he had the right to interfere and this he believed to constitute command. So he sat there with Robert Jordan's dispatch to Golz in his pocket and Gomez and Andrés waited in the guard room and Robert Jordan lay in the woods above the bridge.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.370)

The Russian journalists Karkov is the first responsible man the corporal can communicate with:

Marty stood up. He did not like Karkov, but Karkov, coming from *Pravda* and in direct communication with Stalin, was at this moment one of the

three most important men in Spain.

"Tovarich Karkov," he said.

"You are preparing the attack?" Karkov said insolently, nodding toward the map.

"I am studying it," Marty answered.

"Are you attacking? Or is it Golz?" Karkov asked smoothly.

"I am only a commissar, as you know," Marty told him.

"No," Karkov said. "You are modest. You are really a general. You have your map and your field glasses. But were you not an admiral once, Comrade Marty?"

"I was a gunner's mate," said Marty. It was a lie. He had really been a chief yeoman at the time of the mutiny. But he thought now, always, that he had been a gunner's mate.

"Ah. I thought you were a first-class yeoman," Karkov said. "I always get my facts wrong. It is the mark of the journalist."

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.371)

Marty's claim to a more glamorous role than the shipboard clerical duties he actually carried out before his role in the Black Sea mutiny, fits a pattern in both Hemingway's life and his fiction and may have increased the very real antagonism Hemingway felt for Marty; the principal reason, of course, being Marty's incompetence and his responsibility, both directly and indirectly, for the deaths of so many who fought for the Republic.

Hemingway also attempted to explode the myth of *La Pasionaria*, of whom he once said: "Dolores made me vomit, always."¹⁵⁵

In a memorable scene at Gaylords hotel Hemingway portray's Karkov/Koltsov's cynicism at reports of apparent internecine fighting amongst the fascists announced by *La Pasionaria* and relayed to him by a figure possibly representing Ilya Ehrenberg, who writes for *Izvestia*.

"I only have it now. Not ten minutes ago. It is wonderful. All day the fascists have been fighting among themselves near Segovia. They have been forced to quell the mutinies with automatic rifle and machine gun fire. In the afternoon they were bombing their own troops with planes."

"Yes?" asked Karkov.

"That is true, the puffy-eyed man said. "Dolores brought the news herself. She was here with the news and was in such a state of radiant exultation as I have never seen. The truth of the news shone from her face. That great face," he said happily.

"That great face," Karkov said with no tone in his voice at all.

"If you could have heard her," the puffy-eyed man said. "The news itself shone from her with a light that was not of this world. In her voice you could tell the truth of what she said. I am putting it in an article for *Izvestia*. It was one of the greatest moments of the war to me when I heard the report in that great voice where pity,

compassion and truth are blended. Goodness and truth shine from her as from a true saint of the people. Not for nothing is she called *La Pasionaria*."

"Not for nothing," Karkov said in a dull voice. "You better write it for *Izvestia* now before you forget that last beautiful lead"

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp.315-316)

Of course, Karkov suspects, as the reader knows, that the reports of fighting are not in fact of fighting amongst the fascists but of fascist activity against republican guerillas - in fact the destruction of El Sordo and his band on the hilltop. Karkov's sombre expression of distaste for the enthusiasms of Ehrenberg and *La Pasionaria*, somehow anticipates the world of Nineteen Eighty-Four. Certainly Hemingway, who was of course familiar with Homage to Catalonia and held the book in very high esteem, even if he could not spare much sympathy for the *POUM*, is getting at the propaganda and deceit which permeated the war and the dangerous self-importance of the bizarre media circus - of which he of course had been a part - parasitically feeding off the war and proving extremely damaging to the Republican cause through leaks of militarily sensitive information while at the same time not being in possession of the "good dope" or even being able to make reasonable assessments of how the war is progressing. Karkov's mistress has just shocked him by revealing her knowledge of the forthcoming attack and talks of visiting it with *La Pasionaria* - much as the gentry and their ladies went to see the early battles of the American Civil war. Meanwhile the Izvestia correspondent lays it on pretty thick about how the information must be true because it came from *La Pasionaria* - but this exchange is sandwiched between assaults on the dangers of gossip, propaganda and misinformation to the Republic. *La Pasionaria* herself was, of course, not just a manipulator of propaganda but a prime example of it. Hemingway is keen to emphasise the gulf between what the leaders of the Spanish Republic thought was happening and the reality which the people of Spain were facing; he has already shown what he thinks of this "true saint of the people" in the destruction of El

Sordo's band. As El Sordo and his men attempt to dig in behind tiny mounds of earth on their besieged hill-top and the fascist planes appear overhead, the young boy Joaquin, eighteen years old a would-be bullfighter, quotes slogans:

"Resister y fortificar es vencer," Joaquin said, his mouth stiff with the dryness of fear which surpassed the normal thirst of battle. It was one of the slogans of the Communist party and it meant, "Hold out and fortify, and you will win."

Sordo looked away and down the slope at where a cavalryman was sniping from behind a boulder. He was very fond of this boy and he was in no mood for slogans.

"What did you say?"

One of the men turned from the building that he was doing. This man was lying flat on his face, reaching carefully up with his hands to put a rock in place while keeping his chin flat against the ground.

Joaquin repeated the slogan in his dried-up boy's voice without checking his digging for a moment.

"What was the last word?" the man with his chin on the ground asked.

"Vencer," the boy said. "Win."

"Mierda," the man with his chin on the ground said.

"There is another that applies to here," Joaquin said, bringing them out as if they were talismans, "Pasionaria says it is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees."

"Mierda again," the man said and another man said, over his shoulder, "We're on our bellies, not our knees."

"Thou. Communist. Do you know your Pasionaria has a son thy age in Russia since the start of the movement?"

"It is a lie," Joaquin said.

"Qué va, it's a lie," the other said. The dynamiter with the rare name told me. he was of thy party, too. Why should he lie?"

"It's a lie," Joaquin said. "She would not do such a thing as keep a son hidden in Russia, out of the war."

"I wish I were in Russia," another of Sordo's men said. "Will not thy Pasionaria send me now from here to Russia, Communist?"

"If thou believest so much in thy Pasionaria, get her to get us off this hill," one of the men who had a bandaged thigh said.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.272)

By the time the fascist planes appear to bombard the hill-top and Joaquin is forming a support for Sordo's machine gun as he makes a vain attempt to combat the planes, his faith in *La Pasionaria* begins to crumble :

"Pasionaria says 'better to die on thy-' " Joaquin was saying to himself as the drone came near them. Then he shifted suddenly into "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.283)

La Pasionaria can offer no consolation at the hour of death, the old faith of Catholicism - despite the failure of its clergy - suddenly seems a lot more

relevant than any dialectical materialism. Like the book as a whole, this episode is full of resonances and symbolism which lie hidden beneath the surface of the text and the action in the narrative - there is at once the obvious religious imagery - the hill which Sordo muses on in such grim detail as amongst other things "a chancre" is their Mount Calvary - the men's comments about Joaquin's faith in *La Pasionaria* directly echo the bad thief's comments to Christ on the cross - such references are not surprising from the man who wrote Today is Friday and who had been deeply influenced by Christianity in one form or another throughout his life. There is also the clear parallel with the siege of Numantia, Spain's Masada. Reynolds records that while Hemingway left Don Quixote in Key West he made a point of taking Cervantes' Numancia - a timely adaptation by Rafael Alberti published in 1937 - which concerns, as Reynolds puts it:

Spaniards holding a fortified hill against superior Roman legions.¹⁵⁶

El Sordo's fight encapsulates the struggle against the superior military might of the fascists and their Italian and German allies. Joaquin makes repeated references to *La Pasionaria* and echoes her sloganeering - the slogan which is not mentioned but strongly implied in its close association with "Better to die on your feet than live on your knees" is of course "No Pasaran" - "They shall not pass", derived from the French defence of Verdun; however, for Sordo's band this is exposed as at best a hopeless fancy, at worst an inadequate fiction in the face of the reality of the military might stacked against them. In a sense El Sordo's hill also represents the siege of Madrid. Hemingway seems to resent the false hope which *La Pasionaria* and the Communists instilled in the Spanish people; a reluctance to accept their technical inferiority in the face of the superior level of foreign aid given to Franco's forces, while the Russians and local communists attached endless strings to the dwindling aid they provided, and the inevitable slaughter which

that led to. As one of Sordo's band puts it :

"That they should aid us now," another man said. "That all the cruts of Russian sucking swindlers should aid us now."

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.274)

The bombardment of El Sordo and his men is also redolent of the Condor Legion's devastation of Guernica ¹⁵⁷. At some level, a comparison with Custer's last stand is also unavoidable - the taking of the heads leads Robert Jordan to think back to the Indian wars of the American West and to recall his grandfather's poor opinion of Custer and the military virtues of the maverick confederate cavalry leader John Mosby, and in turn those of his grandfather who was once favourably compared to Mosby.

The boy Joaquín is the only one to survive the bombardment but he is only barely alive :

He had known nothing and had no feeling since he had suddenly been in the very heart of the thunder and the breath had been wrenched from his body when the one bomb struck so close and Lieutenant Berrendo made the sign of the cross and then shot him in the back of the head, as quickly and as gently, if such an abrupt movement can be gentle, as Sordo had shot the wounded horse.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.284)

A devout Carlist from Navarre, Berrendo is soon saying Hail Marys for his own comrade, having ordered the removal of the heads of Sordo's band for identification - later he thinks to himself :

taking the heads is barbarous. But proof and identification is necessary. I will have trouble enough about this as it is and who knows? This of the heads may appeal to them. There are those of them who like such things. It is possible they will send them all to Burgos. It is a barbarous business.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.288)

He prays to the Virgin Mary for his dead comrade - Anselmo watches him and his troops pass by:

He counted the dead and the wounded and he recognized Sordo's automatic rifle. He did not know what the poncho-wrapped bundle was which flapped against the led horse's flanks as the stirrup leathers swung, but when, on his way home, he came in the dark on to the hill where Sordo had fought, he knew at once what the long poncho roll contained. In the dark he could not tell who had been up on the hill. But he counted those who lay there and then made off across the hills for Pablo's camp....And as he walked he prayed for the souls of Sordo

and of all his band. It was the first time he had prayed since the start of the movement.

"Most kind, most sweet, most clement Virgin," he prayed
(For Whom the Bell Tolls, pp.288-289)

In this chapter, Hemingway aims to highlight the similarities between the Spaniards on both sides - particularly the ordinary Spaniards. Robert Jordan's contention that "the closer to the front the better the people"¹⁵⁸, applied to the fascists as well; a sentiment Hemingway may have taken from Orwell, or perhaps his own recollections of the First World War where such comparisons between the front and the rear were commonplace.

However, as in To Have and Have Not, Hemingway wanted to show different points of view and the incompatibility and inevitable incomprehension between them. Messent points to the letter Hemingway wrote to Ivan Kashkin just after he had started writing For Whom the Bell Tolls in which he says of his "stories about the war":

I try to show *all* the different sides of it, taking it slowly and honestly and examining it from many ways. So never think one story represents my viewpoint because it is much too complicated for that.¹⁵⁹

Messent adds:

In the shift from the short story to the novel form such complications could be tackled.¹⁶⁰

Thus, while Berrendo himself considers the beheading he has ordered barbaric, and both he and Anselmo and Joaquín say the same prayers, Anselmo cannot comprehend that the man who ordered the beheading can be anything but a barbarian and his exchange with Fernando who has heard of the beheading from Pablo, at once restates the justice of the Republican cause and lightens the narrative:

"What barbarians these fascists are! We must do away with all such barbarians in Spain." He stopped, then said bitterly, "In them is lacking all conception of dignity."

Anselmo grinned in the dark. An hour ago he could not have imagined that he would ever smile again. What a marvel; that Fernando, he thought.

"Yes", he said to Fernando, " We must teach them. We must take away their planes, their automatic weapons, their tanks, their artillery, and

teach them dignity."

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.289)

The positive portrayal of Berrendo, who at the end of the novel becomes in some senses, as Lee has put it, Jordan's *alter ego*, recalls Jordan's regret at shooting the Navarrese cavalryman near Pablo's cave:

I've probably seen him run through the streets ahead of the bulls at the Feria in Pamplona, Robert Jordan thought. You never kill anyone that you want to kill in a war, he said to himself.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.267)

Jordan reads the dead man's letters and discovers he is from a town he knows from before the war, and seeing a list of ten dead thinks:

That is a great many for a town the size of Tafalla.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.267)

Then in an interior dialogue, rather than monologue, somewhat archly carried out between "he" and "himself", Jordan tries to justify his own role in the war:

How many is that you have killed? he asked himself. I don't know. Do you think you have a right to kill anyone? No. But I have to. How many of those you have killed have been real fascists? Very few. But they are all the enemy to whose force we are opposing force. But you like the people of Navarra better than those of any other part of Spain. Yes. And you kill them. Yes. If you don't believe it go down there to the camp.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.267)

Essentially, this interior dialogue is an attempt to rationalise Jordan's perception of his role in the war, his reasons for involvement - which extends to his politics :

You're not a real Marxist and you know it. You believe in Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. You believe in Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Don't ever kid yourself with too much dialectics. they are for some but not for you. You have to know them in order not to be a sucker. You have to put many things in abeyance to win a war. If this war is lost all of those things are lost.

But afterwards you can discard what you do not believe in. There is plenty you do not believe in and plenty that you do believe in.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.267)

One of the things Hemingway had put in abeyance was his Christianity and

Catholicism. While the extent of his Catholicism is debatable he was still nominally a Catholic at this time; he had had a very rigid protestant upbringing which he had rebelled against but could never entirely shake off. George Borrow whose works on Spain are praised in the book was significantly thought by Hemingway to have "a YMCA mind" - a comment all the more revealing when you consider that Hemingway's paternal grandfather, Anson Hemingway, had spent a decade working for this organisation. The naming of Pilar, the earth mother of the guerilla band, is also significant - the name comes from the Virgin of the Pillar, and Pilar was also the name of Hemingway's beloved boat, and the codename which he and Pauline had used in the "hundred days" separation from Hadley.

There is extensive treatment of religion throughout For Whom the Bell Tolls, particularly in the figure of Anselmo who near the beginning of the book laments that:

"Since we do not have God here any more, neither His Son nor the Holy Ghost, who forgives?"

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.43)

Hemingway recognised religion and ritual as a significant part of Spanish life albeit one which had become dislocated by the class war. The pervasive use of blasphemy only serves to emphasise how deeply rooted religion is in the soil of Spain. In Death in the Afternoon Hemingway had noted the Spaniards' lack of materialism and their essentially spiritual nature. Writers like Orwell and Malraux had also noted the spirituality present amongst the Spaniards despite the absence of organised religion in the Republican zone.

The Golgotha-like imagery of El Sordo's hilltop has already been noted. The very name Robert Jordan - both names almost always used - has a biblical resonance by no means unintentional. Kashkin the Russian dynamiter with "the rare name" - culled intriguingly from the Russian translator and critic who had questioned Hemingway's political stance and his morbidity -

serves as a John the Baptist figure for Jordan. The three day timescale in which Jordan seeks to live his whole life, having met Maria - another significant name, an amalgam of different attributes of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene and both the biblical Martha and Martha Gellhorn - at once recalls the three years of Christ's mission and the three days *in the cave* before the resurrection. Everything moves towards Jordan's eventual sacrifice, centred around the blowing of the bridge which in its way has the same mixture of determinism, doubt and voluntary submission as the passion of Christ. As early as the third chapter Jordan has acknowledged that his task is one which will almost certainly cost him his life and endanger those who help him:

Neither you nor this old man is anything. You are instruments to do your duty. There are necessary orders that are no fault of yours and there is a bridge and that bridge can be the point on which the future of the human race can turn. As it can turn on everything that happens in this war.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.43)

From the first chapter Pablo is as doomed to betray Jordan as Judas Iscariot - Jordan predicts that he will know when Pablo will betray him by the first friendly thing he does. In the end of course like his namesake Paul, Pablo reverses his opposition, or like Thomas, he ceases to doubt.

Of course, it is not Hemingway's primary aim to portray Jordan as an icon of Christ, or simply to update elements of the New Testament; however, he does clearly seek to underpin his story with consistent references to the life of Christ. On one level this is to help him transcend the historical parameters of the war, which is in itself another reason why Hemingway chooses a guerilla band and a story of such short duration. At the same time, if Robert Jordan is a symbol of anything he is a symbol of the freedom-loving individuals who went to fight for the Spanish Republic, of the sacrifice of the International Brigades, who despite the corruption and incompetence of some of their commanders, gave their lives in the very real

belief that they were combatting a greater evil.

In terms of Hemingway's experience of the Civil War in Spain, Jordan is based on two figures. Several critics have pointed out Hemingway's admiration for Robert Merriman, a former economics lecturer and a hero of the Lincoln Brigades who died at Belchite. Bolloten points out that there was also a Russian partizan officer whose activities bore a close resemblance to Jordan:

the guerilla war specialist Mamsurov Judji-Umar, know in Spain as Hajji or Ksanti, who later became a general. "At Gaylord's, a Madrid hotel, Hemingway met our army men", recalls Ilya Ehrenburg. "He liked Hajji, a man of reckless courage, who used to penetrate behind the enemy lines(he was a native of the Caucasus and could easily pass himself off as a Spaniard). Much of what Hemingway says about the activity of guerrillas in his book For Whom the Bell Tolls he heard from Hajji.(What a good thing that at least Hajji survived. I met him once later and was overjoyed.)"¹⁶¹

Bolloten¹⁶² contends that Hajji had simply been asked by Koltsov to tell Hemingway of his actions. However, both Hemingway and Hajji claimed that he had taken the writer and a party including Martha Gellhorn on the trip to the Sierra Guadarrama to the enemy lines. Orlova, quotes Mamsurov's assertion that they were guided by a man of seventy with similar beliefs to Anselmo.¹⁶³

If the New Testament underpins the narrative in the submerged sense so too does the history of the Spanish Republic and its war. Reynolds has convincingly made the case for the crucial significance of Hemingway's reading to his art and his life and draws attention to Hemingway's comment that:

Education consists in finding sources obscure enough to imitate so that they will be perfectly safe.¹⁶⁴

The New Testament is hardly obscure, so it seems likely that what is at play here is Hemingway's theory of omission - i.e., he provides enough parallels and clues to imply the connection but only just, and it is all carefully concealed under the surface of the narrative realism. Reynolds also points out the significant influence of Hemingway's chivalric reading, something

particularly appropriate to Spain - there are for example echoes of the *Song of Roland* in *The Sun Also Rises*. Yet, it is in the Thirties, after his last bout of reading chivalric literature and works on the middle ages, that Reynolds detects a shift in the protagonists of Hemingway's books in the Thirties from existentialist anti-heroes to more conventional heroes:

His known medieval reading began in high school and finished in the summer of 1929. About that time, his fiction began to change. The Hemingway characters form the twenties - Jake Barnes, Nick Adams, Frederick Henry - do not love well and do little heroic. It is in the thirties, just after the last spate of medieval reading, that his characters begin behaving like heroes. Harry Morgan, Robert Jordan, and Colonel Cantwell, who love truly, end up heroically dead. And the narrator of *Green Hills of Africa*, pursuing beauty personified in the greater kudu, is on a knight's quest.¹⁶⁵

One of Hemingway's high school texts was Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*, and it seems that on one level at least, he follows Spenser in underpinning his tale with complex levels of both religious and political allegory. At some level, the story of Robert Jordan and Pablo's band encapsulates the story of the war as a whole, and aims to encapsulate Spain as a whole. The figure of Maria, the "amoeba-like" Spanish girl or "cat in the bag" as Edmund Wilson variously described her, also the unfortunately nicknamed "rabbit"¹⁶⁶, is perhaps a little more understandable when seen as a symbol of the Spanish Republic - *La Niña Bonita*, the beautiful young girl as it was anthropomorphized in its early days - a time when Hemingway was in Spain and distinctly interested in its political development. There are very close historical correspondences between the fate of the Republic and the story of Maria. The gang rape of Maria by the Moors is an analogue for the fascist rebellion; her collapse, the failure of the Republican politicians - Jordan describes them as having:

the politics of horse thieves. He believed in the Republic as a form of government but the Republic would have to get rid of all of that bunch of horse thieves that brought it to the pass it was in when the rebellion started.

(*For Whom the Bell Tolls*, p.149)

The removal of Maria from the train by Pilar and the others represents the

saving of the Republic by the people through violent resistance, while her growing confidence and the re-growing of her hair echo the gradual re-emergence of the state, bolstered by the communists, from the anarchy of the Revolution.

Jordan too is on a quest proving himself and seeking his own redemption, spurred on by his shame at his father's suicide. Like the knight Redcrosse in The Faerie Queene he is susceptible to despair, which is not a minor fault but a sin.

There is all this and more in Hemingway's book. However it must be stressed that while such allusions underpin the book, they do not explain it. The surface narrative is augmented by adding layers of meaning. Of all the literary influences on Hemingway, Joyce is perhaps the most unsung and one of the most significant - Meyers points out that he was the only living writer, Hemingway claimed to respect and sought to emphasise an affinity with. It seems quite possible that Hemingway makes use of these allegorical frameworks in For Whom the Bell Tolls just as Joyce used the Odyssey as a sort of blueprint on which to build Ulysses - something which was more important to him as a sort of literary scaffold on which he could construct his art rather than something absolutely vital to the reader. It was of course Joyce himself who praised Hemingway as a writer and said that there was much more to his form than many people realised.

However, partly because of the deceptive simplicity and concrete realism of Hemingway's style, such formal complexity is often ignored, though to a degree that is what Hemingway was in any case trying to achieve. Hemingway's admiration for Homage to Catalonia, another book where the skill of the author almost wholly conceals the complex formal invention, seems significant here. Because of the intense realism of the book, and the inevitable problems associated with fictionalising recent history, the complexity

of Hemingway's aims and achievement in For Whom the Bell Tolls was largely ignored and in a sense he became a victim of his own consummate craftsmanship. He had been aware from the outset of the war that this was a great opportunity for him as a writer, and as he said to his wealthy fishing friend Tommy Shevlin by way of an excuse for not participating in a long awaited tuna fishing contest:

"It is the most important thing I have ever done, and it is the place in my career as a writer I have to write a real one."¹⁶⁷

In a subsequent letter to his publisher, Charles Scribner, Hemingway confirmed that he was placing work before pleasure:

Work goes good. Am on page 199 of the Mss.now. That should be over half through. I was supposed to fish on the Cat Cay team in some silly tuna tournament to start tomorrow, with Tommy Shevlin and Hugo Rutherford, for a pretty big side bet. After I started this book the first of March and saw how it was going I wrote Tommy in early April that I couldn't interrupt the book and to get some one else. Am afraid they are sore at me. But am going to stay in one damned place until I finish this even if I go broke and lose all my friends.¹⁶⁸

In For Whom the Bell Tolls Hemingway sought to write a novel which did justice to both Spain and War, the two subjects closest to his heart. He also sought to produce a book which would transcend the chronology and the events and reach the "fourth dimension" of prose which he had talked of in Green Hills of Africa. After the insoluble structural problems of To Have and Have Not, he was determined to produce a novel that was at once artistically challenging, yet indisputably coherent. Lee draws our attention to Hemingway's letter to Perkins elaborating his formal concerns:

You see every damned word and action in this book depends upon every other word and action. You see he's laying there in the pine needles at the start and that is where he is at the end. He has his problems and all his life before him at the start and he has all his life in those days and, at the end there is only death for him and he truly isn't afraid of it at all because he has a chance to finish his mission.¹⁶⁹
But would all that be clear?

Given that Hemingway was aiming to produce a work which would stand in the tradition and be of the stature of The Charterhouse of Parma and

War and Peace, it is highly appropriate that Lee compares this to Tolstoy's assertion that a work of art should have a focus incapable of complete expression in words:

This, indeed, is the important thing about a good work of art, that its basic content can in its entirety be expressed only by itself.¹⁷⁶

Lee contends that in confiding to Maxwell Perkins:

the hope that For Whom the Bell Tolls would exhibit a "clear " interdependence of all its essential detail - everything "completely knit up and stowed away ship-shape" as he says earlier in his letter - Hemingway showed himself perfectly acute about what, and what not, ought to count in his novel. The issue he calls attention to, whether Robert Jordan embodies a sufficiently credible and inclusive viewpoint through whom to refract the drama of the Civil War and the Spanish soil itself, offers a most engaging critical point of departure. Does Jordan's three day *partizan* mission at the bridge begun and end "there on the pine needles" serve convincingly as the book's fulcrum, the means through which its widening circle of other concerns is brought to overall imaginative order? More precisely, can we say that Jordan's consciousness and his undertaking behind enemy lines establishes a sufficient centre for the novel's moral perspectives, or for its portraits of Pablo, El Sordo and the others as expressions of the human spirit under press of war and beleaguered by Fascism, or for Hemingway's long-standing preoccupation with Spain (begun in The Sun Also Rises and the shorter stories and carried forward through Death in the Afternoon, The Spanish Earth and The Fifth Column) as an essential arena for the conflict of good and bad faith? If, as he believed, and his letter is cast in characteristic telegraphese, "every damned word and action" indeed depends upon "every other word and action", then how well does For Whom the Bell Tolls meet Hemingway's own criteria?¹⁷⁷

Lee examines this question in detail and comes to the eminently reasonable conclusion that if For Whom the Bell Tolls displays "flaws in plenty", Hemingway:

deserves to be to be granted the success of the overall design behind his novel. Parts do fit the whole, and the whole I believe, to a far greater degree than has generally been acknowledged, acts to carry and unify the energy of those parts. Hemingway has by no means won his due as the conscious pattern-maker in his longer fiction. For Whom the Bell Tolls, "knit up" as it is, suggests he deserves better.¹⁷⁸

It certainly seems true to say that critics of For Whom the Bell Tolls have been preoccupied with the more obvious romantic flaws and in attempting to understand this book through critical approaches developed from tackling the short stories or earlier novels like A Farewell to Arms, rather than accepting

that Hemingway was trying to do something new. To a degree, it is a measure of his success that the pattern he created to build his Civil War novel upon is at once so complex and so little discerned. Again a comparison with Orwell whose apparent plain style is the result of much effort, is appropriate. Perhaps even more relevant is an appreciation of the strong influence of Joyce. Ezra Pound had steered the young Hemingway towards Joyce, as Reynolds notes:

Joyce never disappointed him. By 1924 he had read all the Joyce in print. Dubliners he would later call the twentieth century's one sure bet for immortality. Look again at the early Hemingway stories and you will see the impact of Dubliners in his low key endings, if nowhere else. *Ah, Madame, it is years since I added the wow to the end of a story.*¹⁷³

Of course, Joyce - as a writer if not as a man - continued to fascinate Hemingway, and, as we have seen, there was a considerable Joycean influence in To Have and Have Not. Joyce's literary success also fascinated him and even if he felt the bullfighter Maera to be a far superior human being than Joyce, he remained friendly with Joyce and to some extent always showed him respect. In some respects Hemingway modelled his career on Joyce; at any rate there are significant parallels: if In Our Time is Hemingway's Dubliners then For Whom the Bell Tolls is certainly his Ulysses. Indeed it is possibly difficult to overstate the influence which Ulysses had on him, both in itself and in Hemingway's very direct exposure - and contribution - to its literary success when he was in Paris and assisted in smuggling copies in to North America. As early as 1922, Hemingway had written of Ulysses as "a most god-damn wonderful book"¹⁷⁴ and a year later told Morley Callaghan: "James Joyce is the greatest writer in the world." A decade later he was to pay tribute to his mentor Ezra Pound, comparing him to Joyce:

any poet born in this century or in the last ten years of the preceding century who can honestly say that he has not been influenced by or learned greatly from the work of Ezra Pound deserves to be pitied rather than rebuked. It is as if a prose writer born in that time should not have learned from or been influenced by James Joyce.¹⁷⁵

Once the notion of Joyce's influence is admitted, even the brief time span of the action of For Whom the Bell Tolls, three days within which Hemingway encapsulates the civil war and a whole lot more beside, should alert us to possible parallels with Ulysses and the all encompassing diurnal peregrination of Bloom and Stephen Daedalus. Arguably, both writers are aiming to achieve the same level of universality. Yet, partly because Hemingway is writing about events of wider historical significance than Joyce, and partly because it is easily readable and conceals, rather than makes a virtue of its narrative complexity, For Whom the Bell Tolls has not attracted anything like such close stylistic analysis as Ulysses. Accordingly, Hemingway has not received the level of critical attention he deserves as a stylist in this novel. The generally received idea is that proposed by Edmund Wilson; namely that Hemingway, a master of the short story is unable to demonstrate complete control of such a long work. However, it seems that in For Whom the Bell Tolls Hemingway is indeed attempting something of a different order altogether from his previous work. Again, the critical response to For Whom the Bell Tolls reflects the predisposition of critics to see Hemingway in a particular, slightly patronising, way. This is something which Hemingway rather let himself in for with his carefully cultivated machismo which concealed his sensitivity as an artist. Reynolds points out that his editor Max Perkins and his publishers Scribners never really took Hemingway's very real ambition to be "a man of letters" seriously, denying him the careful editorial attention which other writers like Fitzgerald, Tom Wolfe and Ellen Glasgow had benefited from:

Somehow Perkins never gave Ernest the kind of suggestions he lavished on Marjorie Rawlings, never labored with him as he did with Wolfe. Max was always a little in awe of Ernest, a little diffident. Few and far between are the editor's marks on the typescripts and galleys. Maybe he thought Hemingway would resent suggestions. He probably would have. But Perkins could have encouraged him to do more nonfiction, to do a travel book. What Max wanted was fiction. He never really understood that Hemingway wanted to be a *man of letters*. How could he understand? Men of letters looked like Edmund Wilson, or at least like Dos Passos. Men of letters did not lead outrageous lives. No matter how

much Ernest assured Perkins that he really worked hard at his trade, Perkins was left wide eyed by the legendary life. Hemingway was a novelist, not a thinker, not an intellectual. By the time Perkins died in 1947, the mold was set.¹⁷⁶

Again, this view of Hemingway was reinforced by his desire to achieve at least a veneer of narrative simplicity and his consistent use of straightforward everyday language. Neither of these factors concerned Joyce; even less so as his career progressed. However, the superficial simplicity of Hemingway's work is achieved only through hidden depths of formal and stylistic complexity and invention. Messent's comparison of Hemingway with Stein may be equally applied to Hemingway's relationship with Joyce:

Hemingway's referential accessibility and syntactical simplicity help to explain why he appealed to a wider type of readership than Stein. His letters show how clearly he had such a general readership in mind. Discussing the saleability of In Our Time with his publisher Horace Liveright, Hemingway compared his work with E.E. Cummings's The Enormous Room (1922). His remarks signal his difference from Stein too. He claimed that those who were not well versed in "modern" writing would not be able to read Cummings's book, while his would rather be one that "will be praised by highbrow but can be read by lowbrows. There is no writing in it that anybody with a high-school education cannot read"¹⁷⁷.

For all that, it is perhaps a measure of Hemingway's success in For Whom the Bell Tolls that the intense effort which went into making the complex narrative pattern has not been widely perceived by critics.

Certainly, Hemingway's combination of first-hand experience with "obscure sources" is difficult to unravel; those instances where it comes to light show just how odd and pervasive his use of his own life in his work was. Take his character Pablo. Anselmo puts the finger on Pablo's obvious reluctance to take risks on his acquisition of horses, now that he is worth something - this may well be a restatement of Hemingway's accusations about Dos Passos, with whom he had broken bitterly in Spain. While Pablo is in many ways despicable, Jordan is forced to admire his cunning and his essential skill as a survivor and to ultimately accept that in some areas Pablo is correct in his assessment of the dangers of the situation they face. Hemingway was later

to say that he was based on the bullfighter El Gallo who as he points out in Death in the Afternoon had a remarkable instinct for self-preservation. Pablo's worst act of course is in killing his own allies, once they have fulfilled their role in attacking the fascist sentry post, to secure their horses and the escape of his band. Hemingway had made much of both the need to survive and the concentric degrees of loyalty associated with this - Pablo epitomises both. Almost everything Pablo does is associated with horses - and at one stage there is an allusion to Gulliver and his Houynhymms when Pablo would rather communicate with his horses.¹⁷⁸

With the repeated references to the "true book" Jordan wants to write Hemingway obviously wants to suggest that this has in fact been written in For Whom the Bell Tolls which is considerably different from Jordan's unsuccessful travelogue and Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises. To do so, Hemingway realised that he could not simply produce a prose version of The Fifth Column but must also show something of "the carnival of rottenness and treachery on both sides"; this entailed not only showing that "fascists" were not all evil monsters but also revealing the dark side of the Republic. The counterpoint to Maria's rape is Pilar's story of the massacre of the "fascists" organised by Pablo in their home town in the Sierra de Avila. In making Pablo a bull-ring horse dealer, Hemingway is putting out a strong signal that he disapproves of him, as he makes clear in Death in the Afternoon the horse-servants were among his least favourite beings. He also compares Pablo to the chameleon-like politician Lerroux. Barea - who makes some pertinent and authoritative criticisms in his essay Not Spain but Hemingway particularly reviling his "Spanglish" as Lee dubs it - complains that Pablo and Pilar would never have gained ascendancy among the dour Castilian peasants of the Sierra de Avila:

The gypsy and the gypsyfied horse-dealer might have lived, and even become local leaders, in one of those villages in the Sierra of

Guadarrama, which Hemingway knows and which live on tourists and weekenders from Madrid; but then again, these villages could never have produced Hemingway's peasant *guerilleros*. That is to say, the old gipsy whore from Andalusia with her lover, the horse-dealer, grouped together with peasants from Old Castile constitute a glaring incongruity.

This lack of realism is, however, necessary for the pattern of Hemingway's book. It permits him to introduce, through Pilar, admirable descriptions of the people of the bull ring a quarter of a century ago. It also permits him to construct scenes of savage brutality built around Pablo, whose whole mind is drenched with the smell of the plaza de toros and who is capable of studied, deliberate cruelty. The scenes of the book which seem to have impressed themselves deeply on the minds of every non-Spanish reader as being barbarously realistic and true are thus the result of a purely artificial choice of *dramatis personae*.

When Hemingway decided not to describe a group of purely Castilian guerilla fighters led by the most brutal and brave male among them, but to introduce the colourful gipsy woman and the bull-ring assassin, he blocked his own way to the reality of the Spanish War and of Spanish violence.¹⁷⁹

Barea also casts doubt on the likelihood of the elaborate lynching of the fascists happening in such a village. In this he is correct. Yet, Hemingway pointedly does not identify the town, other than have Pilar say that it was not Avila, nor does he absolutely assert that it is in Castile. However, something very similar to what Hemingway describes, did occur in Ronda in Andalusia and this must have made a distinct impression on Hemingway as Ronda with its impressive gorge, was a town he was familiar with. Indeed, as we have seen, Ronda was one of the towns he first visited in Spain and he had a special affinity for it just as he had for Navarre. Hemingway must have known from his bullfighting contacts how few of the middle class were really fascists, and he was certainly sufficiently moved by such barbarism to want to place it at the centre of a book in which he was trying to convey what he felt was a deeper artistic truth than a scrupulously accurate journalistic account. While there is some justice in what Barea says, Hemingway is not trying to produce journalism but to create a complex contrapuntal pattern, his vision is grander than Barea allows and extends beyond Spain and beyond its Civil War.

As Hemingway had predicted, the "ideology boys" were also particularly incensed at the portrayals of Marty and La Pasionaria. Alvah Bessie articulated such feelings a decade later, when explaining why Hemingway had been left out of an anthology of writing on the Spanish Civil War:

It was felt that Hemingway's talent and the personal support he rendered to many phases of the Loyalist cause was shockingly betrayed in For Whom the Bell Tolls in which the Spanish people were cruelly misrepresented and leaders of the International Brigades maliciously slandered. The novel in its total impact presented an unforgivable distortion of the meaning of the struggle in Spain. Under the name and prestige of Hemingway important aid was thus given to humanity's worst enemies.¹⁸⁰

The relatively sympathetic portrayal of the fascist Lieutenant Berrendo, and the vivid picture of the massacre of the fascists, organised by Pablo were also bones of contention for critics like Bessie. However, many members of the International Brigades, and some like Gustavo Duran who had been involved, along with General Walter, in the very attack on Segovia depicted in the book, applauded Hemingway's veracity. Others like the purged Koltsov were unfortunately not in a position to comment.

After all the problems politics had caused Hemingway in the Thirties, Edmund Wilson wrote in 1941:

going back over Hemingway's books today, we can see clearly what an error of the politicians it was to accuse him of an indifference to society. His whole work is a criticism of society: he has responded to every pressure of the moral atmosphere of the time, as it is felt at the roots of human relations, with a sensitiveness almost unrivalled.¹⁸¹

Whether or not Hemingway had succeeded in writing the "true book" Jordan hoped for, he had certainly produced a book which was, as Connolly had suggested, the major novel to emerge from the Spanish conflict. This in turn had revitalised Hemingway both as a writer and as a man. As Andrew Hook comments:

the Spanish Civil War and what came after, gave his world back to Hemingway. Papa had been right after all, and the sales of For Whom the Bell Tolls soon approached a staggering million copies.¹⁸²

If nothing else, Hemingway's involvement in the Spanish Civil War galvanised his creative imagination and allowed him to produce a book in which he attempted to reach the "fourth or fifth dimension" of prose writing he had mentioned in Green Hills of Africa; For Whom the Bell Tolls is by far Hemingway's most ambitious work and the crowning glory of his career. As Lee asserts, its success as a whole clearly outweighs any problems critics have with its parts. The publication of For Whom the Bell Tolls allowed a critic of the stature of Edmund Wilson to write with some justification that:

The big game hunter, the waterside superman, the Hotel Florida Stalinist, with their constrained and feverish attitudes, have evaporated like the fantasies of alcohol. Hemingway the artist is with us again; and it is like having an old friend back. ¹⁸³

1. Hugh Thomas, Review of Homage to Catalonia in New Statesman, 20 April 1962, p. 568; reprinted in Jeffrey Meyers(ed.)George Orwell: The Critical Heritage, London, 1975, p. 150.

2. Valentine Cunningham comments on this line of Macdiarmid as encapsulating: "the myth of the International Brigades as the uniquely glorious expression of volunteer overseas support for the Republic." A myth carefully fostered by the Communist party. Valentine Cunningham (ed.) The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse, (Harmondsworth, Middx., 1980), p. 34.

3. Only "The Old Man at the Bridge" was republished in book form in Hemingway's lifetime - in The Fifth Column and the First Forty Nine Stories, (New York, 1938). "The Butterfly and the Tank", "Night before Battle", "Under the Ridge", and "The Denunciation" were published in Esquire and Cosmopolitan close to the time of writing, and republished in The Fifth Column and Four Stories of the Spanish Civil War (New York, 1969), "Nobody Ever Dies" was as Young comments "wisely not reprinted" (Review in New York Times Book Review, 21 September 1969, p. 6. in Meyers,Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, p.534.), while Hemingway did not publish "Landscape with Figures".

4. Michael S. Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading, 1910-1940: An Inventory (Princeton/ Guildford, 1981), p.27.

5. Reynolds, p.29

6. Reynolds, p.154.

7. Reynolds, p.166.

8. Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, (New York: 1969) p. 276.

9. Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration, University Park Pennsylvania, & London 1966, p. 75.

10. F. Scott Fitzgerald, "Echoes of the Jazz Age", Scribner's Magazine, 1931. Reprinted in The Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald, Vol. II, (London, 1959), p. 11.

11. Ibid. p.13 & p. 19.

12. Bernard Wilhelm, Hemingway et Malraux Devant la Guerre D'Espagne, (Berne, 1966) p. 29. (Present writer's translation) X

13. Ibid. p. 24.

14. Jeffrey Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography (New York, 1985), (London, 1986), p. 3.

15. Carlos Baker (ed.), Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917-1961, (St. Albans/ London, 1981); EH to Alfred Rice, La Finca Vigia, 26-27 April 1953, p. 819

16. F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby, (New York, 1925), reprinted in The Bodley Head Scott Fitzgerald, Vol I, (London, 1959), p. 127.
17. Reynolds, pp.16-17.
18. Jeffrey Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, (New York, 1985/London 1986) p.24, & n.5 quote is from Paul Fisher, "Back To His First Field," Kansas City Star, November 26, 1940, p.1.
19. James R. Mellow, Hemingway: A Life Without Consequences (London, 1993), p.45.
20. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, pp.2-3.
21. Mellow, p.63.
22. Mellow, p.65.
23. "On Writing in the First Person", MS. 179a-1, JFK, quoted in Mellow, p.65
24. Ernest Hemingway, "Soldier's Home" from In Our Time, (New York, 1926) reprinted in The Essential Hemingway, (London, 1947)- edition consulted - Panther Books, 1977 (reprint 1984), p. 303.
25. Mellow, pp. 58-59.
26. Marcelline Hemingway Sanford, At the Hemingways: A Family Portrait, (Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1962) quoted in Mellow, p.89.
27. Mellow, p.177; By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p.49.
27. Ernest Hemingway, By-Line: Ernest Hemingway; Selected articles and dispatches of four decades (ed.) William White, (New York, 1967); edn. consulted, (London, 1968), p. 50.
28. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, pp. 49-50
29. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 50.
30. Mellow, pp. 184-185.
31. Baker, A Life Story, p. 93.
32. Baker, A Life Story, pp.102-103.
33. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 64.
34. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 84.
35. Mellow, p. 214.
36. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 86.

37. Ernest Hemingway, Across the River and Into the Trees (New York, 1950); edn. consulted, Grafton , (London, 1977), pp.39-41.
38. Letter to Ezra Pound, 23 January 1923, in Carlos Baker Selected Letters, pp.76-77.
39. Ibid.
40. Mellow, p. 213.
41. Ernest Hemingway, "Che Ti Dice la Patria?" in Men Without Women, (New York/London, 1928); Penguin edn. consulted (Harmondsworth Middx., 1955), reprint: 1971, p. 81.
42. Ibid. p. 81.
43. Ernest Hemingway, Hemingway: The Wild Years, (Ed.) & Introduction by Gene Z. Hanrahan. New York, 1962. 140-143, quoted in Kenneth S. Lynn, Hemingway (New York, 1987), p. 200.
44. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, pp.108-109.
45. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 38.
46. By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 39.
47. Letter to William B. Smith, 20 December 1921, Selected Letters, p. 58.
48. Baker, A Life Story, p.109.
49. Baker, A Life Story, p.110.
50. Mellow, p.234.
51. Arturo Barea, "Not Spain but Hemingway", in Horizon, 3 (May 1941), reprinted in Meyers (ed.) Hemingway: the Critical Heritage pp. 350-61; pp. 353-354.
52. Mellow, p. 235.
53. Anne E. Rowe - The Idea of Florida in the American Literary Imagination, (Baton Rouge/London, 1986), p. 93.
54. Peter Messent, Ernest Hemingway, (Houndmills, Basingstoke/ London, 1992) p.126.
55. Rowe, Idea of Florida, p. 94.
56. "On the Blue Water: A Gulf Stream Letter," By-line: Ernest Hemingway, p. 251.
57. Rowe, Idea of Florida, p. 106.

58. John Dos Passos, The Best Times, (New York, 1966), p. 204.
59. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p. 261.
60. Baker, A Life Story ,p. 221.
61. See Hemingway's account of Alfonso as ruler in "King Business in Europe", By-line: Ernest Hemingway, pp.101-102.
62. He had not always been so aware - confusion arose over the question of *Responsibilidades* which Hemingway takes to mean the concern of the Spanish people over the King's penchant for high speed auto-racing rather than who was responsible for the military debacle in Morocco which he goes on to discuss briefly.
63. The Friend of Spain: A Spanish Letter, By-Line : Ernest Hemingway, p. 163.
64. Granville Hicks, Review in New Masses, 17, (19 November 1935) 23, quoted in Jeffrey Meyers, (ed.) Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, (London, 1982), pp. 213-214.
65. Cyril Connolly, Review of Green Hills of Africa in Sunday Times, quoted in Roger Asselineau, Hemingway in Europe, (Paris, 1965), p. 24.
66. Baker, A Life Story p255
67. Hemingway took issue with New Masses over this headline. Yet, given the language he was using and the accusatory tone, this was - as Baker points out - only a matter of degree. Baker, A Life Story, note on p. 615.
68. Ernest Hemingway, "An Old Newsman Writes", Esquire Vol.2 (December, 1934), By-Line: Ernest Hemingway p. 198.
69. Ibid., p.199.
70. Ibid., p. 199-200.
71. EH to John Dos Passos, Nordquist Ranch, 14 October 1932, Selected Letters, p.375
72. EH to Ivan Kashkin, Key West, 19 August 1935, Selected Letters, p.419.
73. Malcolm Cowley, Review of To Have and Have Not, in New Republic, 92(20 October 1937, pp. 305-306. Reprinted in Meyers (ed.) Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, pp. 232-235; p. 235.
74. Ernest Hemingway, "In Defense of Dirty Words"(1934), quoted in Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p. 112.

75. EH to John Dos Passos, Key West, 26 March 1932, Selected Letters, p.354.
76. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography p. 112 & note 40. - Baker points out that Hemingway sometimes adapted this to "walk with sh--s nor lose the common touch" - Introduction to Selected Letters, p.xvi.
77. Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p. 113.
78. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography p.294.
79. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p. 287, source is letter to Dos Passos, Key West, 12 April 1936, Selected Letters,p.447.
80. A. Scott Berg, Max Perkins: Editor of Genius, New York, 1978 pp. 378-379, quoted in Mellow, p.469.
81. Mellow, p.469.
82. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p.172.
83. EH to Sara Murphy, February 11, 1936; quoted in Honoria Murphy Donnelly with Richard N. Billings, Sara & Gerald p. 171, New York, 1982; in turn quoted in Mellow, p. 459
84. Mellow, p. 459.
85. Mellow, p.462.
86. Baker, A Life Story, p.293.
87. Baker, A Life Story, p.296.
88. Mellow records that Wheeler offered Hemingway \$500 for each cabled story and \$1000 for more considered articles up to 1200 words sent by mail - far more than the average \$15 to \$25 other correspondents were receiving for coverage. p 488
89. EH to Maxwell Perkins, Key West, 15 December 1936, Selected Letters, p. 455.
90. Peter Messent, Ernest Hemingway, (Houndsmills, Basingstoke/ London 1992), p133.
91. Ernest Hemingway, "The Spanish War", in Fact, June 1937, quoted in Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p. 603.
92. Hugh Thomas, The Spanish Civil War, p.603
93. Baker, A Life Story, p.304.
94. Martha Gellhorn, The Face of War (New York, 1959), revised and updated edition consulted, ((London 1993), pp. 15-16.

95. Gellhorn, Face of War, pp 18-19.
96. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p. 324.
97. James Yates, Mississippi to Madrid: Memoir of a Black American in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, (Seattle, 1989), pp. 145-146.
98. Gellhorn, Face of War, p. 27.
99. Baker, A Life Story, p.321.
100. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, pp. 112-113, & n. 44.
101. Baker, A Life Story, p.321.
102. Baker, A Life Story p.321.
103. Baker, A Life Story p.321. Martha Gellhorn attended Bryn Mawr for three years but did not take her degree - Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p. 299; Mellow, p. 483.
104. Mellow, p. 504.
105. Mellow points out that for all his claimed sensitivity to Lesbianism, Hemingway failed to realise that Herbst had had several affairs with women, p. 505.
106. Baker, A Life Story, pp.321-322.
107. Baker, A Life Story, p.322.
108. Baker, A Life Story, pp.323-324.
109. Gustav Regler, The Owl of Minerva: the Autobiography of Gustav Regler, (translated by Norman Denny), London, 1959; p. 297..
110. Vincent Sheean, Letter to Carlos Baker, 22 August 1965, quoted in Baker, A Life Story, p. 621.
111. Herbert Matthews, A World in Revolution, (New York, 1971), p.29.
112. Matthews, A World in Revolution pp. 24-25.
113. James Yates, Mississippi to Madrid: Memoir of a Black American in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Seattle 1989; p.146.
114. It should be pointed out that Nancy Cunard did take on a good deal of propaganda work for the Republic, even if some like Orwell harshly dismissed her "Authors Take Sides" questionnaire.
115. Anne Chisolm, Nancy Cunard (London, 1979) p.244.

116. Anne Chiselm, Nancy Cunard, p.244.
117. Jason Gurney, Crusade in Spain (London, 1974), p. 145. It should perhaps be noted that this was not a unique circumstance - the far-from-belligose Stephen Spender was also persuaded to loose off a few machine-gun rounds at the enemy trenches, which he did, "positively praying that I might not by any chance hit an Arab." (World Within World, p. 223.)
118. Arturo Barea, The Clash, (London, 1946) Edition consulted, Flamingo - Fontana Paperbacks, (London, 1984), pp.278-279.
119. Ernest Hemingway, Carnegie hall speech - reprinted in New Masses as "Fascism is a Lie" June 22, 1937,4, this passage quoted in Baker, A Life Story, p.314. Speech also printed in Henry Hart (ed.) The Writer in a Changing World, (New York, 1937), pp. 79-81. and Ernest Hemingway Conversations with Ernest Hemingway, Jackson, 1986, p.193.
120. Ernest Hemingway, "Fascism is a Lie", New Masses, June 22, 1937,4. quoted in Lynn, Hemingway, p.450.
121. Mellow, pp 499-450 from Townsend Ludington, John Dos Passos: A Twentieth Century Odyssey, pp.376-377.
122. Ernest Hemingway Conversations with Ernest Hemingway, Jackson, 1986, p.193., quoted in Mellow, p. 499.
123. Ernest Hemingway, Preface to The Fifth Column, (p.6)
124. Ilya Ehrenburg, "Hemingway" in Soviet Review, October 1962, 22-26. quoted in Lynn, p. 446.
125. Gene Phillips - Hemingway and Film, (New York, 1980), p. 37.
126. Malcolm Cowley, Review, New Republic, 96 (2 November 1938), pp. 367-368. Reprinted in Meyers (ed.), Critical Heritage, p. 263-265; p. 264.
127. CEJL I, p.278.
128. Cyril Connolly, Review of To Have and Have Not in New Statesman and Nation, 14 (16 October 1937), p. 606. - reprinted in Meyers, Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, p. 226.
129. Connolly, Review of To Have and Have Not in New Statesman and Nation - in Meyers, Hemingway - The Critical Heritage, p. 228.
130. Connolly, Review of To Have and Have Not in New Statesman and Nation - in Meyers, Hemingway - Critical Heritage, p. 228.
131. EH to Ivan Kashkin, Key West, 19 August 1935, Selected Letters, p.420.
132. Stephen Spender, World Within World: The Autobiography of Stephen Spender, London, 1977, pp. 229-230.

133. Letter to Maxwell Perkins, Marseilles, 5 May 1938, Selected Letters, pp. 466-467.
134. Letter to Bernard Berenson, La Finca Vigia, 24 January 1953, Selected Letters, p. 803
135. Axel Madsen, Malraux: A Biography, (London, 1977), pp. 185-186.
136. Stephen Spender, World Within World: The Autobiography of Stephen Spender, London, 1977, pp. 229-230.
137. David S. Duke, Distant Obligations: Modern American Writers and Foreign Causes, (New York/Oxford, 1983) p. 271.
138. Mellow, p. 496; from Bernice Kert, The Hemingway Women (New York, 1983), p. 299.
139. Josephine Herbst, The Starched Blue Sky of Spain, (New York, 1991), p. 133.
140. David S. Duke, Distant Obligations: Modern American Writers and Foreign Causes, p. 271.
141. Mellow, p. 501.
142. Thomas, Spanish Civil War, p. 393.
143. EH to Bernard Berenson, October 14, 1952; Selected Letters, p. 789.
144. Gustav Regler, The Owl of Minerva, pp. 292-293.
145. Gustav Regler, The Owl of Minerva, p. 296.
146. Gustav Regler, The Owl of Minerva, p. 296.
147. Gustav Regler, The Owl of Minerva, p. 290.
148. Baker, A Life Story, p. 306. - N.B. Baker asserts that Hemingway had mistaken "nouvelles" for "novels", but it seems highly likely that Hemingway who had written so many short stories in Paris was well aware of the word's meaning in that sense but misinterpreted Ehrenburg as insinuating that he was only writing fictional stories, when of course Ehrenberg meant factual feature stories as opposed to news reports.
149. Philip Knightly, The First Casualty, (New York, 1975), pp. 213-14; noted in Bolloten pp. 840-841, n. 64.
150. EH to Maxwell Perkins, Marseilles, 5 May 1938, Selected Letters, pp. 466-467.
151. Meyers, Hemingway: A Biography, p. 398.

152.Lynn, p. 477.

153.Baker, A Life Story, p.357. see also E.H. to Charles Scribner, La Finca Vigia, c. 15 August 1940.Selected Letters, p.509.: " one other thing - André Marty is the name of a real person. He has fled from France to Russia under sentence of death. He is a member of the French Communist Central Committee. he could never come to U.S. under any circumstances. He cannot go back to France. Can he sue? Ask your lawyer. He has been publicly accused of murder in several books and numerous articles in France before he fled the country and he did not sue. He was under investigation by the chamber of deputies when he fled the country when the Communist party was outlawed.

Nick Guillen accused him of murder in Marianne (A large French Weekly) in article after article; each time naming who Marty had shot. He accused him of the same thing in a book entitled Le Mercenaire published in 1938. I have a copy. Marty took no action against him. He really had the people shot and is in no position to sue. Also he is a fugitive from justice."

154.Reynolds, p.29-30.

155.EH to Jay Allen, ca. 8 April, ,1940; quoted in Baker, A Life Story, p. 347.

156.Reynolds, p.31.

157.It is perhaps significant that during the trip which Hemingway and Gellhorn made to the Sierra de Guadarrama which provides much of the first hand experience for the novel, Guernica was destroyed. NANA was none to pleased that Hemingway filed no copy on it, but Hemingway doubtless felt he had achieved something unique.

158.This is reminiscent of Orwell's opinion expressed in Homage to Catalonia, and it comes just after Hemingway's discussion of the Barcelona fighting or the POUM "putsch" as Jordan phrases it - in which he clearly uses more of Orwell's materials, for example the description of the fake soldiers in Barcelona, though Hemingway through Karkov alters their political allegiance from officers of the popular army to Anarchists with black and red scarves. p. 220.

159. EH to Ivan Kashkin, Key West, 23 March 1939, Selected Letters, p.480.

160.Messent, p. 69.

161.Burnett Bolloten, The Spanish Civil War: Revolution and Counterevolution (Hemel Hempstead, Herts.,1991),p.313.

162.Bolloten, p. 840, n.60.

163. Raisa Orlova "For Whom the Bell Tolls" - In Soviet Criticism of American Literature in the Sixties (ed.)/translated Carl R. Roffer (Ann Arbor, 1972) - p 125 Note reads: " At this point the road crossed from south to north, and our group had to cut across this way. We were guided by an old Spaniard. he was seventy, his name was Batist, a man of the kindest nature. I told Hemingway that he was a confirmed opponent of killing people. For Spanish partisans especially at first, this was to some extent characteristic; deciding to enter the Civil War was not so simple," recalls General Khadji Mamsurov . [Zhurnalist, No. 1 1968.]

164. Ernest Hemingway, Ms 489, Kennedy Library, quoted in Reynolds, p.3.

165. Reynolds, pp.26-27.

166. "Rabbit", Barea points out "is one of the more frequent and vulgar euphemisms for the female sexual organ", yet this is as Mellow points out (p.521.) something which Hemingway simply could not have been unaware of, and he must be indulging in a joke at the expense of his publishers and his Anglo-American readership.

167. EH to Thomas Shevlin, Kcy West, 4 April 1939, Selected Letters, p.484.

168. EH to Charles Scribner, Havana, 23 May 1939. Selected Letters, pp.485-486.

169. EH to Maxwell Perkins, La Finca Vigia, 26 August 1940, Selected Letters, p.514.

170. Leo Tolstoy as reported by A.B. Goldenweiser, quoted in A. Robert Lee, "Everything Completely Knit Up": Seeing For Whom the Bell Tolls Whole" in A. Robert Lee (ed.), Ernest Hemingway. New Critical Essays, (London / Totwa NJ, 1983); p. 79.

171. Lee (ed.) pp. 79-80.

172. Lee (ed.) p. 101.

173. Reynolds, p.21.

174. Baker, A Life Story, p. 87.

175. Baker, A, Life Story, p.236.

176. Reynolds, pp. 32-33.

177. Messent, p.14.

178. In his increased self-concern due to new found wealth Pablo compares with Hemingway's newly developed opinion of Dos Passos - Mellow, p. 509. While in his feigned drunkenness Pablo resembles Fitzgerald with whom Hemingway and Edmund Wilson had a bizarre meal cum drinking session for most of which Fitzgerald lay

apparently out cold, though occasionally reviving - Mellow, pp. 417-418. As Hemingway considered Fitzgerald to be seeking to appear more drunk than he was, so Jordan considers Pablo is not as drunk as he seems.

179. Arturo Barea, "Not Spain but Hemingway", in Horizon, 3 (May 1941), reprinted in Meyers (ed.) Hemingway: the Critical Heritage pp. 350-61; pp. 353-354.

180. Alvah Bessie, The Heart of Spain, (New York, 1952), quoted in Jeffrey Walsh, American War Literature: 1914 to Vietnam (London, 1982), p. 105.

181. Edmund Wilson, "Hemingway: Bourdon Gauge of Morale," Atlantic, 164, July 1937, pp. 36-46. Reprinted in Edmund Wilson, The Wound and the Bow (New York, 1947), p. 240. Reprinted in Meyers, (ed.), Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, pp. 297-313; p. 312.

182. Andrew Hook, "Art and Life in The Sun Also Rises" in A. Robert Lee, Ernest Hemingway: New Critical Essays, p. 51.

183. Edmund Wilson, "The Return of Ernest Hemingway", New Republic, 103(28 October 1940), pp. 591-592. Reprinted in Meyers (ed.) Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, p. 320-322; p. 320.

CHAPTER 6CONCLUSIONS

The ivory tower is no place for writers who have in democracy a cause to fight for. If you live, your writing will be better for the experience gained in battle. If you die, you will make more living documents than anything you could write in ivory towers

André Malraux in Hollywood.

The Spanish Civil War was without doubt a pivotal point in the history of the western world. After the grim war of attrition on the Ebro, the collapse of Barcelona and the final civil war within a civil war as the Republican forces in Madrid turned on each other over whether to seek terms of surrender or to fight to the last, Franco's forces finally marched into the Spanish capital on the 27th April 1939. Four months later, the USSR, the Republic's erstwhile backer, signed a non-aggression pact with Hitler's Germany - which had provided Franco with such invaluable support. Less than a month after that, the Western democracies finally stopped appeasing the Dictators. The 1st September 1939 saw Germany invade Poland and the outbreak of what was to become the Second World War; the wider conflict which the Republic's last and strongest-stomached President, Juan Negrín, had hoped would put an end to Non-Intervention and save the Spanish Republic. Unfortunately, the Nazi Blitzkrieg was far harder to stop than either Britain or France had anticipated - in no small part thanks to the lessons the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe had learned through sending the Condor Legion to Spain.

If Franco's victory had significant and enduring geo-political consequences, the consequences for the Spanish people - particularly for

those who had actively opposed him and fought for the Republic - were even greater. Conciliation was not a part of Franco's make-up and he inaugurated a degree of politically motivated purges which in relative scale and ruthlessness ranked alongside anything Hitler or Stalin perpetrated. As Preston comments:

His determination not to compromise was reflected after the war in the labour camps, the two million prisoners, and the 200,000 executions on which his dictatorship was built.¹

This was the foundation for four decades of repressive rule which only gradually loosened as Franco approached his death, and from which Spain is only now consolidating its recovery.

Given the human cost of the Spanish Civil War which, combined with the resultant repression after Franco's victory, was something approaching half a million lives, it would indeed be churlish and insensitive to perpetuate the handy tags of literary scholarship and describe this tragic conflict as "a poet's war"² or "a writers' war." This would be as inappropriate as reducing the American Civil War to "a photographers' war"; or Vietnam, the Falklands conflict or the Gulf War to the status of "television wars". It may have been possible to watch the military action in the Gulf as it happened, and the viewer may momentarily have been persuaded that the smart bombs which the British and American planes released at carefully predetermined targets were part of a glorified video arcade game or some form of virtual reality - but that was not the view of the beleaguered civilians in Baghdad, nor with hindsight can it be the view of any reasonable human being. As Orwell put it in such a characteristically down to earth and yet wholly apposite manner:

Bullets hurt, corpses stink, men under fire are often so frightened that they wet their trousers... A louse is a louse and a bomb is a bomb, even though the cause you are fighting for happens to be just.³

While there were plenty of poets and writers in the First World

War, who produced a sizable and significant canon of work, it is hard to believe that anyone would seriously try to describe that gruesome conflict as "a poet's war" or "a writer's war". So too in Spain, to voice the idea that the Civil War of 1936-39 could be described in such terms, as a sort of clash between literary salons would be to invite gasping incredulity.

Cunningham points out that even in the context of the British Battalion, the idea that the International Brigade volunteers were primarily poets and writers is far from the truth⁴. To be sure, the very nature of the war - long, dull and tense periods of waiting for action, extremes of temperature, hunger and general privation, punctuated by bursts of surprisingly bloody action - added to the fact that there were a sprinkling of poets and writers in the ranks, encouraged many to write memoirs and poetry; for some the only poems of their lives. However, the vast majority of the British volunteers, and indeed of the International Brigades as a whole were not writers but workers, or those deprived of work.

Nonetheless, the timing of the Spanish conflict coincided with perhaps the most politically conscious period that the literary world has ever come through. Politics and current affairs were at the heart of the literary and artistic world. By the mid-thirties *Belles Lettres* and "Art for Art's Sake" were all but forgotten; documentary was the favoured form. This was a dynamic situation brought about by a complex cocktail of factors.

One of the most important of these factors which conditioned the literary response to the Spanish Civil War, was the enduring legacy of the First World War. As Cunningham and others have noted, collective memories of the War were still powerfully affecting writers in the Thirties, even if they were too young to have taken part in it or even to remember it themselves. While the pacifist impulse was strong in many literary circles, at the same time there was the feeling amongst the young that they had missed an

incomparable intense experience, combined with a burden of guilt at so doing. Philip Toynbee for example looking back on his own visit to Spain comments on his younger self's romanticising of war :

Born in 1916, his whole childhood had been luridly coloured by stories of the First World War; and in adolescence he had read, with equivocal passion, the new anti-war memoirs of Graves, Sassoon and others. As a communist he had already helped to organize many an "anti-war" campaign, constantly insisting on the peaceful nature and intentions of Soviet Russia, the inevitable bellicosity of capitalism. "War is hell" was a slogan which he and his comrades had been taught to parrot.

But I think that most of them had remained emotionally unconvinced. The Somme, Passchendaele, Verdun...they knew perfectly well, of course, that these were terrible names and that unspeakably terrible things had been happening at those places during their infancy. Yet how they wished that they themselves had witnessed and survived those horrors! "War is hell" induced a romantic frisson all its own, and every bit as violent as "War is glory".⁵

Some like Hemingway who had taken part in the First World War, longed to be back in the thick of the action. The First World War had also a significant role to play in shaping the literary forms which were in the ascendant in the Thirties, both directly and indirectly. The conventional narrative realist novel of the 19th Century constructed from imaginary events with imaginary characters was displaced by a quest for ever greater realism, to the extent that people were no longer satisfied with verisimilitude but wanted historical and factual truth. Gareth Thomas has highlighted literary developments in France which saw a pronounced move from traditional novels to non-fictional forms:

Far more popular as a genre were diaries, memoirs, collections of letters or historical accounts.⁶

The similarity and necessary limitations of works based on individual experience led to the public of the 1920s turning to works of historical analysis. These in turn gave rise to a wave of more measured war novels not necessarily arising from or dependent on actual experience of the trenches on the part of the author; Gareth Thomas contends that by 1929:

War novels no longer set out with the primary aim of eliciting pity, horror, indignation or admiration. Rather, they pursue historical

truth.⁷

Foster points to another part of the "intellectual and psychological inheritance of the thirties⁸", drawing attention to Fussell's definition of:

a model of modern political, social, artistic and psychological polarisation[...] what we can call the modern *versus* habit: one thing opposed to another, not with some Hegelian hope of synthesis involving a dissolution of both extremes[...] but with a sense that one of the poles embodies so wicked a deficiency or flaw or perversion that its total submission is called for.⁹

Foster goes on to assert that:

The physical and psychological experience of the First World War redefined modernist discourse and crucially shaped the syntax of the Spanish Civil War.¹⁰

Certainly, most foreign volunteers initially thought of the war in Spain in terms of the mud and blood of the Somme - as we have seen Orwell was shocked at the vast distance between the irregular trenches of the Aragon front, expecting something more along the 1914-18 lines.

Of course, other crucial events, intertwined with the First World War and its aftermath, helped perpetuate and exacerbate political, literary and artistic polarisation and set the scene for the international response to the Spanish Civil War. Such events included: the Russian Revolution, the establishment of the Soviet Union, the wavering collapse of capitalism and the rise of Communist and Fascist blocs in Europe.

Given that the war in Spain broke out when documentary writing and novels on ever more recent historical events - and, as Richard Gordon's unbalanced admirer in Hemingway's To Have and Have Not puts it, "anything on the social conflict" - were at the height of literary fashion, the great response of the world's writers to the Spanish conflict is not so surprising. However, it would be both too simple and too cynical to ascribe the "commitment" of writers in the Thirties merely to market forces. Certainly, the contemporary politics of confrontation demanded an endless stream of

propaganda. One only has to look at Arthur Koestler's experience - outlined in The Invisible Writing and exemplified in L'Espagne Ensanglantée and to a lesser degree Spanish Testament - in writing under overt Comintern influence to see the effect that this could undeniably have on literature. There was indeed no shortage of propaganda written on both sides. As Weintraub comments:

At perhaps no other time did the makers of art feel so strongly that art could be a weapon. Writers brandished their typewriters against the enemy, and many went even farther, putting down their overheated typewriters and picking up rifles they at first had no idea how to use. And if the Cause later betrayed them, or was itself betrayed, in a complex international ballet choreographed outside Spain, it remains suffused with a nostalgia beyond ideology and politics.¹¹

Writers were particularly committed in the fight against fascism as they could see the restrictions which their colleagues in fascist countries had to endure in relation to their art. By nature more imaginative beings, perhaps they also had a greater understanding and fear of the power of the irrational.

It must surely be significant, however, that on the whole the best writing is that which does not slavishly toe the party line. So too must be the marked imbalance in both quality and quantity between those writers who opted to support the Republic and the few, outside of Spain, who supported Franco.

Many of the European writers drawn to Spain had already fought Fascism in their own countries, like the Germans, Gustav Regler, Ludwig Renn, and Arthur Koestler, a Hungarian who had lived and worked in Germany. Many, like Koestler and Regler were also having serious doubts about their commitment to Communism, or more accurately to Stalinism. The Communist Party seemed to be betraying everything they had thought Communism stood for, and was intent on imposing totalitarian repression in Russia while ignoring the realities of the political struggles of the left in a Europe beset

by Fascist aggression and Capitalist indifference. For such Communists, as for Rubashov in Koestler's Darkness at Noon, Spain was a way of putting off a confrontation with their own commitment: a confrontation which would be accelerated and decisively influenced by events in Spain and whose outcome was conclusively confirmed by the signing of the Russo-German Non-aggression pact in August 1939. Regler's Owl of Minerva, and Koestler's Spanish Testament - more Dialogue with Death, than the rest of the book which Koestler felt was still tainted with the propaganda he had been forced to insert in its French predecessor, L'Espagne Ensanglantée - are major contributions to the significant corpus of international literature to emerge from the war. Yet, further contributions come from unlikely sources such as the rightist Frenchman of Spanish ancestry, Georges Bernanos, who was moved to chronicle the horrors of the Nationalist repression in Majorca where he had settled prior to 1936, in Les Grands cimetières sous la lune.

Besides the attraction of this apparent war of ideas and ideologies for writers, the Spanish Civil War possessed certain characteristics which helped to provide writers with a more significant role than they have enjoyed in almost any other conflict. Again, the timing of the war was critical. The writer was an important figure in a world where audio-visual technology had not yet taken over from the written word as the principal means of communication, but the various nascent media were at a stage where in fact they could help to support the fame of writers and for a time increase their influence: one example of this is the use of film by Hemingway and Malraux; another, the media's interest in such well known writers as celebrities. It is as well to try to remember the vastly increased status of the well known writer at this time, both in terms of individual celebrity and in terms of respect for the station of a writer as someone who could rightly influence society.

To transpose the relative celebrity of contemporary literary figures like Malraux and Hemingway to the 1990s, one would indeed have difficulty in finding convincing parallels - in terms of celebrity the only figures which could compare in Britain might be writers like Salman Rushdie and Jeffrey Archer, neither having gained their celebrity (or notoriety) for their literary gifts. Indeed since the 1930s, that "low dishonest decade" as Auden termed it, the notion of the writer, particularly the novelist, as a popular intellectual, political or cultural leader has greatly diminished.

The encroachment of radio, film, and television has relegated the written word to yesterday's news. When, as in the Gulf war, one can have a better view of a conflict from your armchair via live satellite television than many of the actual combatants, the role of the war novel is questionable. Of course this was far from the case in Spain and foreign correspondents and those writers who participated in various ways had a very real and meaningful role to play. A role which was given enhanced importance by the situation within Spain itself and in the international community, where there was the opportunity and need to obtain basic support for the Spanish Republic in terms of financial contributions, humanitarian aid and foreign military and medical support and volunteers; and, where there was always the chance that public opinion in the democracies could bring an end to Non-Intervention. As Claude Cockburn has pointed out:

It has been repeatedly said that both Berlin and Moscow looked upon Spain as essentially a military testing ground. It was that. But it was also, more importantly, a diplomatic testing ground: testing, specifically, the strength of conflicting tendencies in Britain. It was for example, regarded as of especial significance that, as the Nazi involvement in Spain increased, Winston Churchill and his faction among the Conservatives courageously reversed the anti-republican position they had taken up at the beginning of the Civil War.¹²

The relatively small scale of the war in Spain also gave writers and their audience the feeling that it was, broadly speaking, possible to gain,

and communicate, an all encompassing view of political and military developments. Gareth Thomas makes the point that although the war was mechanised:

in some aspects it was extremely traditional. Just as one might have watched the whole of the battle of Waterloo from a hilltop, so there were encounters in Spain which were within one man's compass. There were examples, even at this late date, of cavalry charges.¹³

Rightly or wrongly, there was above all a feeling that what the individual - particularly the individual writer who could possibly influence so many more individuals - decided to do at this time could have a real effect on the course of history. Robert Jordan's situation in setting out to blow the bridge was symbolic of everyone who felt they had to take a stance at this time. Indeed the nature of the time was such that it was only the dedicated few who could avoid taking a stance and who could completely eschew commitment, if not to a particular political ideology then at least to taking some form of action, even if only to observe and report. The ivory tower was well and truly under siege, and for many writers Spain provided an irresistible opportunity to leave its confines and step straight into the world as man - or woman - of action. Sadly the move from pen-pusher to soldier was not one which many writers were prepared for; nor, given the lack of resources and the speed with which new recruits to the International Brigades found themselves thrust into action at the front, was it one for which they would receive adequate training. Spender makes the point that of the English writers to join the International Brigade those who were "trained soldiers" like Tom Wintringham and Humphrey Slater, survived while most of the others, such as Ralph Fox, Christopher Caudwell, Julian Bell, and John Cornford were killed. Spender concludes that this

seems to indicate the role of the others was to be martyrs. This martyrdom was perhaps their greatest contribution made by creative writers in this decade to the spiritual life of Europe.¹⁴

Many writers like the authors featured in the foregoing chapters - Malraux, Orwell and Hemingway - answered the call to arms in their own particular way. Many came to Spain just to see what was happening for themselves; war tourists perhaps, but again playing a major role as opinion formers and by merely showing their support for the Spanish Republic. The Republic was by no means insensitive to the benefits to be had by such support. Possibly inspired by the example of the Comintern, in seeking to make use of every positive comment from an important literary figure, however oblique, the Republic sought to capitalise on its support among the world's writers and intellectuals by sponsoring such events as the Second Writers Congress. As the recollections of such writers as Stephen Spender show there were some glaringly incongruous and "grotesque" elements to this. Yet for all its faults -including the petty behaviour of some of the delegates, the relative luxury in which this "circus of intellectuals" travelled through the beleaguered Republic, and above all the hidden agenda of the Communists in seeking to use the Congress to denigrate André Gide's Retour a la Urss - this Congress was in its own far from perfect way, also a testament to the aims and ideals of the Republic. Franco would have been hard pushed to get a dozen writers to hold a small seminar in his support - as Unamuno said, he could win by force of arms but he could not convince the Spanish people or the international community that he had right on his side.

It is the scale of the Spanish Civil War and the number of writers who participated, observed and commented in it which makes it such a unique subject from a literary and historiographical perspective. The thousand French writers in the trenches of the First World War had only a limited view of their conflict - a much more devastating conflict driven by an irrational logic of nationalism and territorial struggle, in which ideas could only play a small and relatively ineffectual part. Spain on the other hand was very much a

crossroads for the political and ideological development of the history of Europe and the Western world. Never before or since has such a cosmopolitan gathering of major writers been driven to work within such relatively restricted geographical and historical parameters. What makes the literary treatment of the Spanish conflict unique is the combination of such a concentration of such a wide variety of writers from so many different countries and backgrounds, with a war in which ideas and ideals played a most significant motivating role as did the publicity the war received in the world at large. Also the nature of the war and the controversy of its interpretation, as well as the literary fashions of the time, ensured that a great many international volunteers felt compelled to put pen to paper and write of their experiences, in many cases for the first time. While many of these were, as Hemingway described them, "letter writers", their testimony is often of intrinsic worth and provides an important background against which to read the reactions of professional writers, and the judgements of professional historians.

The very proliferation of texts is of great interest in itself; rarely have the same events with much the same characters been written of from so many different perspectives. The memoirs of the International Brigaders make interesting reading in determining how far they corroborate and how far they contradict one other: for example in Crusade in Spain, which he wrote to set the record straight Jason Gurney wholly refutes Fred Copeman's book Reason in Revolt as "farrago of nonsense", and tries to lay to rest some myths about the British Battalion. It also makes compelling if rather sad reading to compare Laurie Lee's long delayed memoir, A Moment of War - in which he describes being first suspected of treason in the spy-haunted atmosphere of the International Brigade headquarters in Albacete and then being seconded to an intelligence squad assigned to rooting out and

despatching suspected traitors - alongside the trials of T.A.R. Hyndman and his protector Stephen Spender, or for that matter with Orwell's experiences in the *POUM*, a year earlier.

It is also interesting to read books by Spaniards along with those by foreign authors. Works like the powerful trilogy, Forging of a Rebel by Arturo Barea - who was really driven to become an author by his experience of the war - or Ramon Sender's Seven Red Sundays, provide a stimulating and informative background to the root causes of the war in Spain and the struggle of the Spanish Republic. Barea's work is particularly interesting because of the job he was involved in as Republican Censor in Madrid. This brought him into contact with many of the foreign writers and journalists; his memorable description of Hemingway and Gellhorn is quoted in Chapter 5, above. Barea's job gave him plenty of exposure to foreign journalists, but as a Madrileño born and bred, he could not really approve of what Madrid had become: a battle-scarred tourist attraction, home for countless foreign journalists. He recalled being taken to a party being held for International Brigade troops in the Gran Via hotel:

There was nobody I liked. Major Hans [Kahle] was everything I imagined a raw-boned Prussian officer to be; Simon petted a white-blonde girl with a baby-skin and a hard mouth; they were all drinking and showing off their toughness, and none of them thought of the war as our war, as Spain's torture and pain. I drank with them and burst out into a tirade to which only one person, an American film critic whose name I never knew, listened with sympathy. I shouted at them that they had come to Spain to seek their own ends, not out of simple faith, and that they were not helping us; that they were smug and glib and we barbarians, but that at least we felt and knew what we were doing. Then my excited mood died down. I was a complete stranger among people who had every right to dislike me as I disliked them.¹³

(The Clash, p 287)

However, Barca did not dislike all foreigners :

...we had a guest whom I liked and respected, John Dos Passos, who spoke about our land workers and peasants with a gentle understanding, looking from one to the other out of wondering brown eyes. He helped us that evening; I saw that Ilsa's eyes were following my gestures with a suppressed anxiety and that she kept the conversation going so as to lead me back into normal contacts.

I find that John Dos Passos mentions this encounter in one of his sketches in *Journeys between Wars*. This is what he says:

In the big quiet office you find the press censors, a cadaverous Spaniard and a plump little pleasant-voiced Austrian woman....Only yesterday the Austrian woman came back to find that a shell-fragment had set her room on fire and burned up all her shoes, and the censor had seen a woman made mincemeat of beside him.... It's not surprising that the censor is a nervous man; he looks underslept and underfed. He talks as if he understood, without taking too much personal pleasure in it, the importance of his position as guardian of those telephones that are the link with countries technically at peace, where the war is still carried on with gold credits on bank ledgers and munitions contracts and conversations on red plush sofas in diplomatic ante-rooms instead of with six-inch shells and firing squads. He doesn't give the impression of being complacent about it but it's hard for one who is more or less a free agent from a country at peace to talk about many things with men who are chained to the galley benches of war.

It's a relief to get away from the switchboards of power and walk out into the sunny streets again.

But I was chained to myself and split in myself.

(*The Clash*, p 291)

This extraordinary interpolation is perhaps influenced by Dos Passos's own use of press reports within *U.S.A.*; but the appearance of figures like Hemingway and Dos Passos *in propria persona*, and Barea's inclusion of Dos Passos's picture of Ilsa Kulscar and himself at this time, (at once as supporting material to illustrate Barea's acquaintance with Dos Passos - another relatively "objective" perspective on Barea's situation and a text-artefact in its own right - and also as a view which Barea can add to and react to in his narrative), give some indication of the complex interrelationships between texts concomitant with the Spanish Civil War.

Indeed, one of the motivations which drove Barea to complete his trilogy in exile was his feeling, clearly stated in his celebrated attack on Hemingway¹⁶ - with whom it should be said he enjoyed good personal relations while in Spain - that Spain's war had been to some degree hijacked by foreign writers, just as it had been hijacked by international politics, and foreign arms and manpower. Without doubt the Spanish Civil War had many

endemic causes which were initially something of a closed book to writers like Orwell. However, the foreigners also answered Spain's call and staked their claim in the history of the war. After all, once the war had started it was events and decisions made outwith Spain which decided its course.

Of all the foreign writers to go to Spain the three writers dealt with in the foregoing chapters produced works which at once typify and greatly transcend the prevalent forms of literature on the Spanish Civil War. Malraux's L'Espoir is a bold attempt to provide an overview of the war and a rationale for the Republican cause - Gareth Thomas writing of Spanish novels on the war asserts :

Those novelists who have chosen to weave a large-scale tapestry of the Civil War (notably Gironella and Aub) have met with limited technical success. Many of Gironella's characters appear occasionally as though to remind us they are still there, but play a less and less effective role as the trilogy progresses. Aub's characters engage in extensive monologues and dialogues during which his novels' action comes to a halt. This is not to say that El laberinto mágico is not a masterpiece; but it is a masterpiece in *spite* of these technical failures.

To some degree such criticism could be levelled at Malraux's L'Espoir. Yet, for all that one has to read and re-read the book carefully to get a clear picture of the origins and actions of the vast array of characters - which as we have seen has led to some critical confusion, for example over Garcia's politics - Malraux achieves some technical successes as well and the book both invites and rewards re-reading. Without doubt L'Espoir works well in its individual strands and as a whole - even if some strands are left straggling as opposed to Hemingway's tightly knit construction of For Whom the Bell Tolls - and it does succeed in painting a broad and large-scale picture of the war without sacrificing the intensity and immediacy of action which clearly echo the conditions in which Malraux conceived and wrote it. The war was still going on - Malraux's book could influence immediate events, and was explicitly intended to do so in the Republic's favour. Of course, this meant that Malraux had to observe certain parameters: some critics have

accused him of Stalinism, partly because of his decision to omit any reference to the Barcelona fighting or the suppression of the *POUM*. However, even Orwell came to feel that too much had been said about the *POUM*, and given Malraux's aims and the time scale he carefully chose in order to show that it was reasonable to hope that the Republic would succeed, his omission of any significant coverage of the *POUM* is at least forgivable. While Malraux was undoubtedly close to the Communists, he never accepted Moscow's line uncritically and it seems clear that in L'Espoir he honours a prior commitment to his own artistic integrity.

Significantly, Malraux is one of the few authors to make it into most history books in his own right as a participant in the war. So too does L'Espoir - several historians, notably Hugh Thomas have used, or referred to the opening of the book which features the telephone reports of how the rebellion and the counter-rebellion are faring across Spain. It seems that something like this probably did happen, but it is also a literary device Malraux has used in previous books. Of course, Malraux and Hemingway were both of the opinion that the world had come to resemble their books.

So too Orwell's book of testimony Homage to Catalonia - one can hardly call it a novel, although it is as carefully constructed as if it were - is a required source book among Anglo-Saxon historians seeking to provide a picture of several aspects of the war. These include: Barcelona in revolution; the poor military standard of the war; the level of propaganda; the internecine struggle within the Republic; the duplicity of the Communists, and their control of the Popular Front; the Barcelona fighting and the suppression of the *POUM*.

Again, Orwell's book was written during the war. Although he had seen the writing on the wall, and had every right to be thoroughly disillusioned with the Republic, he still wanted to see it win. However, he felt

that the suppression of the truth benefited no-one but those who wanted to crush human freedom. As Auden commented to Spender when the latter told him of his writing a note expressing his solidarity with Gide after the Writer's Congress in 1937 : "Exigence is never an excuse for not telling the truth."¹⁸ Significantly, Orwell's desire to be honest means that even within Homage to Catalonia, he feels it incumbent on him to question the basis of his own judgements - for example:

I may say that I now think much more highly of the Negrín Government than I did when it came into office. It has kept up the difficult fight with splendid courage, and it has shown more political tolerance than anyone expected. But I still believe that - unless Spain breaks up, with unpredictable consequences - the tendency of the post-war Government is bound to be Fascistic.¹⁹

(Homage to Catalonia, p.174)

Hugh Thomas has called Homage to Catalonia a better book on War itself than on the Spanish Civil War - yet this judgement rather fudges the issue because there is no denying that Homage to Catalonia is an excellent book depicting exactly what Orwell experienced in Spain, and how he arrived at his interpretation of the Spanish Civil War. Of the many descriptions of Barcelona in Revolution, Orwell's is by far the best. Auden said as much when he acknowledged that Orwell had described the city better than he could ever have done. Given that one is going to read more than one of the 15-20,000 books on the war Homage to Catalonia is surely a core text.

So too is Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls - effectively written after the war was lost, and significantly after Hemingway had read both Orwell's and Malraux's books²⁰. Hemingway's attitude to Malraux was ambivalent; he respected him as a writer and as a man, but, as was his wont with rivals and contemporaries, he also periodically expressed contempt for him. The conversation Karkov has with Jordan about the Winter Fool and the Summer Fool, and Jordan's comments on books which are "journalism" may be

a fairly oblique attempt to denigrate Malraux's L'Espoir, of which as we have seen, Hemingway was resentful as he was resentful of Malraux's combat role.

Certainly, Hemingway and Malraux seem to have displayed distinct similarities and distinct differences in their approach to life. Malraux had the showiness and overt arrogance of the French intellectual, yet this concealed a very great degree of common humanity; Hemingway's overt appeal to the common man, his pose as "one of the guys" in fact concealed a strong streak of intellectual arrogance - although for all Hemingway's competitiveness and self-obsession he was not unconcerned with people. Arturo Barea paid tribute to Hemingway's constancy when Barea and Ilsa Kulscar ran into difficulties with the Republican bureaucracy:

He never changed his behaviour towards us, which was more than could be said of many lesser people, Spaniards and non-Spaniards.
(The Clash, p.330).

It is illuminating to compare Hemingway's watchword - "il faut durer", meaning that his first concern was to last in order to write works which would in turn last - with that of Malraux - "il faut agir". There is a definite shift in emphasis between the two writers - though at this stage it is more one of intent than practice. For all Hemingway's accusations, Malraux was not as concerned with producing masterpieces as he was - and yet for all that, Malraux could be a consummate literary craftsman when he desired to be so, while for all Hemingway's devotion to his art he managed to pack in a fair amount of action in his life.

The figure of Shade, or Slade in translation, the American journalist in L'Espoir contains something of Hemingway as well as Herbert Matthews. The notion that there were two types of Communists, priests and soldiers was something voiced by both Malraux and Hemingway in their respective novels, and while it seems likely that this was first used by Malraux - it may have come to both writers from their acquaintance with

Herbert Matthews.

As another example of intertextuality in the literature of the Spanish Civil war Hemingway had a great admiration for Homage to Catalonia; he could not come round to completely recasting the *POUM* as victims of Communist oppression, but in the conversation Jordan has with Karkov, the latter plays down the extent of the conspiracy - talking of only "a little fascist money ..." ²¹ - and it seems at least likely that Orwell's book influenced this. ²²

Given Hemingway's appreciation of Orwell's book, it is ironic that Craig and Egan should choose to compare Orwell's description of being shot in Homage to Catalonia adversely with Hemingway's description of the wounding of Frederic Henry ²³. The Spanish Civil War raises a host of intriguing questions on the nature of the relationship between History and Literature; however, Craig and Egan appear to have chosen a poor example to illustrate their contentious doctrine of "historicism" in literature. They maintain that there is surely a direct parallel between Orwell's characteristically dry description of being shot - an underplayed dryness which of course serves to increase the tension in Orwell's narrative - and his political ignorance or lack of historical involvement and perspective, as compared to Malraux, Arturo Barea or Hemingway. However, this very description in which Orwell talks of what he thought of when he was shot, is surreptitiously echoed in the closing scene of For Whom the Bell Tolls. After describing the shock of the bullet passing through his neck, Orwell writes:

There must have been about two minutes during which I assumed that I was killed. And that too was interesting - I mean it is interesting to know what your thoughts would be at such a time. My first thought, conventionally enough, was for my wife. My second was a violent resentment at having to leave this world which when all is said and done, suits me so well. I had time to feel this very vividly. The stupid mischance infuriated me. The meaninglessness of it! To be bumped off, not even in battle, but in this stale corner of the trenches, thanks to a moment's carelessness! I thought, too, of the man who had shot me wondered what he was like, whether he was a Spaniard or a foreigner,

whether he knew he had got me, and so forth. I could not feel any resentment against him. I reflected that as he was a Fascist, I would have killed him if I could, but that if he had been taken prisoner and brought before me at his moment I would merely have congratulated him on his good shooting. It may be, though, that if you were really dying your thoughts would be quite different.

(Homage to Catalonia, pp.178-179.)

Hemingway, who placed such emphasis on first hand experience, seemed to think that the thoughts of a dying man would not be so different from Orwell's account, for he used this as a blue print for Robert Jordan's thoughts at the end of For Whom the Bell Tolls. After Jordan is wounded and the others depart, there is a paragraph where in trying not to think of Maria, he does just that. After another paragraph in which Jordan addressed that fact that he is dying, and cannot feel anything in his leg just as Orwell could not feel the alcohol splashed on to his open wound, Hemingway has Jordan follow Orwell's thought process exactly:

He looked down the hill slope again and he thought, I hate to leave it that is all. I hate to leave it very much and I hope I have done some good in it. I have tried to with what talent I had.

(For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 408)

Again Orwell's respect for, and lack of personal animosity towards his enemy is echoed in the sympathetic portrayal of Lieutenant Berrendo whom Jordan must kill, thereby presumably hastening his own death. Reynolds has convincingly demonstrated Hemingway's reliance on, and creative use of many literary sources, and it is clear that Homage to Catalonia is an important source for Hemingway in his portrayal of Jordan.

Craig and Egan's whole concept of "historicism" does seem fairly arbitrary and involves some *a priori* reasoning - it certainly seems unreasonable to denigrate Orwell's work as somehow less historically valid when in fact, Orwell actually was shot through the throat, so that, whatever his knowledge of the Spanish situation, he possesses undeniable authority when it comes to describing what it is like to be shot. Hemingway, (also

qualified in this area), certainly recognised this when he used Orwell's account to help provide a framework for the conclusion of his most ambitious and most successful novel, which formed the apex of his career.

It seems fair to say that, this trio of writers, Malraux, Hemingway and Orwell, have produced between them a rich and varied picture of the war in Spain of great historical and cultural significance. Guttman in The Wound in the Heart, highlights this triumvirate having pointed out the similarity in "tone, theme and diction" of Ralph Bates's stories to Hemingway's stories on Spain - though it is noted that Hemingway refused to allow four of the five he wrote in Spain to be republished, probably due to a conviction that they were of poor quality possibly as a result of his political commitment, and reaction to it at the time of writing. At any rate only "The Old Man at the Bridge" was permitted to make it into the Hemingway canon in his lifetime. Guttman feels obliged to point out that, despite the excellent quality of Bates's stories:

André Malraux's L'Espoir is the only piece of writing that compares well with For Whom the Bell Tolls or with George Orwell's Homage to Catalonia. No other European novel (of dozens) contains so much of the complexity of the Spanish Civil War. No other novel so well suggests the differences between the European and the American interpretation of the Spanish Civil War.

In some senses, Malraux and Hemingway are like the obverse and reverse faces of the same coin - they have similar interests and a similar intensity, yet very different means of handling their material. Malraux was more of a lyrical intellectual and in L'Espoir - unlike previous works like La Condition humaine which is more tightly controlled - he is unafraid of extrapolating his concerns and pushing the boundaries of his art ever outward. Hemingway, on the other hand, is a miniaturist choosing to work on a grand scale in For Whom the Bell Tolls - he seeks to compress the war and the world into the story of Robert Jordan, just as Jordan seeks to compress his life into three days. It is of course a massive tribute to Hemingway's

artistic control that he very nearly succeeds in this. One might compare the relative trends of Malraux and Hemingway to Joyce and Beckett - while Joyce displays an omnivorous, accretive inventiveness in his introspection, Beckett's minimalism moves ever inwards, yet both are trying to encapsulate life in their work and both essentially could be said to deal with the same eschatological material.

Muste feels that the distinction between Hemingway and Malraux is that of the Anglo-American's lack of ideology as opposed to the European's immersion in it. Muste asserts that Malraux had no illusions about Communism in 1936:

But this did not prevent him from serving the party in Spain, with an attitude not unlike that which Sartre has taken in some of the postwar domestic controversies over communism in France. There is a kind of cynicism mixed with optimism not uncommon to Europeans which seems unavailable to British or Americans: Malraux could serve the party, and could write *L'Espoir* a novel at once disenchanted and hortatory because like Sartre, like Silone, like Manes Sperber, he could at once see the imperfections of the Soviet Union and regard Marxism as the hope of the future. More than that, seeing the failings of the Soviet system and of the Communist parties it nurtured, he could still regard them as possible friends in the struggle for the end which he sought.²⁴

Muste points to Edmund Wilson's description of most Anglo-American writers' experience of political commitment and Communism in particular:

the conception of the dynamic Marxist will, the exaltation of the Marxist religion, seized the members of the professional classes like a capricious contagion or hurricane, which shakes one and leaves his neighbour standing, then returns to lay hold the second after the first has become quiet again. In the moment of seizure, each one of them saw a scroll unrolled from the heavens...²⁵

One can imagine that Wilson was partly thinking here of Hemingway, whose period of political commitment in the 1930s was presaged by his involvement in an actual hurricane. Muste feels that:

To writers born between 1900 and 1940, religion, nationalism, and democratic internationalism were unable to provide meaningful explanations of the upheavals of our time or even means for comprehending them. This explains the desperation with which so many

embraced Marxism in the thirties; it was the last chance, and for a while it seemed the best chance. When the hurricane passed, those whom it had shaken came to believe that it had been no chance at all.²⁶

The military defeat of the Republic itself, the hypocrisy of the western democracies and the inadequate and self-seeking support from Russia, combined to make Spain a major factor in the general disillusionment of Anglo-American writers with political involvement and Communism. Yet, while Hemingway was certainly disillusioned to an extent - he may not have possessed the political nous of Malraux or the uncompromising clarity of Orwell - he was never a fool and his commitment was not as blind as many critics assume, nor even his own despatches suggest.

To some degree, Orwell's stance provides the missing link between Malraux and Hemingway. While Orwell's version of virile fraternity is far more low key it is perhaps all the more convincing for that. Muste feels that Orwell was the only English speaking writer:

who came close to sharing the attitudes of Malraux, but Orwell's vision of the world was influenced by a nationalism unknown among the continental writers.

As Homage to Catalonia shows, Orwell was literally disillusioned as his notion of the nature of the war was shown to be based on false propaganda. However, he was not, as critics like Rai claim, driven to despair. As he states clearly, for all the personal hardship and danger and specific disillusion, on the whole, the war in Spain and the revolution in Catalonia gave him hope and a commitment to socialism:

When you have had a glimpse of such a disaster as this - and however it ends the Spanish war will turn out to have been an appalling disaster, quite apart from the slaughter and physical suffering - the result is not necessarily disillusionment and cynicism. Curiously enough the whole experience has left me with not less but more belief in the decency of human beings.

(Homage to Catalonia, p. 220)

Similarly, on a personal level, and arguably on a literary level, For Whom the Bell Tolls was perhaps Hemingway's greatest success. While he

became disenchanted with the political backbiting and the deaths of many of his friends from Spain, ultimately this didn't affect his view of the sacrifice made by both the foreign volunteers, particularly the Lincoln battalion, and the people of Spain in the name of freedom. Again, like Orwell and probably following his line of thought, Hemingway genuinely believed that "the closer you get to the front the better the people are." At the very least, he had to be grateful that Spain kick-started his writing and marked the apex of his career.

While for Hemingway Spain was an interlude of high profile "commitment", for Malraux it was the logical conclusion of his growing political involvement and fellow travelling, and his novels on topics of revolution. Spain allowed Malraux to live out the legend he had envisaged for himself. Yet, with his high level political and military contacts, Malraux must have been disillusioned about the Republic's prospects pretty early on; he must also have been aware of the political infighting and the murky interference of Moscow. While he never seems to have lost faith in the Republic's struggle as a whole, Spain did mark the beginning of the end for Malraux and the Communists. Even so, his later service in De Gaulle's government is not so much of a sea-change as it appears. In a literary sense, Spain was also the beginning of the end for Malraux as a novelist, he would write only Les Noyers de l'Altenberg, in which there is at least as much philosophy as politics, before turning back to art and aesthetics, his first loves.

These three writers, Malraux, Orwell and Hemingway do share some unity of view: an exploration of the relationship between existentialism and liberal humanism; a controlled combination of hope and disillusion without cynicism; no indictment of idealism but a tempered celebration of the sacrifice made in its name and in the name of a better world, however minor its success. Spain was a turning point for all three, both in their lives and in

their writing. Significantly, all three men were almost of an age, all in their mid-thirties, young enough to participate in the Republic's struggle with enthusiasm, old enough to retain their own critical faculty. Hemingway and Malraux were well established writers, Orwell recently so, but all were at the height of their powers. Their works form a cornerstone of the literature of the Spanish Civil War which in turn forms a unique literary and historical record and resource. Its very detail and diversity are a testimony to the impact which this cruellest of conflicts made on the Western mind. An impact which is still being made, as exemplified by the recent publication of Laurie Lee's A Moment of War. Indeed, it is the very existence of this intense and fascinating literary and historical record which allows and encourages new works from those who did not themselves participate - many, as Gareth Thomas has shown, from Spanish authors, and some like Nicholas Mosley who was able to produce a convincing "reconstruction" of the early days of the Spanish Civil War as part of the background to his novel Hopeful Monsters. In the literary world at least, it seems that The Spanish Civil War is by no means over.

1. Paul Preston, The Spanish Civil War 1936-39 (London, 1986), p. 166.
2. See Valentine Cunningham (ed.) - The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse (Harmondsworth, Middx. 1980) - Introduction, pp. 30-32, where Cunningham takes Weintraub et al. to task for this sort of thing.
3. George Orwell "Looking Back on the Spanish War" in Homage to Catalonia / Looking Back on the Spanish War, p. 266.
4. Valentine Cunningham (ed.) - The Penguin Book of Spanish Civil War Verse - Introduction, p. 33.
5. Philip Toynbee, "Journal of a Naive Revolutionary" in Philip Toynbee (ed.) The Distant Drum, (London, 1976),
6. Gareth Thomas, The Novel of the Spanish Civil War (1936-1975), (Cambridge, 1990), p. 11.
7. Gareth Thomas, The Novel of the Spanish Civil War, p. 14.
8. Kevin Foster, "Between the Bullet and the Lie": Intellectuals and the War in Alun Kenwood, (ed.) The Spanish Civil War: A cultural and Historical Reader, (Providence, Rhode Island/Oxford, 1993), p. 20.
9. Paul Fussell, The Great War and Modern Memory, (Oxford, New York, London 1975), OUP paperback edn. consulted (Oxford, 1977), p. 79.
10. Kevin Foster, "Between the Bullet and the Lie": Intellectuals and the War in Alun Kenwood, (ed.) The Spanish Civil War: A Cultural and Historical Reader, p. 20.
11. Stanley Weintraub, The Last Great Cause: The Intellectuals and the Spanish Civil War, (London, 1968), p. 2.
12. Claud Cockburn in The Distant Drum (ed.) Philip Toynbee, p. 55
13. Gareth Thomas, The Novel of the Spanish Civil War, pp. 13-14.
14. Spender, World Within World, pp. 202-203.
15. Arturo Barea, The Clash, (London, 1946), Flamingo (Fontana) edition consulted, (London, 1984).
16. Arturo Barea "Not Spain but Hemingway" in Horizon, 3, May 1941, reprinted in Jeffrey Meyers (ed.) Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, (London, 1982), pp. 350-361.
17. Gareth Thomas, The Novel of the Spanish Civil War (1936-1975), p. 221.

18. Stephen Spender, The Thirties and After, p.31.

19. Curiously enough, Orwell came to know Negrín and met him in London, where he asked him in some detail about his Government's policy in the war. Negrín was at the time ignorant of Orwell's role in Spain and his book - possibly because Orwell used his real name or possibly as he had little time to read foreigners' accounts of his country's struggle. Negrín commented that if he had known about Orwell's role in Spain, it would have been he who was asking the questions.

20. Michal S. Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading, 1910-1940: An Inventory (Princeton/Guildford, 1981), p.27.

21. Given the reaction of both Hemingway and Malraux to the POUM - Clara Malraux had embarrassed and infuriated her husband by consorting with POUM members in Madrid - it seems more than likely that there was something of a distinction between the POUM in Madrid and in Barcelona and Aragon. The POUM's principal stronghold, for what it was, was Lérida and it seems likely that there were more ordinary POUM members in Catalonia and Aragon, than activists and bureaucrats or potential fascists who had joined the POUM in Madrid where it was short of members and would perhaps not look too scrupulously at recruits credentials. Certainly, in the trenches Orwell found the POUM militia to allow free discussion. By no means all of the militia were POUM members, (Orwell later confessed to a regret at never having joined the POUM itself) nor was there any significant pressure to join the party.

22. Conversely, it is not improbable that Orwell's title was inspired by that of Hemingway's short story, "Homage to Switzerland" published in Winner Take Nothing, 1933. It seems clear that Orwell was well acquainted with Hemingway's work, as we have seen, his friend Cyril Connolly was an astute and benevolent critic of Hemingway; indeed for a writer such as Orwell consciously learning his craft in the late Twenties and early thirties and steeped in books - even working in "Booklovers Corner" - it would indeed be astonishing if this were not so. As it is, we do not need to think twice about the identity of the "he-man who goes off to live a "primitive" life in the jungle with a Mannlicher rifle and four wagon loads of tinned food", derided by Orwell in The Road to Wigan Pier (p. 192).

23. David Craig and Michael Egan, Extreme Situations: Literature and Crisis from the Great War to the Atom Bomb, (London / Basingstoke, 1979), pp.258-259

24. John M. Muste, Say That We Saw Spain Die, (Seattle/London, 1966), p.190.

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26. Muste, p.191.

Glossary of Specialist Terms

Acción Popular - Rightist party, opposed to anti-Catholic legislation of Second Republic founded April 1931 as Acción Nacional, changed its name to *Acción Popular* in April 1932.

Its professed indifference to forms of government failed to convince those on the left and centre that it was in favour of the Republic.

aficionado - bullfight enthusiast. Hemingway's definition: one who understands bullfighters in general and in detail and still cares for them.

Africanistas - clique of army officers, including Franco, who had served in Morocco. Combat experience, field promotion and financial gain from the endemic corruption in Morocco separated them from their colleagues who had only served on the Iberian peninsula. Particularly right-wing and given to authoritarianism with little patience for politics or democracy.

"Anti-Spain" - right wing view of those opposed to the traditional values of Spain - Catholicism, the monarchy, social hierarchy, centralism - i.e. those on the Left, Jews, freemasons, Catalan and Basque separatists, foreigners etc..

Asaltos/Assault Guard - Para-military police force created by Second Republic, one of whose primary functions was to safeguard the Republic itself and provide a loyal bulwark against possible revolts from the army and Civil Guard.

Auslandorganization - Nazi Party's foreign countries' organisation.

Banco de España - Bank of Spain - Central financial institution.

barrera - wooden surround of bull-ring and ring side seats. Hemingway's definition: the red painted wooden fence around the sanded ring in which the bull is fought. The first row of seats are also called barreras

bienio negro - the black biennium - Nov 1933-Feb 1936 the period of the Second Republic which saw repressive rule under the rightist governments in which the *CEDA* played an increasingly strong part.

braceros - landless agricultural labourers, particularly in Southern Spain, treated in a progressively more callous manner. They often lived in barracks with little food and pay; seasonal unemployment for several months of the year was the norm.

caciques - local political bosses in rural areas - generally landowners or their representatives, who regularly rigged elections by fraud, corruption or force.

Carlists or **Traditionalists**, members of extreme right wing Catholic party, **Traditional Communion of Carlists**, renounced Alfonsine monarchy as they were followers of descendants of Don Carlos (1785-1855); however in the Thirties, as the line of Don Carlos had all but petered out and the Alfonsine monarchists had renounced parliamentary democracy, there was something of a rapprochement between the two movements.

The Carlist movement dated back to the civil wars of the 19th Century between conservative and liberal factions. Carlists were in favour of a more

medieval feudal hierarchy in which Catholicism was pre-eminent, a monarchy which was almost a theocracy. Centred on Navarre, where substantial numbers belonged to its red-bereted militia, the *requetés*. Opposed to the *Falange*; increasing friction led to Franco forcibly uniting the two organisations to create *Falange Española Tradicionalista y de la JONS*, (FET).

Causa - the Republican cause.

CEDA - (*Confederación Española de Derechas Autónomas*) Alliance of Catholic right wing parties, centred on *Acción Popular*, founded in 1933 to counteract the electoral success of the Left. Moved more and more to the right, committed to the corporate state.

centuria - militia unit of about one hundred troops.

Civil Guard - *Guardia Civil*- paramilitary police force with distinctive three cornered hats founded in the 19th Century mainly to protect the interest of landowners in remote rural areas. Reputation as efficient and ruthless organisation at service of upper classes, particularly in Andalusia. Technically part of the army.

Condor Legion - crack formation of troops, tanks and aircraft sent to Spain by Hitler. The Condor Legion provided valuable combat training for the *Wehrmacht* and the *Luftwaffe* and was a vital element in Franco's military victory.

corrida: the Spanish bullfight

Cortes - Spanish Parliament; Parliament building in Madrid.

Constituent Cortes, the Cortes elected in June 1931 to frame the Constitution.

CNT - (*Confederación Nacional de Trabajo*) Anarcho-syndicalist trades union founded 1910. Believed in "direct action" against employers, rejecting political action and electoral participation. Despite this the CNT leadership joined the Popular Front government in November 1936. CNT particularly strong in Barcelona with something approaching two million members in all.

diñamiteros - dynamiters - Asturian miners who used dynamite against the regular armed forces sent to repress their uprising in 1934 and in Civil War.

Escadrilla España - The Spain Squadron - André Malraux's irregular volunteer and mercenary airforce.

escamots - squads - green shirted party militia, of *JEREC/ Estat Catala*.

Esquerra - The Left Republican Catalan Nationalist Party - broad front with various different factions. Broke the power of the conservative *Lliga Regionalista* (Catalan League) in the 1931 elections. Esquerra Leader, Colonel Macià, became president of the Autonomous Government of Catalonia, (known as the *Generalidad* in Spanish or *Generalitat* in Catalan). On his death in 1933, the Esquerra was led by Luis Companys.

Estat Català - Party founded by Macià which evolved into separatist right-wing of the *Esquerra* which controlled the

youth movement *JEREC* which developed into a para-military force, providing the "escamots" or squads which protected *Esquerra* meetings, and from which in turn the Catalan police force was increasingly recruited.

FAI - (*Federación Anarquista Ibérica*) Underground Anarchist organisation, founded in 1927 when the *CNT* was illegal by Activists determined to keep the *CNT* on a revolutionary course, true to "the revolutionary and moral genius of Bakunin". Largely controlled the *CNT* from 1931-1936.

Falange Española - Founded in 1933, by José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the late dictator, an amalgamation of crypto-fascist and extreme right wing elements with links to monarchists. José Antonio more drawn to Mussolini's Italy than Nazi Germany, generally better connected and more influential than the *JONS* with whom the *Falange* merged in 1934 to form *Falange Española de la J.O.N.S.*. The *Falange* was the senior partner and José Antonio overshadowed his rivals although he was not entirely in favour of violence and political terrorism, or of becoming a demagogue.

Falange Española de la J.O.N.S. - United party of *Falange Española* and *JONS* after 1934, see above.

Falange Española Traditionalista y de la J.O.N.S. - The *Falange* renamed after enforced Union with Carlists. This was to be the only party in Franco's New Spain over which he enforced his ascendancy to minimise dissension and factionalism to the great displeasure of many Falangist "old shirts" and Carlists alike.

Friends of Durrutti - militant Anarchist group involved in Barcelona fighting May 1937.

Generalidad/Generalitat - Spanish and Catalan names for the Autonomous Government of Catalonia as established in the Catalan Statute of 1932; Ancient name for the medieval governorship-general of Catalonia; the historic building in Barcelona which was the seat of Catalan power.

Guardia Civil - see Civil Guard

JAP - *Juventud de Acción Popular* - Youth movement of *Acción Popular*, then *CEDA*, became increasingly militant and finally went over en masse to the *Falange*.

Jefe - chief/leader corresponding roughly to "Fuehrer", used particularly by Gil Robles and his followers; also in reference to other rightist leaders including Calvo Sotelo, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, and Franco.

latifundistas - owners of large estates, particularly in Andalusia - often absentee landlords, generally very right wing and hostile to the Republic

JEREC - *Juventuts d'Esquerra Republicana Estat Català*
Youth movement of *Estat Català* which provided para-military "escamots" or "squads" to protect *Esquerra* meetings etc.

J.O.N.S. - *Juntas de Ofensiva Nacional-Sindicalista*, small fascist Party founded in 1931, by Ramiro Ledesma Ramos and Onésimo Redondo as Spanish emulation of Nazi party, merged with *Falange Española* to form *Falange Española de la*

J.O.N.S.

J.S.U. - (*Juventudes Socialistas Unificadas*) United Socialist Youth Movement - Socialist-Communist youth Movement/militia combined in June 1936. There were far more Socialists than Communists, but this move gave the Communists' ascendancy in the Youth movement and contributed to the Communists' ascendancy in later Republican governments.

La niña bonita - the personification of the Second Spanish Republic as "The pretty girl", rather as "Marianne" for the French Republic

Ley des jurisdiccions - Law of Jurisdictions - this meant that any attacks on the Army were tried by military law.

limpieza - cleansing - used by the right to refer to social cleansing, ridding Spain of all the elements of Anti-Spain, Socialists, Jews, Basque and Catalan separatists.

Lliga Regionalista - (Catalan League) Founded 1901, with aim of obtaining autonomy within Spain for Catalonia. Paid lip-service to Catalan nationalism, principally the party of the great industrialists and upper bourgeoisie of Catalonia, gave way to the *Esquerra* of which it became the "conservative businessman's wing".

Militia - various irregular formations affiliated to political parties and trade unions, often organised at a very local level which rose against the generals revolt. Given the political upheaval and increasing militancy of the mid-thirties, some party militias like the Socialists already existed and simply became more militarised whereas others were extremely ad hoc affairs in the early part of the war. On the Nationalist side, the Carlist *requetés* and the forces of the *Falange* could technically be regarded as militias but the word is usually used in connection with pro-Republican forces, particularly as the *Falange* and the Carlists were forced to work within a much tighter military framework closely controlled by the armed forces.

Miliciano - Militiaman

Mozos de Escuadra - Official Catalan Police/Security force

Non-Intervention; Non Intervention Pact/ Non Intervention Treaty; the scheme devised by French Premier Léon Blum and promoted by Britain and the America whereby signatories agreed to refrain from military involvement either directly or in terms of supplying military equipment. This was supposedly "policed" by the Non-Intervention Committee. However, both Germany and Italy continually flouted the agreement they had signed in the most flagrant manner; the USSR withdrew on this account and began to supply the Republic with shipments of weapons (paid for by the Republic) and technical support in limited quantities.

Old shirts pre-civil war members of *Falange* imbued with the crypto-fascist corporate ideology of the *Falange* and the *JONS*, after the blue shirts which *Falange* members wore; *new shirts* were those who joined the *Falange* once the war had begun - many from reasons of expedience, particularly to cover up former left-wing or anarchist affiliation.

La Pasionaria - Dolores Ibarruri, Communist Deputy, fiery orator,

Peninsulares - Officers of garrison troops based in Spain as opposed to **Africanistas** - resentful of the opportunities for military glory and hence field-promotions which the Moroccan campaigns provided, as well as financial disparity and in particular the opportunities for speculation and entrepreneurialism which many Africanistas indulged in.

PCE - *Partido Comunista de España* - official Spanish Communist Party, founded in 1921; without great numbers or influence until the Civil War, when Soviet aid was filtered through the mechanism of the Communist party, and the moderate, counter-revolutionary line espoused by the PCE at the behest of Moscow further endeared them to many Centrist Republicans..

pistoleros - gunmen hired for political assassinations, particularly common during the "social war" between employers and the state on the one hand and the Anarchists on the other in Barcelona from 1919-1923; a phenomenon which resurfaced during the political unrest of the mid-Thirties. The Falange often hired former (or in some cases current) Anarchist gunmen to assassinate their mutual Socialist enemies.

Popular Front - the broad alliance of Socialists, liberals and Centre Left parties and Communists which appeared in many European countries in the mid-thirties in a bid to combat fascism. The electoral alliance of this type formed in Spain which won the election of February 1936, and formed the government of Republic.

Popular Army - the Republican army designed to replace the Party militias. The Popular Army was conceived by the Republican Government, with Communist approval, as a way of obviating the often justified fear that regular army units, in particular their officers, would prove treacherous while replacing the confusion and perceived military inefficiency (and political unreliability) of the militias with a well organized, well trained and well equipped army unquestioningly loyal to the government of the Republic. This was greatly resented by the party militias which had to hold the front while the new army trained and which were largely assimilated into the Popular Army varying degrees of success.

POUM - (*Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista*) - revolutionary, anti-Stalinist Communist Party, formed in 1935 with the fusion of two splinter groups, the *BOC* (Workers and Peasants Bloc) led by Joaquín Maurín and the *Izquierda Comunista* (Left Communist Party) led by Andrés Nin.

Pronunciamiento - coup d'état generally by senior army officer(s). The revolt of the generals of 18th July 1936 can loosely be described as a pronunciamiento in that it fits in this well established Spanish tradition; however, by 1936 it had become clear that considerably more force and planning was required to wrest power, hence the scale of the revolt and the resulting Civil War.

PSOE - (*Partido Socialista Obrero Español*) Socialist Party of Spain founded in 1879. A Marxist party which hid a programme of moderate social reform behind revolutionary rhetoric.

PSUC - *Partido Socialista Unificado de Cataluña* - United Catalan Socialist Party, formed in 1936 from several socialist and Communist groups, affiliated to the Comintern and in effect the

Rabbassaires - Catalan peasant farmers, mainly vine growers the security of whose tenure was jeopardised by the phylloxera epidemic which reduced the life of vines on which lets were traditionally agreed from up to fifty to sixty years to 25 years Organised by Luis Companys became the mainstay of his support in the *Esquerra*.

Radical Party - A left Republican party founded in 1908 by Alejandro Lerroux (1864-1949) journalist, mob orator and party organizer. Originally with revolutionary and anti-clerical overtones and a social policy that appealed to the Barcelona proletariat, by the 1930s a conservative party ready to cooperate with the *CEDA*.

Reconquista - The Reconquest of Spain from the Moors in the Middle Ages which began in the North and was finally completed in 1492 when the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella took Granada.
Communist party in Catalonia.

Regulares - Moroccan troops officered by Spaniards used to police Spanish Morocco; a well disciplined, militarily effective and brutal and ruthless force.

Renovación Española - Alfonsine monarchist party founded in 1933, close to *Falange*, counter-revolutionary authoritarian principles.

Requetés - Carlist para-military militia; an important force in the Nationalist armies.

Responsibilidades - the issue of who was to blame for the disastrous course of the Moroccan Campaign in 1921 in particular the massacre at Annual. It was open knowledge that the King had interfered in the chain of command. The inquiry, or rather the desire of the King and the army to forestall the findings of the official inquiry, led to the *pronunciamiento* of Primo de Rivera.

The Revolution - This term is generally used specifically with reference to the spontaneous popular uprising against the military revolt of the 18th July 1936. This was in essence also an uprising against the Republic whose centrist leaders had refused to arm the people. The extent of the Revolution varied from place to place - and in duration. Local committees and trades unions became the real power in many parts of Spain - in Aragon for example the Anarchist led Council of Aragon instituted wholesale collectivization - elsewhere much expropriation of land.

In Catalonia, especially in Barcelona the revolution went furthest both because of the strength of the Left and because once the Generals rising was crushed the front was far removed geographically.

The internecine fighting in Barcelona was the ultimate expression of the Republic's communist-inspired attempt to finally crush the revolution which was anathema to Stalin's foreign policy requirements as well as to both the Communists' and the Spanish Republicans' desire for order.

It will be noted however that occasionally pro-Franco supporters would talk of "the revolution" meaning the military revolt of the 18th July 1936 and the Nationalist campaign - as for example Hitler did, see Chapter 1, p.31.

Sanjurjada - unsuccessful *pronunciamiento* or military revolt against the Second Republic attempted under General Sanjurjo in August 1932.

SIM - Servicio de Investigación Militar - Communist dominated secret service, responsible for spy-hunting and tool in Communist attacks on POUM and Anarchists.

SIM - Servicio de Información Militar - Nationalist intelligence service. Became *SIMPA, Servicio de Información y Policía Militar*.

straperlo/estraperlo - form of roulette wheel which gave name to corruption scandal which rocked Lerroux's government relating to changes in casino regulations.

Tercio [de Extranjeros] - Spanish Foreign Legion, founded in 1920 commanded by Millán Astray with Franco as second-in-command. Principally concerned in Moroccan wars, renowned for its brutality.

Trienio Bolchevique - 1918-1921, saw a series of risings, strikes and land seizures in the South by Anarchist day-labourers and open warfare between the Catalan industrialists and the Anarchists and CNT.

UGT - (Unión General de Trabajadores), General Union of Workers, Socialist Trades Union, one of the best organised workers' movements in Europe with around 1.5 million members, centred on Madrid.

UME - (Union Militar Española) - a monarchist-militarist *junta* cum secret society of junior army officers founded in 1933 to counter Republican reforms in the army which increasingly came under the influence of the Right and became increasingly opposed to the Republic and a significant factor in fomenting the rebellion.

UMRA (Unión Militar Republicana Antifascista) a secret society of junior Republican officers, set up to combat the influence of the *UME*.

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